What Will Father Coughlin Do Next?

SEPT. 15, 1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA U.S. CODE

How the WAR RACKET Is Helping HITLER

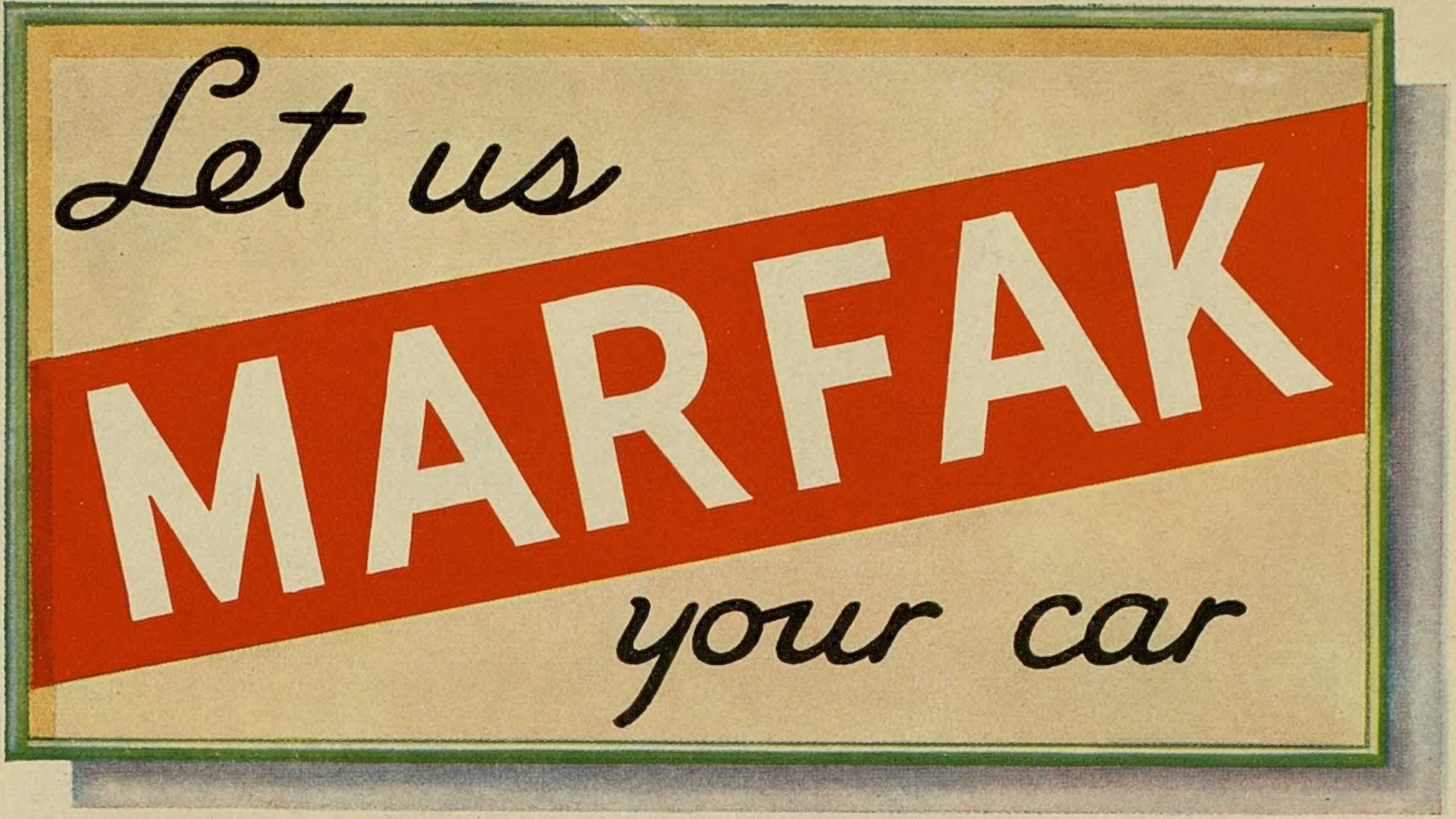
by

Dr. Albert Brandt

LOVE in the DRAGON'S SHADOW

by

Konrad Bercovici



WATCH FOR THIS SIGN

It will pay car owners to know all about this *new* Nation-Wide Service

With today's rapidly changing motoring conditions — faster cars — longer drives at higher speeds — the offer "Let us Marfak your car" assumes greater importance.

MARFAK will do what no grease in the world can do!

A number of years ago the steel mills came to Texaco and said—"We are investigating mechanical wear. We can effect great savings if gears can be made to last longer. Can you help us?" Texaco *answered with Marfak*—a grease lubricant that withstood pressure, wear, chemicals, steam, scale dirt, as no grease could do!

As time went by, Marfak was adapted to meet many other extreme conditions. The largest manufacturer of universal joints came to Texaco with a problem. Marfak solved it. From that time on every universal joint assembly to leave his factory was packed with Marfak.

MARFAK is so tough, special high pressure equipment is required

You may ask—"Why, if Marfak was so sensational, wasn't the motoring public permitted to benefit from this remarkable lubricant?" *The answer explains much.*

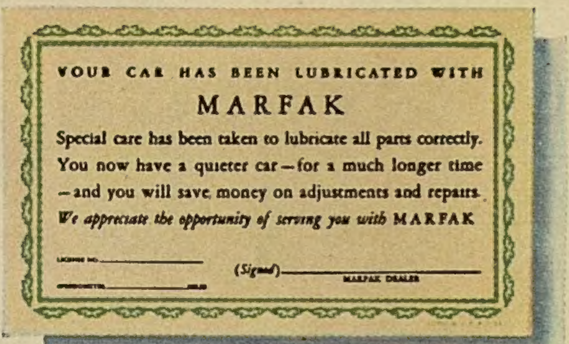
Marfak is so tough that up to a short time ago only two or three builders of grease guns could boast of a gun that would properly apply Marfak. But today, any alert dealer can purchase, or already has, the equipment to apply Marfak.

Hard to put on — Hard to come off

Marfak *is* hard to put on, admittedly, but it is equally hard for it to come off! That's why Marfak *stays* on the bearings, gears and shackle-bolts longer. It lasts more than *twice* as long as ordinary greases!

Only those stations which have the proper equipment and the training, can apply Marfak. They are willing to give you, after each Marfak job, their written promise that it has been properly applied and that you can expect better performance.

You receive a certificate like this facsimile shown above. It is a promise of better lubrication — be sure to ask for it.



YOUR CAR HAS BEEN LUBRICATED WITH

MARFAK

Special care has been taken to lubricate all parts correctly. You now have a quieter car — for a much longer time — and you will save money on adjustments and repairs.

We appreciate the opportunity of serving you with MARFAK

(*Signed*) ____________________
MARFAK DEALER

In the wheel bearings alone, 5000 extra miles of better lubrication

Turn in at the service station displaying the sign "Let us *Marfak* your car". Marfak may cost a few cents more, but it's worth it in up-keep savings and the mental satisfaction of *knowing*, not *guessing* — that your car will not let you down!

Watch for the MARFAK sign — Try this new service!

It will pay you in better driving, with a car that will handle easier, ride easier and save money on repairs. Try it today!

THE TEXAS COMPANY
Texaco Petroleum Products

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TEXACO
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Specified by major air lines for rocker arms

MARFAK

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

Pre-tested on Greyhound over 30,000,000 miles

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College Girl VOTED NEW QUEEN OF DENTAL CHARM

Mildred M. Smith, of Washington State, wins first prize from 25,000 contestants at Century of Progress Exposition . . .

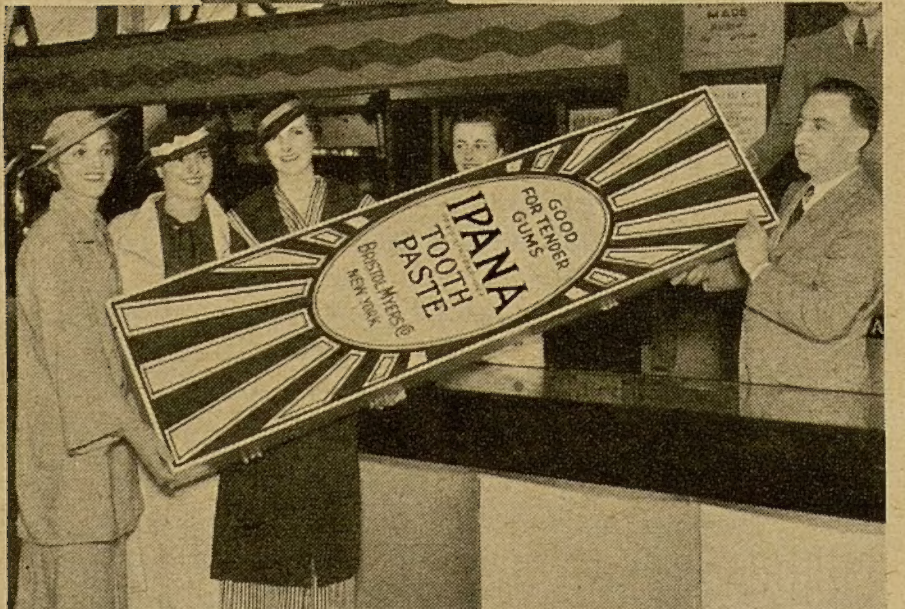
The three beautiful finalists in the Ipana Dental Charm Contest are shown at the edge of the lagoon at the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. Left to right: Miss Mildred M. Smith, the winner, Miss Mary Elizabeth Bort and Miss Georgie Berry. All three finalists use Ipana Tooth Paste regularly for teeth and gums. *Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and massage.*

Miss Mildred M. Smith, Queen of Dental Charm, is shown standing and in close-up. "Her smile has all the requisites of true charm," says charm expert Margery Wilson. Miss Smith, honor student and all-around sportswoman, frankly admitted, "Ipana has been the guardian of my teeth and gums for years." *Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and massage.*

(Left) McClelland Barclay, one of America's foremost illustrators, and (above) Margery Wilson, international authority on charm, two of the judges in the Ipana Dental Charm Contest.

Chicago: — Mildred M. Smith, 22, of Wilbur, Washington, is America's Queen of Dental Charm and the possessor of the most beautiful smile in all 48 states, according to the judges of the Ipana "Dental Charm" Contest, held recently at the Century of Progress Exposition. McClelland Barclay, famous illustrator, Margery Wilson, charm authority, and Frances Ingram, beauty expert, selected Miss Smith from 25,000 contestants from all over the Union.

The new Queen of Dental Charm says, "My teeth and my gums are healthy because I have always taken care of them. Semi-annual visits to my dentist and regular brushing and massage with Ipana Tooth Paste, as recommended by my dentist, have kept my teeth and gums in perfect condition. Anyone can have whiter teeth — a more charming smile — if he or she follows these simple rules."



The three finalists in the Ipana Dental Charm Contest pose with a giant package of their favorite tooth paste at the Bristol-Myers Exhibit in Chicago. Thousands of daily visitors to the Century of Progress Exposition are crowding to watch Ipana made and packed before their eyes, from raw material to filled tube!

NRA CODE

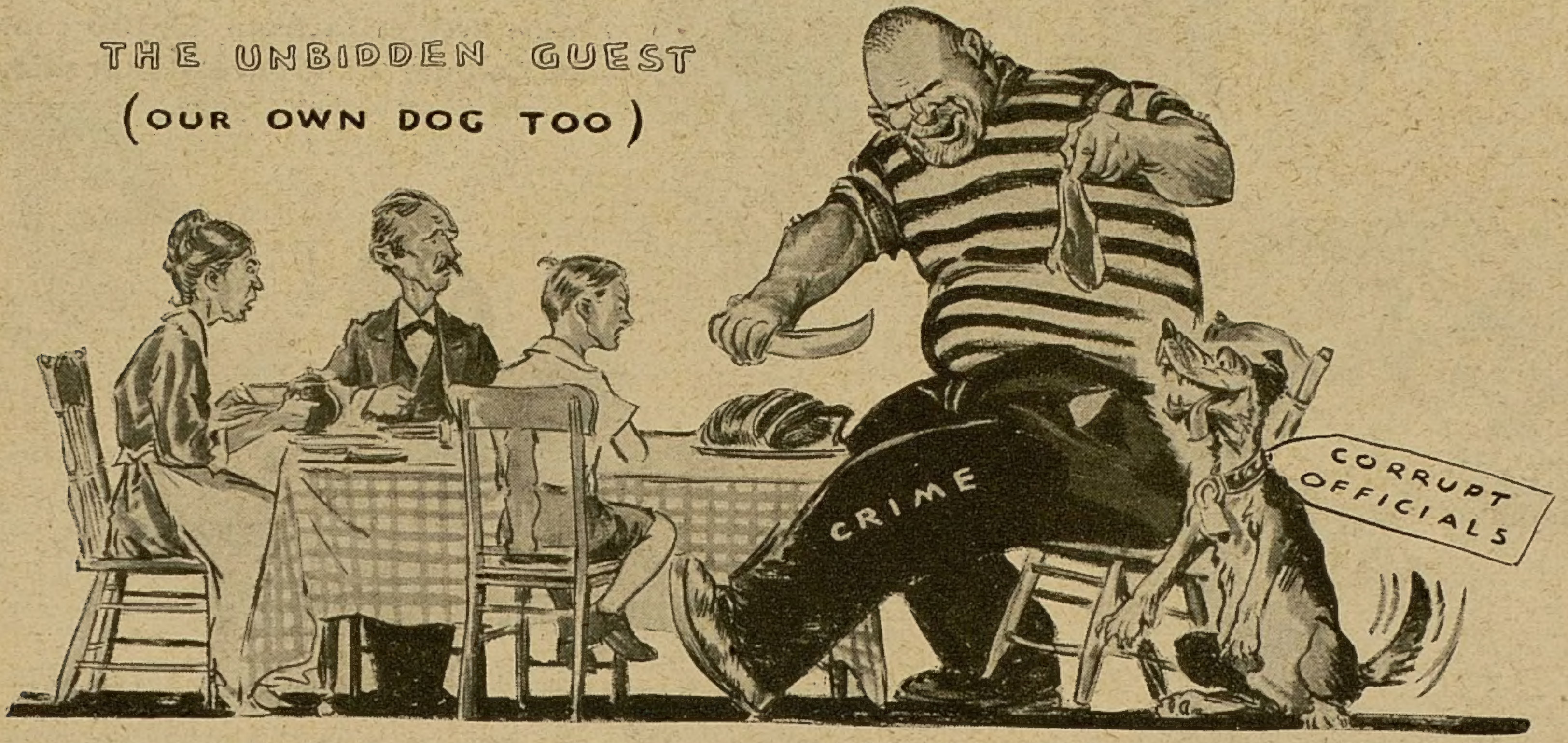
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

SEPTEMBER 15, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 37

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

BILLIONS OF DOLLARS THE COST OF CRIME



WHEN referring to the lawlessness so prevalent in this country we rarely consider the huge financial cost.

There have been varying estimates as to the colossal expense associated with this criminality. It has been variously estimated as from thirteen to sixteen billion dollars. And if we should take the lesser figure every family in the United States is paying an annual tribute to crime of about $400.

General Pelham D. Glassford, U. S. A., former Police Commissioner of Washington, D. C., said recently that the sum total of crime in America was a monstrous indictment of our public complacency; that even on the basis of our published and minimized reports it is estimated an army of 400,000 criminals preys upon society in the United States.

Here is one means of lowering taxes and other expenses which should be given more attention. Few people realize the stupendous cost to them of these criminal activities. To be sure the ordinary citizen does not pay anything direct. The cost is levied in the form of increased rent and the added cost of merchandise of all kinds.

The owner of a business must estimate a certain amount for losses of this character. Burglary insurance, for instance, adds to the cost of everything, and there is the possibility of fire and other losses through criminal activities.

And the one and only remedy for this colossal expense is law enforcement.

The attention of our officials is often diverted by the responsibility of enforcing laws of questionable value. If government officials had given the time and money devoted to remedying the depression by artificial means to the protection of law-abiding citizens from these enemies of society, lawbreakers would have searched for a safer occupation.

And the difficulties associated with apprehending and prosecuting criminals are greatly enhanced by the alliance of members of the underworld and the officials whose duty it is to arrest and prosecute them. Rotten politics is playing a prominent part in building up our outrageous criminal record, and this makes law enforcement far more difficult.

There are many of our officials who profit greatly through criminal connections. And this appalling disloyalty on the part of those who have sworn to protect the public should not be tolerated. Even the death penalty is not too severe for such conduct.

And there is entirely too much consideration extended to criminals. High-priced criminal lawyers enable them to evade the law month after month, and sometimes year after year, until their crimes are forgotten.

Justice in every instance should be swift and certain. The proper method of stopping crime is to make the punishment so severe and definite that even hardened criminals will acknowledge that their unlawful activities are not worth the risk of detection and conviction.

It is gratifying to learn that since taking charge of his great office, Attorney General Homer S. Cummings has taken a firm leadership in the national crusade against crime. He has laid far-reaching plans for improving the methods and resources of his department.

And there is no question that a greater efficiency in the national drive against crime is on the way. But there is still a vast problem to be solved.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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Acme photo

How the War Racket is Helping HITLER

Are Germany's Former Enemies Equipping Her for Another War? Here Are Some Facts that Will Amaze You

by Dr. ALBERT BRANDT

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOREIGN concerns nearly everywhere are pouring the chattels of destruction into Hitlerland. The writer, in the January issue of the Forum, presented facts which showed that Germany was rearming. At that time there were some who were still incredulous. Today the fact of German rearmament has been almost universally accepted. But it is not so well known that factories and mines in the very countries which may some day be Germany's enemies in a new war are now supplying Germany with the sinews of that war.

The investments of German munitions interests, and for that matter of foreign ones, in aiding Hitler's rise to power have proved extremely profitable. When the Chancellor of the Third Reich took Germany out of the League and the Disarmament Conference, Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, the eminent manufacturer of cannon, grenades, armor plate, and similar war devices, declared: "In the united front of all creative estates German industry stands unconditionally behind its leader."

Fritz Thyssen, German steel magnate, was one of the most generous of Hitler's avowed supporters. In 1933 he made one contribution of 3,000,000 marks. Hitler himself, just before he came to power, paid a fine of 1,000 marks for contempt of court rather than answer a direct question as to whether Skoda, the great Czechoslovakian munitions concern, had made generous gifts to his campaign. At the time Hitler was suing a German reporter for having made such an accusation.

Now, Skoda has plants in Roumania and Poland, and among its directors are many of the directors of the French Schneider-Creusot armament firm. Schneider himself is head of the holding company which owns 60 per cent of Skoda's stock. And Skoda is an important shareholder in the Prague Landesbank, which in turn controls the Dresdener Schleifmittelwerke, A. G., manufacturers of silicon carbide (used in hardening steel) for the Krupp works in Germany.

Is it possible that the big British armament firm of Vickers, Ltd., would secretly assist in rearming Britain's potential enemy? General Sir Herbert A. Lawrence, chairman of the firm, ought to know. The question was put to him directly at the annual meeting of Vickers shareholders on March 26, 1934. What was his answer? He said that he could not give any assurance in definite terms. Pressed for a more satisfactory reply, he added that exports of armaments from Great Britain were limited strictly to shipments approved by the government and that the firm had done nothing without the complete approval of the government! In other words, Sir Herbert could not deny that Vickers was helping to rearm Germany; he could merely offer this justification!

Possibly his reliance on governmental sanction had nothing to do with the fact that in 1932 shareholders in Vickers and its affiliates included Sir John Gilmour, Minister of Agriculture; Lord John Simon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir Herbert was also asked to explain advertisements of tanks and other armament circulated by the firm in German newspapers. He said the firm felt that it could best get in touch with its South American clients by advertising in German newspapers which circulated in South America! Are there no newspapers published in South America?

General Goering, Nazi Minister of Aviation, visited the British air attaché in Berlin on July 15, 1933, to negotiate for the purchase of from twenty-five to fifty English airplanes "for police purposes." The success of English airplane manufacturers had not escaped the general's keen eye. He was informed that "His Majesty's government could not countenance the sale of British aircraft to the German government for purposes forbidden by the Paris air agreement." Since then, however, the German magazine Luftwacht and other German publications have announced that Germany has purchased her "police planes" elsewhere. There are English airplane plants the world over.

There is no evidence that the Vickers interest gave money directly to the Hitler movement, but there is evidence that a Vickers affiliate, the Julius Pintsch, A. G., in Berlin, made large contributions.

THAT even French money was directed circuitously into the Hitler campaign fund was implied by M. Faure in his oft-quoted speech before the French Chamber of Deputies on February 11, 1932, in which he declared: "It is a fact that the directors of Skoda, which is controlled by Schneider-Creusot, have supported the electoral campaign of Hitler."

The firms already mentioned have affiliates and plants in almost every country on the face of the globe. As part of their enterprises, the directors of these firms are also directors of banks and holding companies everywhere. There is little doubt that money from all over the world found its way into the Hitler treasury and that this money is now coming back, with interest, to the coffers of the munitions makers.

It is also obvious that the funds and material for Hitler's growing war machine are coming from various links in this international munitions-money chain.

United States exporters have been not unwilling to help build up Germany's armed forces. According to figures issued March 15, 1934, by the Nazi Ministry of Economics, purchases of machinery and airplane parts from the United States constituted a large item in German imports for the preceding month. "That these purchases may be classed as war munitions," the New York Sun's Berlin correspondent commented, "is disquieting to other countries in Europe which remember America's wartime prosperity."

France has within its borders firms which do not hesitate to strengthen Hitler's forces. The French Société Mines de Bor, operator of the copper mines at Bor, reports that the more than 100 per cent dividend declared in 1933 was largely due to tremendously increased exports to Germany. It is scarcely possible that the Nazis will scrupulously avoid using the metal for armament purposes.

A report that Schneider-Creusot had delivered five hundred tanks to Germany, in violation of the Versailles Treaty, was printed in the Dutch paper Freie Presse, Amsterdam, on August 26, 1933. This report was widely reprinted, but never denied. On October 4, 1933, M. Senac, executive member of the French Association of War Veterans, declared that Schneider-Creusot had delivered four hundred more tanks to Germany, and demanded an investigation. There was no investigation. It is no secret that prominent French officials, including even former presidents and the present president, M. Lebrun, have until recently been directors of subsidiaries of the Comité des Forges de France, the powerful association of steel manufacturers of which Schneider-Creusot and other munitions concerns are members. The head of the Comité, François de Wendel, is a member of the House of Deputies, regent of the Bank of France, owner of a number of newspapers, and generally a powerful figure in French political life.

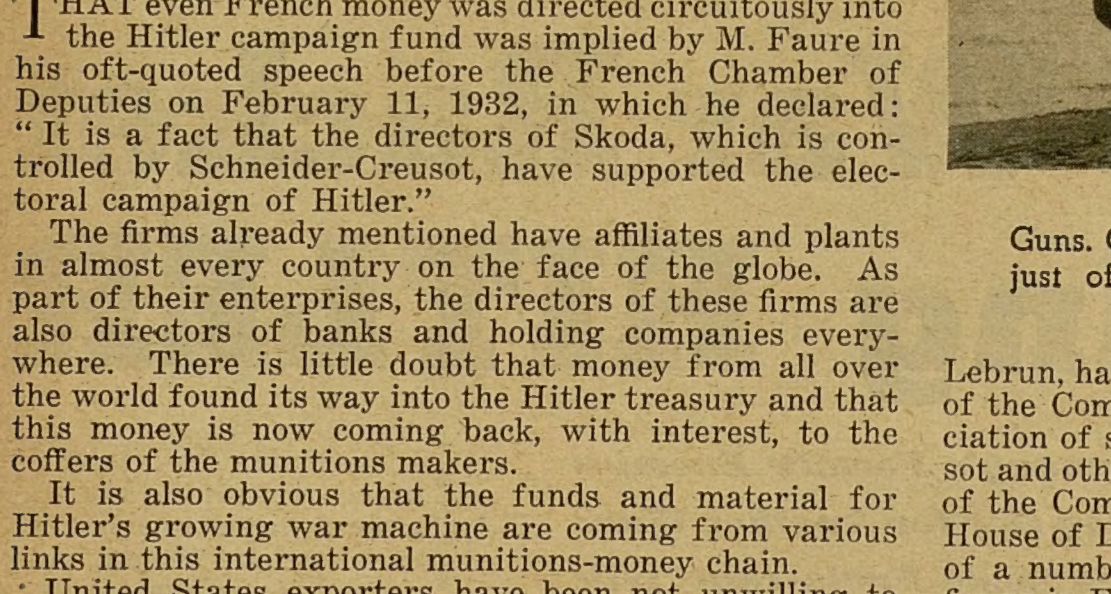
U. & U. phot

Guns. German infantrymen with an improved trench mortar, just off a transport, in maneuvers on the Baltic shore.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Sunday Referee, on February 6, 1934, sent his paper a dispatch to the effect that the Schneider firm had sent five hundred tanks to Germany. The same day the Czechoslovakian paper Vecrni Ceske Slovo reported that French police had been notified that a trainload of arms had been sent over the Dutch-Belgian border to Rotterdam, ostensibly for shipment to Latvia. On investigation, the paper related, it was found that the shipment was really going to Germany, and consisted of machine guns manufactured in a French plant near Arras.

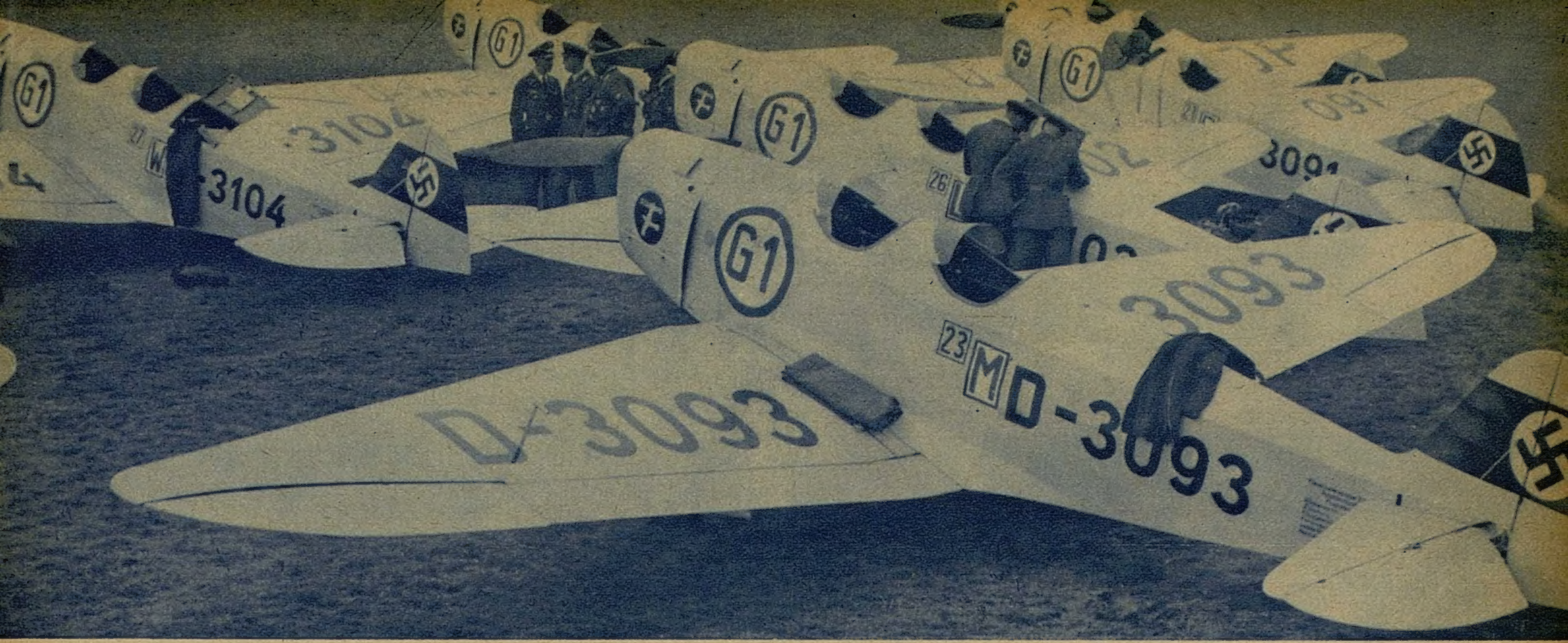
The French Gnom et Rhone Jupiter airplane motor, as early as 1932, was used by the German airplane works of Rohrbach in manufacturing a twin-motor ship which can easily be converted into a combat plane.

A German named Gerlich, known as the



International photo

Trained troops and balloons. Part of the war strength shown at a review at Berlin.



U. & U. photo

Planes. Hitler's government has been shopping for "police planes"—and here is a view of the Tempelhofer airdrome.

inventor of a new and powerful army rifle which can penetrate very thick armor plate, appeared in Denmark in September, 1933, at the armament factory of Schulz and Larsens in Otterup, seemingly to supervise experiments with this invention. Actually, however, he took a castle a few miles from the plant, and with his assistants he has carefully supervised the manufacture of his new rifle at the Danish plant for export to Germany.

In Holland the Hollandska Industrie en Handels Maatchappy Siderius, with headquarters in Rotterdam, and the Fonderie des Canons Piet Smit, in Rotterdam, manufacture heavy cannon accessories for Germany, 80 per cent of the capital of the Siderius firm—according to the Dutch Commercial Register of 1932—being in the hands of German munitions makers. Also, the Bureau of Enjeneers in Gravenhage and the arms factory of Martenshoeck are controlled by German finance, especially by the Krupp family of Essen. These factories are working full blast, manufacturing armaments for export.

The Meaf factories in Utrecht manufacture torpedo parts; the Iffa-Minimax plants export great quantities of bomb- and flame-throwers to Germany. It is also in Holland that the prominent German arms concern Rheinmetall, A. G., maintains huge arms depots—in Hoogezand and Krimpen—where war material is assembled and thence brought into Germany. At Venlo the Nedinsko precision machinery plant makes periscopes for illicit U-boats built in German yards in Wilhelmshaven, Bremerhaven, and Hamburg. The great electrical works of Siemens and Halske, A. G., in Berlin have affiliates also in Holland under the name of Haasemeyer Maatchappy. The rearmament of the German fleet is helped from there by electrical devices for battleship guns and the like.

Dornier-Whal planes similar to those made in Holland for German passenger lines are used by the Dutch navy as armed planes in the colonial service, after only a few changes have been made.

WHEN a French correspondent asked Herr Mandl, head of the Austrian Hirtenberger Munitions Fabriken, if he were not aware that the exports of war materials to Germany violated international agreements, he replied: "I sell arms and munitions; it is not my business to interpret treaties." Herr Mandl, also head of the Dutch Cartridge and Munitions Company, admitted that business of all his factories, not only with the world at large but also with Germany, is excellent.

The Krupp branch in Berndorf, Austria, improved its business more than 30 per cent last year by increasing its exports to Germany and Japan.

In Switzerland the Soleure Werkzeug und Maschinen-Fabriken sent rifles and machine guns to Germany. The Munitions Works of Oerlikon manufacture cannon parts and other destructive material for Germany. Continental papers have lately been emphasizing enormous exports to Germany from these factories.

In Sweden the Borfors Company and the Borfors Ordnance and Drydock Company, close affiliates of the Krupp interests in Germany, manufacture cannon parts and cannons for Germany under Krupp patents. Mines operated with the capital of the German steel trust, in which Herr Fritz Thyssen is prominent, shipped into Germany tremendous quantities of iron ore suitable for arms manufacture.

These shipments are usually routed by way of Rotterdam and Amsterdam. The Bolieden copper mines do a big business with the Third Reich. At the Roennskar chemical works poison gas is manufactured for use in future German wars.

IN the Saar basin Herr Roechling has been supplying both the Germans and the French with steel and raw materials for arms. He is an ardent Nazi and has contributed a great deal of money to the cause. At the same time he does a thriving business with the French armament industry.

That Germany also rearms at sea cannot be doubted. The "pocket cruisers" of 10,000 tons, built by the Republic, have been a great success. Germany is advised by her experts to keep on building them. And in March, 1933, the Marine Rundschau, an official organ, openly advocated the reorganization of the German U-boat fleet. "It is only a question of time and we will reëstablish our navy." The German navy has experimented extensively with new types of U-boats for some time. German experiments have been made in Holland, also in Spain, among other countries. Near Cadiz a 600-ton U-boat was built from German blue prints, and in Vigo torpedoes were manufactured after many experiments under German patents.

The independent press agency of Paris notified us on the 2d of January that the German marine wharfs built a new boat called proudly "boat of death." Mounted with two enormous torpedo cannons, it has a speed of almost 200 miles and needs only a crew of twenty-five men.

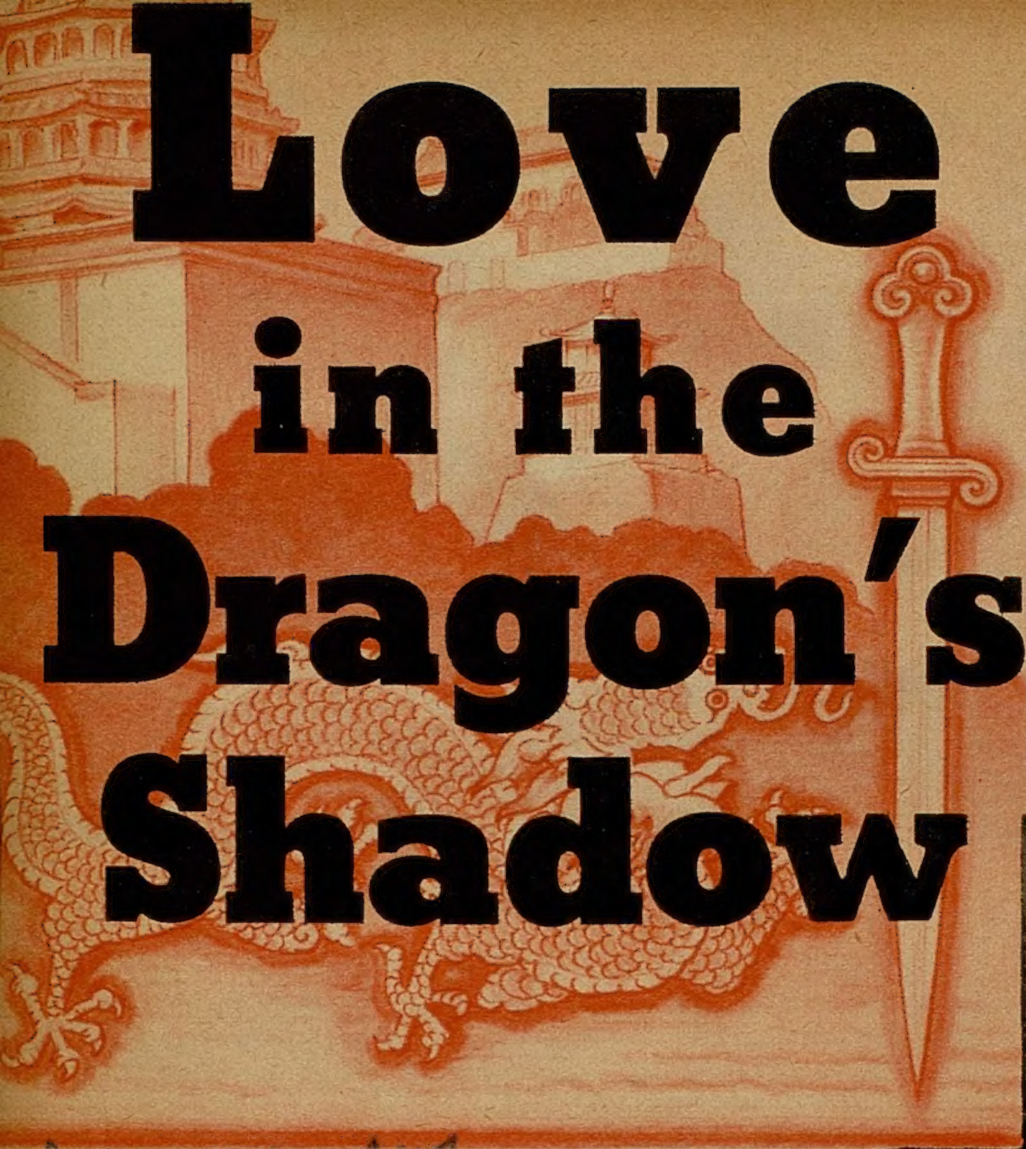
German munitions plants have branches in Italy, Turkey, Japan, and elsewhere; especially airplanes are built there extensively.

Practically everywhere in the world Hitler's armor is being strengthened.

What horrible boomerang is the world fashioning?

But business is business, or as the French say it, *Les affaires sont les affaires.*

THE END



Love in the Dragon's Shadow

Romance Mag

"East is East and West is West," and Here's Where the Twain DID Meet—A Vivid Tale of an Ancient Hate and a Girl's Shining Courage

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

COME to China with me for the beginnings of this tale. Come to China to look with me upon winding yellow rivers on which wooden boat-homes rock beside floating gardens cradled in reeds and bamboo sticks, and upon low green slopes that are like waves of an immense sea that has ceased to flow. Come with me to China where the soil is like brown butter churned over and over again. The low green slopes rise gently and smoothly from every river shore, and their rounded hilltops crest and curve themselves with the evenness and the sweetness of a young woman's bosom.

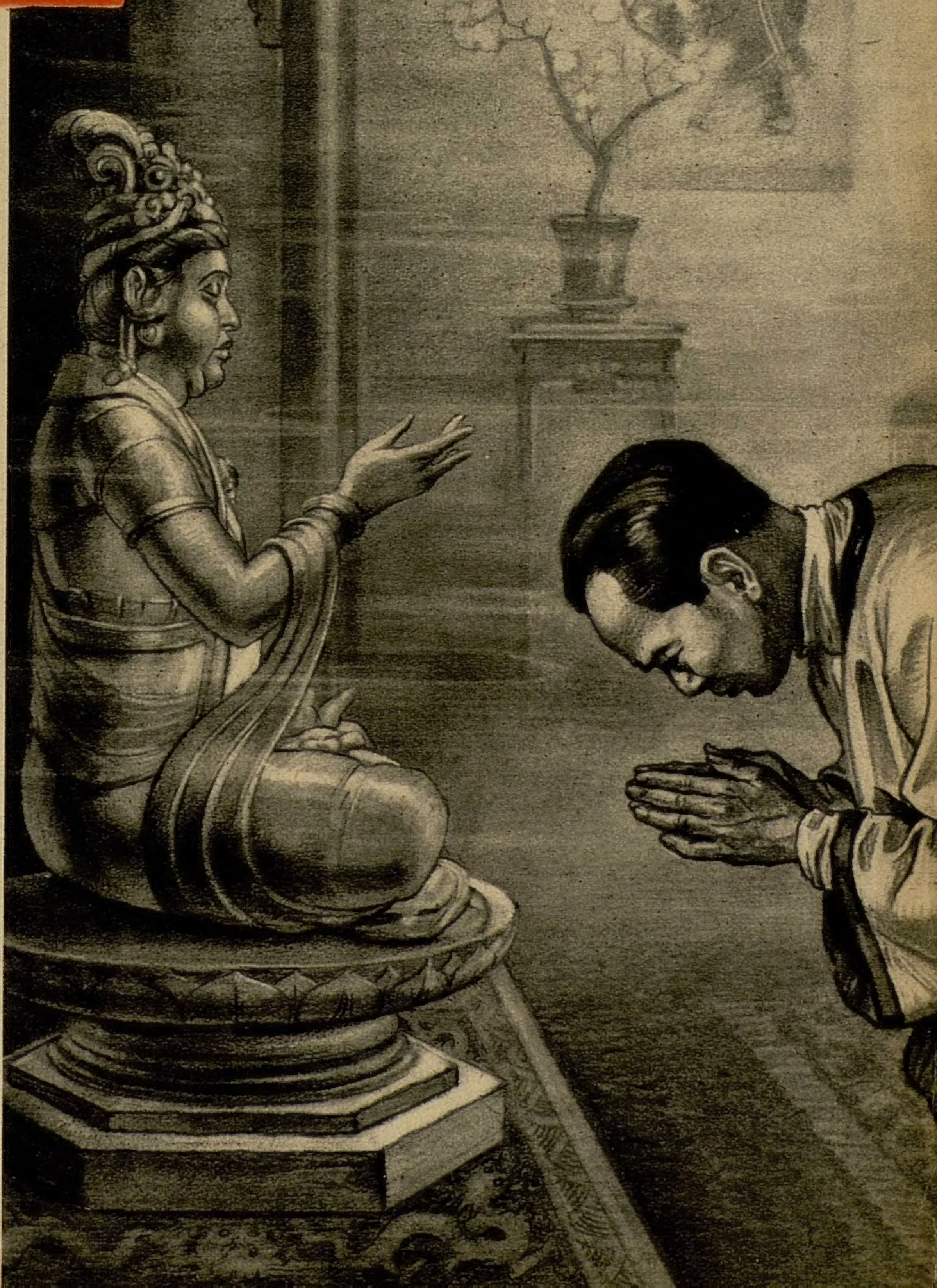
In the spring the fragrant green tea bushes, covering the rising hills, are like white foam on a green sea. On the breasts of two such neighboring hills, in the center of the Celestial Empire, sit two stone-turreted castles that are almost alike. Built long before the Great Wall that surrounds the whole of China was completed, these two homes of noble old families are the symbol of China. China the mysterious. China the eternal.

The castle on the hill to the left is lorded by the house of Sen, and the one on the hill to the right houses the honorable family of Fao Tong. The bosom of China has fed the Sens and the Faos and their thousands of workers crawling in the fields, for thousands of years.

Behold Sen Li. He is the son of Sen Tang who is the lord of that castle on the breast of the hill. Li is in Washington. In the diplomatic service. Handsome. Tall, young, and with thick blue-black hair that shades off his yellowish brown face. That young Chinese gentleman speaks English flawlessly, as flawlessly as he talks half a dozen other languages. He wears evening clothes with taste. He is a welcome guest at every diplomatic function. He has danced in the glittering ballrooms of every foreign embassy on three continents and has been, next to the ambassador himself, the most sought out personage everywhere. He tells the latest stories. He laughs at the latest jokes. He has read the latest books.

Li is the son of Sen Tang, the descendant of that first Sen who built that castle on the breast of that green hill

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL LINK



Mey threw herself with the quickness of a tiger on the man's back.

in China at the beginning of the Ming dynasty, in the fourteenth century.

In the thirty years that Sen Li has lived he has been but one step ahead of an inexorable doom, a doom that never failed to reach the first-borns of the house. In six hundred years no first-born Sen brought a wife to that castle. In six hundred years only second-borns and their descendants ruled over it.

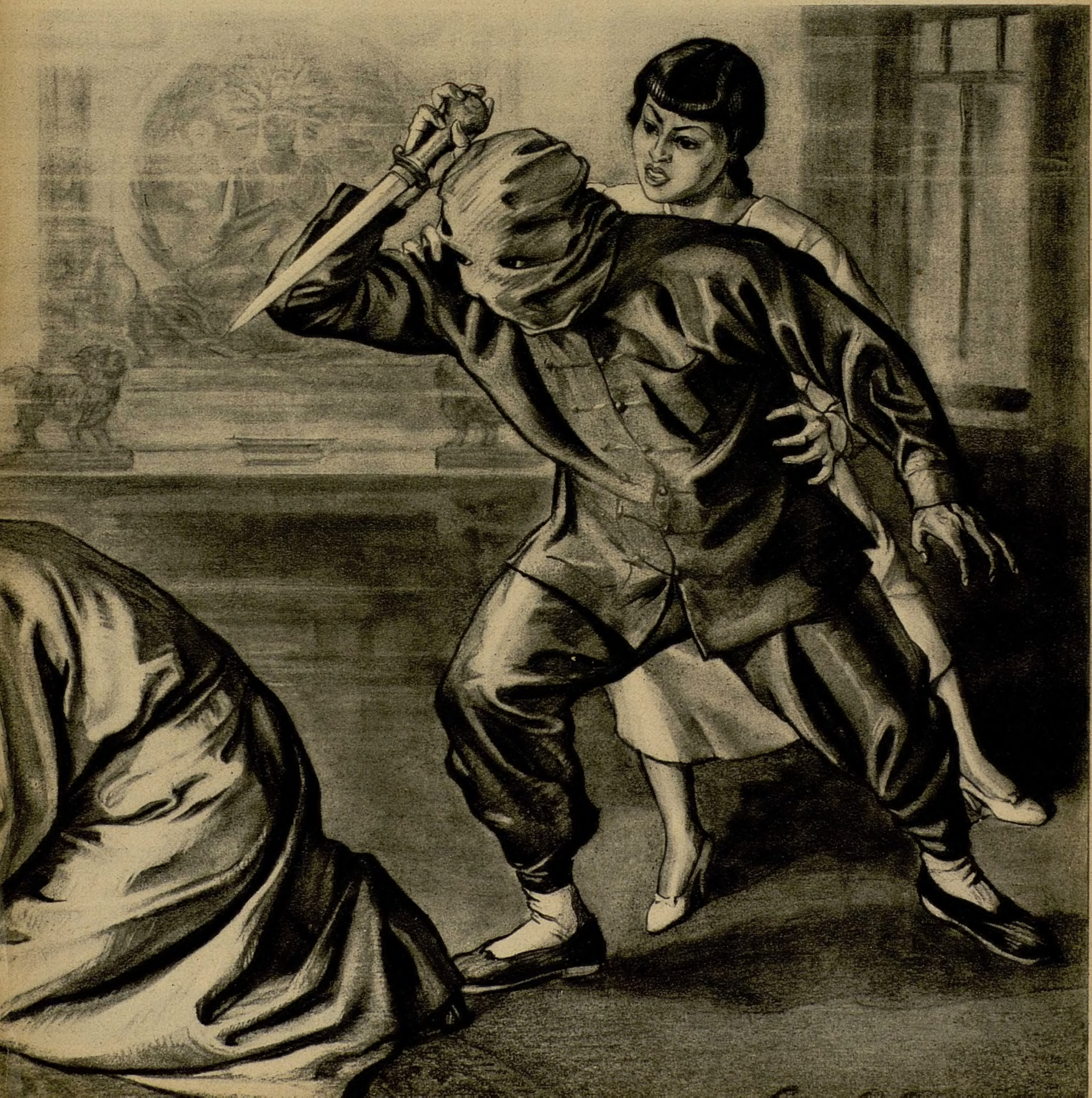
At the time those two castles were built the Sens and the Faos served the first Ming emperor as special councilors. The founder of the Ming dynasty was a capricious lord whose favor no one—man or woman—ever held for any length of time. His two chief councilors knew that and never relied on the continuation of the favor in which they were held. When these two honorable gentlemen, in sky-blue silk robes, happened to pass each other—one on the way to the throne room and the other on the way out—they would stop for a brief moment; and it needed but a smile for the honorable Sen to tell the honorable Fao what the Emperor would be pleased to hear his councilor advise him.

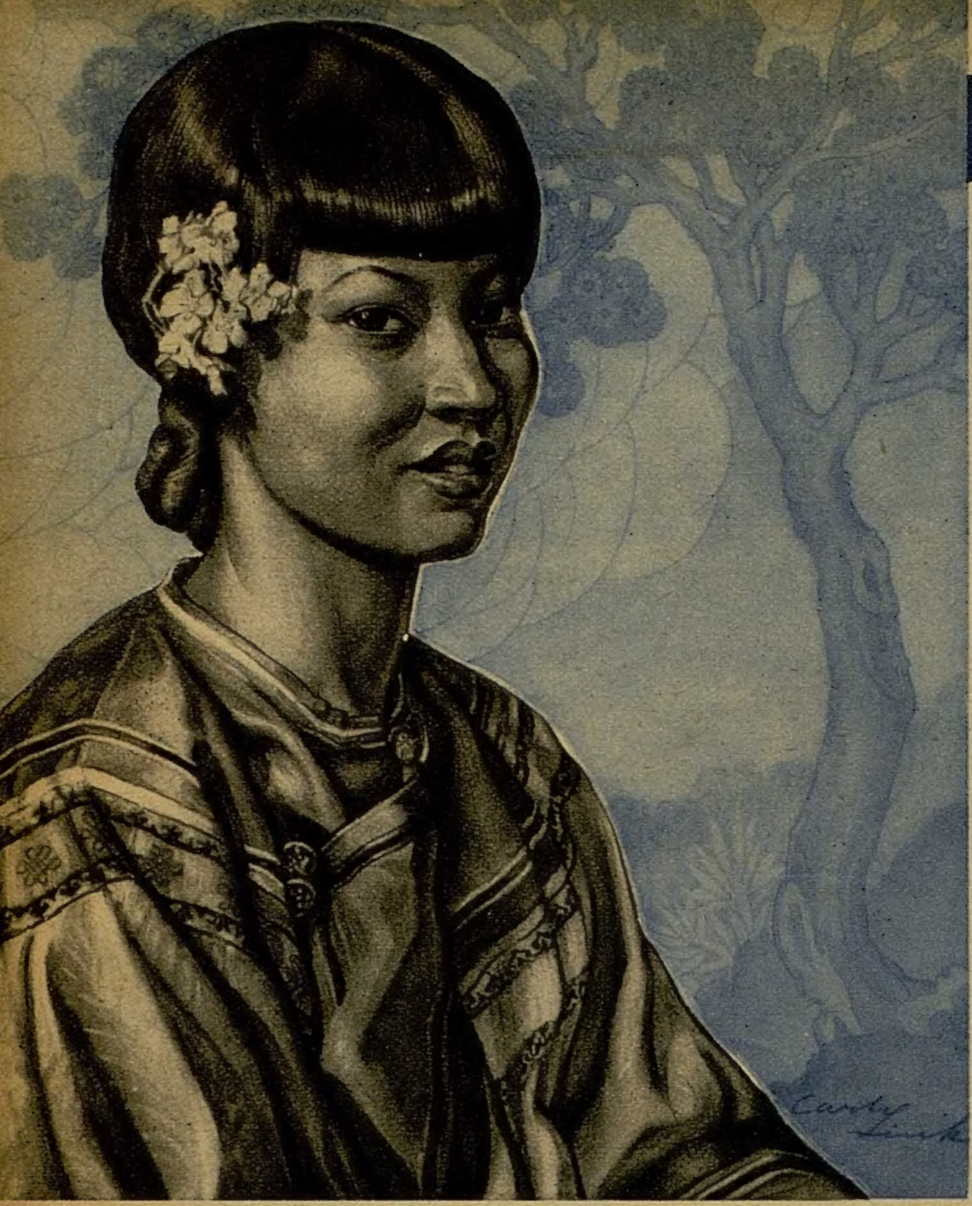
BUT lo! Something happened one day. The honorable Sen, who was a literary man and a poet of distinction as well as a statesman, told the Emperor that a long poem the honorable Fao had written would be no credit to the first Ming dynasty under which it was written. The Emperor repeated to the honorable Fao what his councilor had said. When the two great men passed each other the following day the honorable Fao said to the honorable Sen:

"A man's back is not the place his friends should talk to."

The honorable Sen replied haughtily that some people's

by KONRAD BERCOVICI





backs were as good to talk to as their faces, and walked away.

A fortnight later the first-born son of Sen Wu was found dead in the gardens of his father, face downwards, a double-edged heavy knife in his back. The knife had been thrown by a powerful hand and its point had passed through the delicate body.

After the young man's body had been carried with great pomp on a five-story-high flower-covered bamboo tower to the pyre, the honorable Fao sent his condolences to his neighbor Sen Wu. Sen knew who had caused the murder of his son and why.

And ever since, every first-born son of the house of Sen has been killed in a similar manner, by a similar knife.

The Sen family eventually rose above any other family in China. Even its youngest members were sent far away to serve their country in foreign lands. Yet not one of them escaped his doom. The murderers were never discovered.

During all these centuries the Faos never left their castle on the hill. Members of their family never traveled.

WHEN one of the first-born sons of the Sens, and a great favorite at court, was killed in Russia the Empress Wu, cruel and crafty, tortured the head of the Fao family for nineteen years. At his death even she was convinced that he did not know who the avengers of the insult to that first Fao were. The first Fao had charged and endowed a secret society to murder the first-born of the Sens then and forever. That first Fao's descendants did not know who the murderers were, and were as powerless to stop those murders as were the Sens. And because the knives that were thrown never failed to cut the thread of life, not one of the Sens lived to tell who the murderer was.

Ever since his fifth year Sen Li had known that every day might be his last. He had lived with that knowledge so long that he was no longer afraid of his fear.

The day's duties over, the evening's pleasures ended, no matter how late he returned to his home, Sen Li divested himself of his American clothes and dressed, if only for a moment, in the Chinese robes of his rank. Though far away from his castle on the hill, his rooms were furnished with things brought from his Chinese home. After kneeling before the gilded shrine erected to his ancestors behind a heavy black curtain, Li lay down to sleep on the mat a servant had rolled out on the floor for his master. In his home Li was not the clever young European-educated Chinese diplomat, but a Chinese again and the descendant, through second-born sons, of that Sen who had served the first Ming emperor with great distinction.

IN New York, overlooking the Hudson, in a white marble palace built for a wealthy Greek tobacco merchant who has since died a pauper, there lived a wealthy Chinese family, the household of the honorable Ting Ken. A silk merchant to the world, Mr. Ting Ken was also a banker to his own people. Not one Chinaman anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific but was in some manner indebted to Ting Ken. Mr. Ting, short and portly, was the perfect gentleman of culture and refinement. He was a well known figure at all first-nights in the theater. On such occasions he stepped out of the latest style limousine with the beautiful Mrs. Ting on his arm; and she dressed in Chinese robes only because she wanted to attract more attention than the other women. At home she wore only the latest Parisian styles. Mrs. Ting had been educated in France.

The Tings had a daughter, Ting Mey, who had been educated in one of our young ladies' colleges here. Mey was tall and willowy and graceful as only Chinese women can be. Her taut face was as crisp as enamelled porcelain but she was as vivacious and full of laughter and fun as any of her American friends.

Because the Tings were so wealthy, and because Mey was their only daughter, they never refused her anything. She was free to go wherever she pleased, meet whomsoever she liked, and do almost whatsoever she desired. Her friends were her former schoolmates and their brothers and the crowd that went along with them.

Li met Mey at a diplomatic reception in the ballroom of the Waldorf Hotel in New York. He had never seen anyone quite as beautiful as she was; a moment later Li found himself dancing with the willowy Chinese girl. When the music ceased they decided to sit out the next dance and talk. Though she had come to the reception dressed in magnificent Chinese robes Li discovered immediately that she spoke the Celestial tongue haltingly. They bantered and gossiped as any two young people, who have met for the first time, would. When the reception was over they were like old friends, even to the point of calling each other by their first names—a breach of Chinese etiquette indulged in only by the most Westernized of Chinese youth. When he led her to where her mother and father were in conversation with a group of elder diplomats and bade her good night, it was understood he was to see her again soon.

On the way home Mey spoke enthusiastically about her dancing partner. Her mother agreed with her about Li's charm. Her father was silent.

When they were in the house Mey threw herself in her father's arms, kissed him, and urged him to admit that the young man had great charm. Ting Ken motioned Mey to the chair opposite his, and told his wife to sit beside her.

And then he told them the story of the Sens and the Faos and how not one of the first-borns of the Sens, of which Li was one, had ever escaped his doom, and how not one of them had lived long enough to bring a wife to the ancestral castle on that hill. At the end of the tale Mey rose and said:

"Li will be the first one to break that curse. We are living in the twentieth century."

When Li had come to pay his respects to the Tings a week later, he told Mey in the presence of her father and mother:

"Undoubtedly your honorable parents have already told you." And discarding his English verbiage, he said in flowery Chinese that he had come to see her so that, if his doom were to overtake him on the following day, he would carry her image in his eyes to delight his ancestors.

Mrs. Ting left the room in tears. The honorable Ting Ken bowed. But Mey cried out in hot New Yorkese: "Let's stop all that nonsense. How about taking a walk, Li?"

Li looked at Ting Ken as if to ask his permission to accompany his daughter.

Giving her father a fleeting kiss on the cheek Mey said, "I won't be long," and added laughingly, "Nobody will throw any knives in Li's back while he is with me."

They walked arm in arm along the Hudson River on that pleasant spring evening and talked of a thousand things. When they stood at the door of her home an hour later, it was understood that they were to see each other again soon—but not at her parents' home.

During the days that followed Mey called up Washington frequently to find out how Li was. When he was with her she had no fear, but when he was away she had the most horrible hallucinations. His joyful answer, "Yes, that's me, Li" told her that he was not only alive, but that he was happy that she was so anxious about him. One day Li asked her to meet him somewhere in New York. When she appeared he invited her to step into his car.

"Whither?"

"A secret."

The car rolled through busy streets to the lower part of the city and then turned under the elevated on the Bowery and into New York's Chinatown. It stopped in front of a brick house. Mey, while offering her hand to Li, looked to the right and to the left, and her feverish imagination saw a hundred heavy knives flying in the air.

Why had he taken her there? Holding her hand he led her up two flights of dark stairs.

At the top of the stairs, under the roof, a heavy mahogany door was swung open by an obsequious Chinese servant, and Mey found herself in a most exquisitely furnished Chinese apartment.

Li disappeared for a moment and returned dressed in Chinese robes and holding in his hand a beautiful pale blue robe for her.

"It's China here. This place somehow reminds me of home. I shall be in New York often, from now on; how often will entirely depend on you, and for how long I do not know. Now I want to speak to you, Mey, as the son of my father and not as the young Chinese diplomat."

Mey threw her arms about him:

"Does it matter in what language you tell me that you love me? Tell it to me in every language you know."

"Up on that hill in China," he began.

"There are no hills in China that concern me."

"There are, Mey."

"There are none. I have wiped them out. There is only Li. And he is here beside me. What has happened long ago, Li, will never happen again."

BUT Li insisted.

"My life can only be prolonged at the expense of my happiness. If we decided to marry in an hour from now I would be dead before the hour was over. That much is certain."

"It is not true. It cannot be true," Mey cried.

When he had kissed her again and again, she asked:

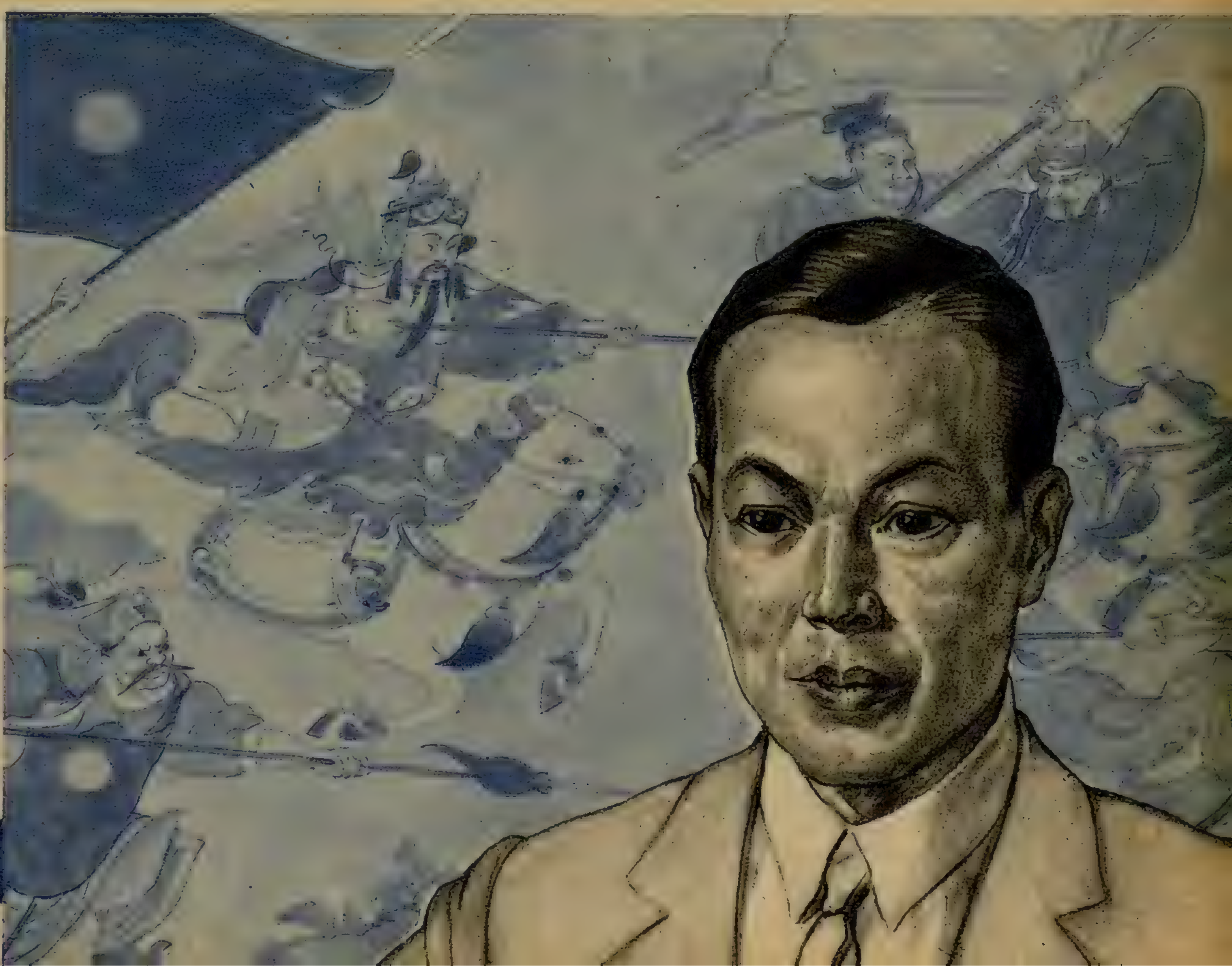
"Where is a cigarette? Li, can I have a cocktail in this temple?"

He disappeared behind the black curtain to reappear a moment later dressed in European garb and holding his hand out for the robe which she had put on.

"Let's go somewhere where we can smoke a cigarette and have a cocktail," he said quietly, as he led her out. "In China, women don't smoke and don't drink cocktails. And my home *is* China."

Sitting at a small table in one of the cafés along Park Avenue, Mey spoke seriously.

"What I cannot understand is that you should have gone into the heart of Chinatown to live. Instead of avoiding our own people, you have gone into their very midst, as if you were courting death. I get such sudden fears, you must not be astonished if I should suddenly



SEN LI

appear in your home in Washington or in New York."

"Darling."

"How old are you, Li?"

"Thirty."

"Ten of those years you have given to your country. It would not benefit the Empire one bit if you were to die tomorrow, would it?"

"I can no more run away from my fate than I can run away from myself," he said. After a moment's silence he added, "I had never counted upon escaping my doom. I never wanted to. Now since I have met you, I want to live. I should not have spoken to you when I first met you."

Mey had never before felt that web of power, mystery, and inexorability which her people have woven around the world for thousands of years. The talk in her home had never been different from the talk in the homes of Americans she knew. In Li she met China for the first time.

KONRAD BERCOVICI
is well known to the readers of Liberty as a writer of romantic gypsy stories. He has also written several stories dealing with modern American life. In Love in the Dragon's Shadow he gives us a vivid portrayal of Chinese life and character.

"But there must be some way out!" she cried. "Why should you be killed for an offense committed by an ancestor hundreds of years ago? If you only knew who the would-be murderer can be!"

When she returned home she threw herself in the arms of her mother and cried, "You should have told me more of ours and of myself."

That night Li wrote a letter to his father in which he told him:

"I have now found a woman to whose descendants I would wish to be the ancestor. If at some time Mey, the daughter of the honorable Ting Ken, comes to see you, receive her as if she were your daughter."

Having sealed the letter and given it to his servant to be mailed, he bowed before the golden shrine behind the black curtain, then stretched himself out on the mat spread on the lacquered floor.

Li returned to Washington the following day but went back to New York soon after, despite the pleadings of his friends at the Embassy who knew of his love for Mey and were horrified that he spent so much time in the thick of the Chinese quarter in New York.

Mey noticed that Li was no longer as gloomy as he had been. He never again repeated to her the story of the Sens, and when she talked to him about their future marriage he no longer dismissed the subject. But she did not know whether he was happier because he had resigned himself to his fate or because he had found the means to circumvent it.

SINCE Li had not been invited by the Tings, he did not visit them again though Mey told him that her father was not in the least opposed to their marriage.

"How Chinese of him," Mey exclaimed. "He has repeatedly asked me what our plans are. He neither wants to interfere nor encourage. He wants to let fate have its way."

Mey visited Li's apartment with him and even went there alone for an hour's rest when he was away in Washington. She began to wear Chinese clothes when she went to see her beloved. Outside those silk-covered walls, covered with gold embroidered dragons, she was American.

One evening at the door of her house Mey asked Li: "Will it be soon? You must find a way."

"Mey."

"Do you love me?"

"I do."

"Then?"

That spring somewhere in a room at the top of a high building, a strong arm was practicing the throwing of a heavy, short, double-edged, wooden-handled knife. After weeks of practice the man's arm grew so strong and his aim so good that the knife would embed itself to the hilt, again and again in the same place. It was a bare room with nothing in it but a narrow wooden board, hanging from the ceiling, on which black circles had been drawn to a man's height. That knife had to kill the first-born of the descendants of the Sens. Should Li remain alive after seeing the face of the avenger, the man's Tong—the secret society to which he belonged—would kill him if he did not commit suicide. So far no man who had seen the face of the avenger of the insult to the Honorable Fao had lived to tell who had thrown the fatal knife.

That morning Li told Mey that they would be married on the morrow. He had told it to her to end his own agony and to put a stop to her accusations that he did not love her enough. They agreed to disappear immediately after the marriage. Nobody except her parents were to know when and where. In the evening Li let himself into his rooms and clapped his hands for his servant. Receiving no answer, he withdrew the black curtain which separated his room from the room in which the shrine was, and listened carefully. Though the servant was not there he had a feeling that he was not alone. Divesting himself of his European clothes, he put on his great Chinese robe that hung in large heavy folds from his neck to his heels, and listened again. It seemed to him that he heard somebody breathing deeply—that he heard the pulsating of a heart. He smiled to himself. It was certainly his own breathing and his own heart pulsating that he had heard. There was nobody in the apartment. Suddenly he heard the latchkey in his door. Li turned around. A hooded man, in a short yellow jacket, faced him silently. Li bowed. The man nodded to his bow. "May I offer a last prayer to the shrine of my ancestors?" Li asked softly and calmly.

AT the nod of assent, Li strode into the next room and drew the curtain after him. A few moments later the curtain was withdrawn as the honorable Sen Li, first-born son to Sen Tang, was kneeling with bowed head before the large gilded idol on the pedestal in front of him. With his eyes fixed on the bowed figure the man raised his arm. At the same moment a black silk curtain hanging over one of the windows parted, and Mey threw herself with the quickness of a tiger on the man's back, deflecting his aim.

The knife embedded itself in the wall; Li rose and jumped to the assistance of Mey. The man was choking her and she was scratching, biting, and screaming at the same time.

In the scuffle the man's hood was torn off. And then Li and Mey both gave a cry of horror. Before them stood Ting Ken—Mey's father.

Then Mey understood why her father's face had changed so when she had told him that morning that she would be married secretly to Li the following day. On an unexplainable impulse she had hurried to Li's apartment and had hidden herself behind the curtain; remembering that he had told her that the day of the marriage was also the day of his death. Her father belonged to the secret group whose duty it had been for six hundred years to avenge the insult to Fao. Now the three people looked at each other divested of all vestiges of Western civilization. They were Chinese to the core. No man who had seen the avenger's face must live. Ting Ken would have to kill both Li and his own daughter if he wanted to live.

Silently Mey pulled the knife out of the wall and handed it to her father. He looked at it, looked at the two young people before him, and then letting the knife drop, he said simply and with great dignity, "I want to be buried beside my ancestors."

Two months later the head of the Fao family, on top of that hill in China, came to the door of the castle on the other breast of the hill to congratulate Sen Tang on the wedding of his first-born son to the daughter of so honorable a man as the deceased Ting Ken.

And in China they will tell you that from now on the first-born sons of the Sens, and not the second-borns, will be the lords of the castle. The spell was broken. Sen Li would not denounce the Tong to which his wife's father had belonged—the Tong that had killed so many of his ancestors to avenge the insult to that Fao six hundred years ago.

THE END

Acme photo

What Will Father COUGHLIN Do Next?

"The Most Powerful and Popular Man, After Roosevelt, in the United States"—Are He and the President at the Parting of the Ways?

by MAXINE DAVIS

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"RIDE in This Taxi and Hear Father Coughlin," read the sign on a cab I hailed in Des Moines, Iowa.

In the lobby of a Birmingham hotel I saw a group of travelers listening to Father Coughlin.

Both times I was, to speak mildly, surprised. I was in Iowa and Alabama in the heyday of the Klan. I was there in 1928 during the Smith campaign. I know they are not only commonwealths: they are states of mind.

In a 10,000-mile swing around the United States recently I saw men and women, in drawing-rooms and bars, switch off the comics, the horse races, and the New York Symphony to hear this "Voice of indignant America," as a famous St. Louis cleric called him.

He has battered the international banker. He has attacked the gold standard. Last year he led the fight for silver—and the President ordered the nationalization of that metal last month.

Now he is about to launch the high-prowed galleons of his pungent sermons for another battle on the air-waves. From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, men and women will tune their radios to the Shrine of the Little Flower, with the question:

"What will Father Coughlin fight for this year?"

Why do ten to thirty million Americans listen to Father Charles E. Coughlin every week from October until mid-April? Why is he the most powerful, the most popular man, after Franklin Roosevelt, in the United States today? The answer in part is this:

In times of stress men naturally turn to religion. Economics, a complicated science to students but the grim problem of bread and butter to the bookkeeper and the electrician, is the most vital question today.

Father Coughlin has succeeded in making economics a moral, a religious issue.

He is a leader. Whether he is guiding his far-flung flock into a land flowing with milk and honey or whether he is a false prophet is a matter of opinion. Time will tell. Meanwhile, in addition to his authentic ability to think, he knows which way the mass will move. Therefore you find him there first.

Let us, then, learn what precisely is his credo, and what is his significance to the New Dealers in Washington and to the American people who listen and who will elect a new Congress next fall.

Let us journey to Royal Oak, that little suburb of Detroit. As we ride along the wide boulevard straight from Detroit we see afar off the tall Crucifixion tower of the Shrine of the Little Flower—the new shrine built with contributions from Father Coughlin's radio parish. Angular it is, and grim. As we approach and see the rest of the building we note that Father Coughlin's hatred for gold does not extend to decoration: the vast gilded dome is dazzling.

Let us go on to the old Shrine, that weathered church settled like a snug brown hen under its deep eaves. Within it is the ultimate in simplicity. Behind the communion rail, we see Father Coughlin. Here he addressed his microphone until worshipers came in such throngs that he recently found it more advantageous to retreat for his Sunday afternoon lectures into his study in the Crucifixion tower.

International photo

Father Coughlin before the altar and at the microphone. "He might be standing before a committee of the Senate," says Maxine Davis.

IN the glistening embroidery-crusted robes of his calling, Father Coughlin is preaching the Gospel—today the significance of the Holy Ghost. Instantly you know religion does not use this priest: he uses religion. He might be standing before a committee of the Senate expounding his concept of the principles of remonetization of silver, so lacking is he in the conventional pyrotechnics of the pulpit.

There is no intimacy, no warmth in him as, pictorially dramatic, he stands before the altar. You know he would remember your name, your business, your ideas; you would never expect him, like Cardinal Mercier, to send a bunch of lilacs to your mother. To discuss dogma with him would be a rare privilege; but you would prefer some one else in the confessional. His mind is concerned with all mankind.

His heavy features are alight with intelligence. His eyes burn with a passion for justice. He preaches Christianity—and economics—more in the spirit of the Old Testament than of Him who cried, "Father, forgive them." Still, as his satin voice threads through his discourse, you are with him. Your mind never wanders. You don't know whether the congregation is ever swept with one of those Sabbath cough epidemics; probably not. He is so sure; he knows all the answers. Yet he is never superior.

If he did not have mental and spiritual flexibility he would have been a Billy Sunday, so curiously moving, so convincing is this intellectual.

The sermon ends. Father Coughlin is going through the customary ritual. His eyes are on the Book, his hands hold the chalice, his mind is now concentrated on his duties as a priest. The service is completed with Mass.

Then you realize suddenly why this houseful of souls is not enough for Father Coughlin. For he is as much the result of mass production as Grand Rapids Chippendale. What could be more natural than that the city that built two cars for every garage—with a royal disregard for the garage census—should produce the man who wants to do his spiritual and economic cleansing on the grand scale? The prophet of old would speak wherever two or three were gathered together. That's as obsolete, to this man, as travel by donkey. Just try, some few of you, to talk with him. It is easier for the proverbial rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

WHEN Father Coughlin began his ethereal career over seven years ago, anything from this year's yam crop to $17.98 two-pants suits had to add up in quantity into astronomical figures or it didn't count. Well, if Detroit factories employed the most modern technological devices to put the world on wheels, why shouldn't a preacher use the newest mechanistic device, and speak his message, the principles of his Church, to millions rather than to dozens of men and women?

The world heretofore had been the Pope's province, the diocese the bishop's, and the parish the domain of the priest. Still, Gutenberg was once as modern as Marconi. When Father Coughlin placed his microphone in the Shrine of the Little Flower, his only superior save the Vatican—Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit—stood, as he still stands, steadfastly behind him.

The acceptance of a Catholic priest as a leader of thought and action in this country is strange in the light of our recent past. I remember a tale seriously told in the Methodist school in Virginia I attended: Whenever a Catholic child is born, I heard, a gun is buried under the church floor! I was in Dodge City, Kansas, during the Smith campaign. There I was informed that the Vatican was being sheeted and put away; when the Democratic candidate was elected, the Pope would move into quarters in the White House! On the same street corner a few weeks ago farmers quoted to me chapter and verse from Father Coughlin's last address, on the curse of the gold standard.

From my schoolmates, from those farmers, from their sisters and their uncles and their cousins and their aunts—from, in brief, the great middle class—come 80,000 letters each week to the Shrine of the Little Flower. They bear sufficient tribute to build the shining new shrine, to pay for a *(Continued on page seventeen)*

Energy used up
—and then he smoked a Camel!

FROM LONG KEY TO NOVA SCOTIA, the famous sportsman and writer, REX BEACH, has matched his skill and vitality against the big game fish of the Atlantic! Below he tells how he lights a Camel after fighting it out with a heavy fish — and soon "feels as good as new."

REX BEACH EXPLAINS

how to get back vim and energy when "Played Out"

"Any sportsman who matches his stamina against the fighting strength of a big game fish," says Rex Beach, "has to put out a tremendous amount of energy before he lands his fish. When I've gotten a big fellow safely landed my next move is to light a Camel, and I feel as good as new. A Camel quickly gives me a sense of well-being and renewed energy. As a steady smoker, I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

Thousands of smokers will recognize from their own experience what Mr. Beach means when he says that he lights a Camel when tired and "feels as good as new." And science adds confirmation of this refreshing "energizing effect."

That's why you hear people say so often: "Get a lift with a Camel." Camels aren't flat or "sweetish." Their flavor never disappoints. Smoke Camels steadily—their finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS do not get on the nerves!

CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOM
BLEN
CIGAR
QUALITY

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

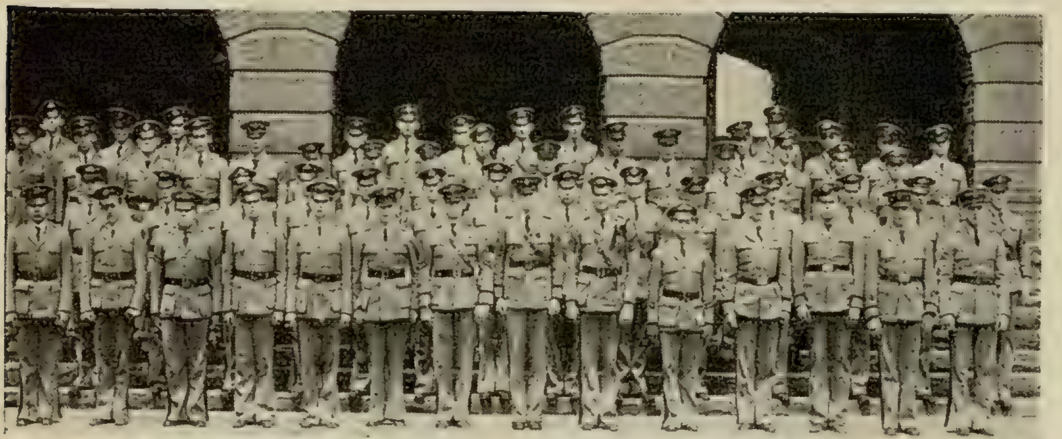
Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

The School That Builds Boys Into Fine, Able, Upstanding Men

IF YOU want your boy—the lad for whom you hope the best in life—to grow into a splendid, courageous, straight thinking, clean minded, physically perfect man ideally prepared to make a glorious success of whatever calling he undertakes, Castle Heights Military Academy will help him to attain that result.

For many years Castle Heights, beautifully situated in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, has specialized in turning out self-reliant, purposeful, superbly trained young men ready to enter college or take up at once their work in life.

The cadet at Castle Heights receives all the benefits of an impersonal military regime that makes discipline an enjoyable means to an end rather than a burden or punishment. His association with trained instructors of the highest type and the modern methods of instruction employed by Castle Heights assures him of the best possible mental development.

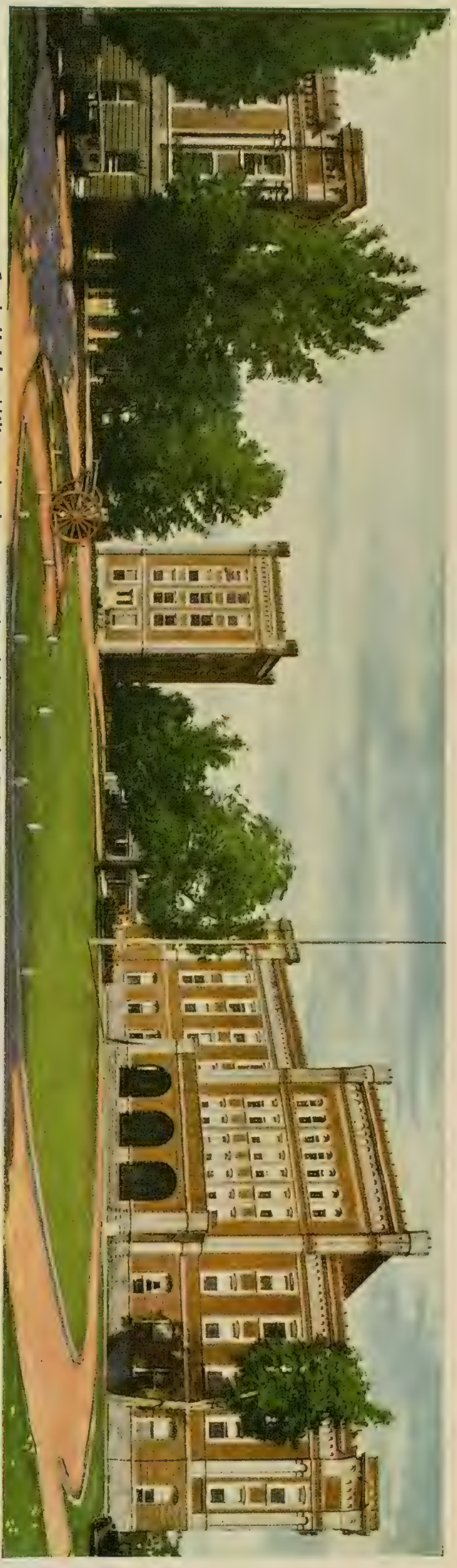

These Boys are Physically and Mentally Alert

Located at Lebanon, Tennessee, Castle Heights Military Academy is accepted by all educational institutions as a high class preparatory school and junior college. Ages from nine years upwards. Prepare your boy for the battle of professional or business life by making him a square-shouldered, double-fisted fighting man. Sign the coupon today and send it in for full information. Address Col. H. L. Armstrong, President.

CASTLE HEIGHTS Military Academy

LEBANON TENNESSEE

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President Dept. L-15
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY, Lebanon, Tennessee
Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is__________years of age.
Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________State__________


Castle Heights Military Academy, owned and directed by Bernarr Macfadden, will build your son into a splendid man

(Continued from page fourteen)

private network of twenty-seven stations, and to succor the poor of Father Coughlin's own neighborhood.

For to this priest charity still begins with those nearest at hand. He gives to them generously.

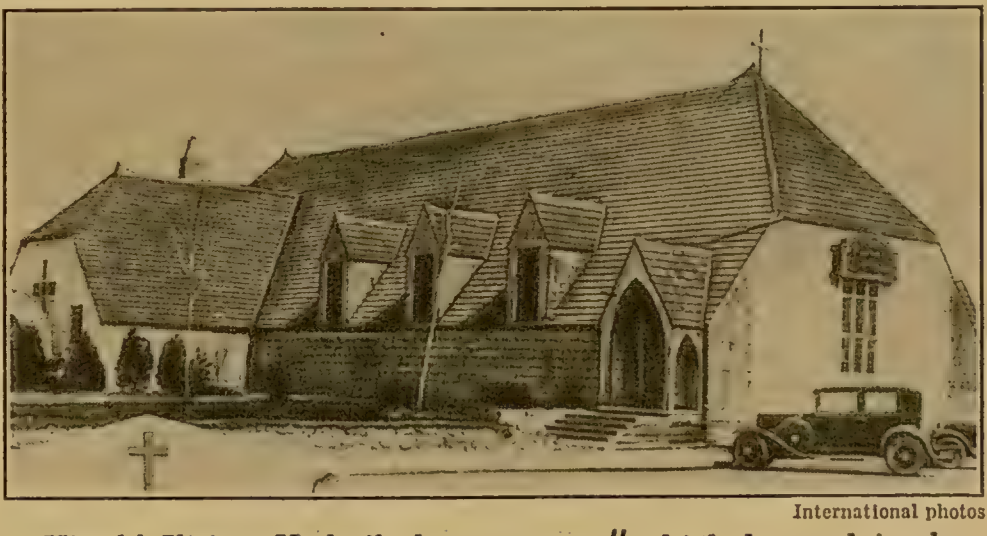
How does Father Coughlin compare with other preachers of the air? In the first place, he is the only clergyman who pays for his own time. His nearest rival in popularity—as expressed by letters and requests for copies of sermons—is Stanley High of Stamford, Connecticut, who preaches religion in the news on Saturday nights. Dr. High's mail bag often holds 2,000 letters. The epistles received by the Federal Council of Churches, which sponsors High, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and other distinguished and popular divines, numbers about 200,000 a year. As a result of one single broadcast, Father Coughlin has received 1,250,000 letters. The week after he made his speech in New York attacking Al Smith, his office was flooded with 600,000, with an average of one letter in favor of the Manhattan idol to six thousand supporting the radio priest. Father Coughlin himself pointed out, however, that this was no true indication of opinion, for people who opposed him are less likely to write than those who applaud.

His new Shrine's Crucifixion tower—"angular and grim" as seen from afar by Miss Davis.

A stenographic force of 150 hard-working young women handle this avalanche of mail. It requires the services of four private secretaries to aid the father in responding to messages and letters to which he must give his personal attention. The office force works in a room crowded with machinery, mail sacks, file cases, supplies. The personal secretaries have offices with the priest in the seven-story tower of the Shrine.

We see that Father Coughlin has an audience as well as a forum. No one has ever wielded such power. These millions have the habit of listening to him.

Of what is his appeal compounded? First, he has a concrete philosophy. We'll go into that presently. He has a good sturdy devil, the source of all economic evil: the international banker. He is specific. He uses names. If he calls Andrew Mellon Judas Iscariot, he also backs up his charges with facts and figures. Economists may, and do, challenge his conclusions, never his sincerity.



International photos

His old Shrine. He built the new one, "which, he explained, he did not actually need, to give work to the parish poor."

Attacks are always exciting, especially if made on the problems at the very core of your life. Father Coughlin launches his broadsides at poverty and suffering in concrete phraseology, in language the milkman in Omaha and the commuter in Jackson Heights understands. For instance, he says, "Our people are aware that the carrot of advertised prosperity is tied to a pole of money control, so that it is not just around the corner but always just before their noses—never in their mouths."

Gorgeous Irish melodrama is as much a part of him as his liver and lungs. His vocabulary is full of phrases that an Anglo-Saxon orator would blush to use. For instance, the Federal Reserve System is a "Cyclopean bloodsucker." Again, "To satisfy the greed of modern capitalism . . . your machinery rusts, your body deteriorates, and your just complaints are labeled radical by the prostituted panderers of purchased propaganda." Or "bloody Liberty Bonds—never called slave bonds." "The internationalist . . . becomes Lord of the World—the Antichrist—the crimson harlot of the Apocalypse."

Such language in a Wilson or a Roosevelt would be unnatural rabble-rousing. In this Celt it is simple, normal, even "good taste." He is a scholar with a rich, inclusive culture that rambles over centuries. He may quote the ancient classics, the Scriptures, or the morning paper with that equal simplicity which is the very aristocracy of learning. And his easy voice has such magnetism that you would listen if he were reciting the multiplication table. I know a Beacon-Hill-born Tory officer of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation who disagrees with Father Coughlin's every principle, yet he listens to him regularly as Sunday because he enjoys the sounds and the words.

THAT he has no obligations carries weight. If he were a candidate for office, were a business man, a leader of an organized movement, or the generally acknowledged spokesman for the Catholic Church, his hearers would have reservations. As a young Canadian-born parish priest at the bottom of the Roman hierarchy who lives simply in a small frame bungalow near the Shrine, he clearly can have no sinister objective. Unless one counts (as the average listener does not) a perhaps unconscious will to power vital as ever moved an Alexander or a Mussolini.

Nor is his sincerity often questioned, save by those he attacks or those who disagree. He practices what he preaches. When he attacked unemployment he began to build his new church, which, he explained, he did not actually need. He started it to give work to the poor of his parish. Last February he reported that 80 per cent of the $140,000 already expended had gone in wages. When he asserted that the cost of living had risen, he increased all wages of his workmen and clerical force 10 per cent, and promised that wages would be raised as the cost of living increased. He was with Roosevelt in advocating the 1926 price level, and he demands a commensurate wage scale.

At all events, however vulnerable his ideas, his motives, or his methods, Father Coughlin does not have to debate them, to match his wit and his mind against those he excoriates. They don't have a chance.

The beauty of the radio is that hecklers can only write letters.

He has learned the virtue of hammering on a single theme. His theme is an inequitable monetary system based on a rigid gold standard and controlled by the international bankers. This, to him, is the source of all our distress.

Ruthless plundering by a handful of arch-villains caused the economic holocaust which has swept this nation, according to his logic. He maintains that the farmer cannot sell to the workingman because labor is paid insufficient wages.

The NRA and the AAA to him are necessarily inefficient lateral attacks against the depression. The direct attack is monetary reform.

He would return to Congress, and to Congress alone, the right to regulate the value of money. (He apparently has not the faith in Roosevelt's monetary policy he cherished a year ago.)

His remedy for our banking evils is explicit. While preserving under their present ownership the individual outlying banks, he would abolish the Federal Reserve System and set up a National Bank with its home office in Washington and its branches in every city in the country. This bank would be owned by the people, no one person possessing more than fifty shares and no one person entitled to more than one vote in directing the policies.

Control would be vested in Congress. The officers would not be permitted to own stock. They would also be disenfranchised. They would retain office unless serious charges of maladministration were proved against them. Thus he would keep the bank from becoming the football of politics.

This bank would be the depository of every national bank; be the purchaser of United States securities; issue all currency; keep the dollar equal to 100 cents; be responsible for maintaining adequate currency and credit and preventing depressions. Its task would be to keep business operating at a profit, pay a living wage, and thus enable the farmer to produce gainfully.

MAXINE DAVIS *watches trends and writes penetrating articles in Washington—and loves it as "a grand combination of Cosmopolis and Main Street." As a beginner she made herself a job there, syndicating a weekly letter of news about women.*

He would nationalize all credit. He would have legislation which would extend credit not only for production but for consumption.

He would eliminate Federal government bonds. If men are to make money under his program, they must make it from commerce and industry, from agriculture and the professions.

He advocated the nationalization of gold while that concept was still high treason and was apparently just about as imminent as the millennium.

He is still demanding a 44-cent trading dollar.

He fought the restoration and the recently effected nationalization of silver.

Father Coughlin's crusade for silver has been long and ardent. In effect he threw down the gauntlet to the President when, in a copyrighted statement on April 29, he assailed Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., for his opposition to silver legislation and for his published list of holders of silver or silver securities. Miss Amy Collins, in her capacity as treasurer of the Radio League of the Shrine of the Little Flower, was one of them. Its investment was $20,000.

Father Coughlin was a friend of Mr. Roosevelt when the latter was governor of New York. He campaigned for him vigorously before his nomination, supported him after his election.

So much of Father Coughlin's principles was incorporated into legislation that he has been considered a close counselor and often the mouthpiece of the administration. Certainly he has been a sounding board. And a powerful aid in the Roosevelt Revolution.

He has not, however, hesitated to attack Franklin Roosevelt when their paths diverged. Herein lies the germ of a Titanic struggle—a veritable Battle of the Century. It was "Roosevelt or ruin," Father Coughlin told his listeners a year and more ago. In his last lecture of the season he reported that while the President might have been the Moses to lead us out of the depression, he appeared to be getting lost. The priest attributed this to the administration's effort to regiment industry and agriculture and, seemingly, not finance. The President, he felt, had been slow—victimized possibly by the menace of subtle threats and deceived perhaps by "sophisticated and unsound advice."

The President may experiment; Father Coughlin never. The President is the scientist; the priest is the oracle. Friendship nor loyalty turn him from his conviction. He has courage. He attacked the bankers and the economic system in boom times, when they were respected and revered. He dares attack Roosevelt while he is a popular idol.

His accuracy in the past in foreseeing which way the mass was moving is matter for thought for the future.

At all events he is a fighter. He has fought *for* "Christian capitalism," the New Deal, and the soldiers' bonus. He has fought *against* Communism, Fascism, Socialism, inflation, prohibition, dishonest bankers, and against the uneven distribution of wealth.

Expect no quarter of him.

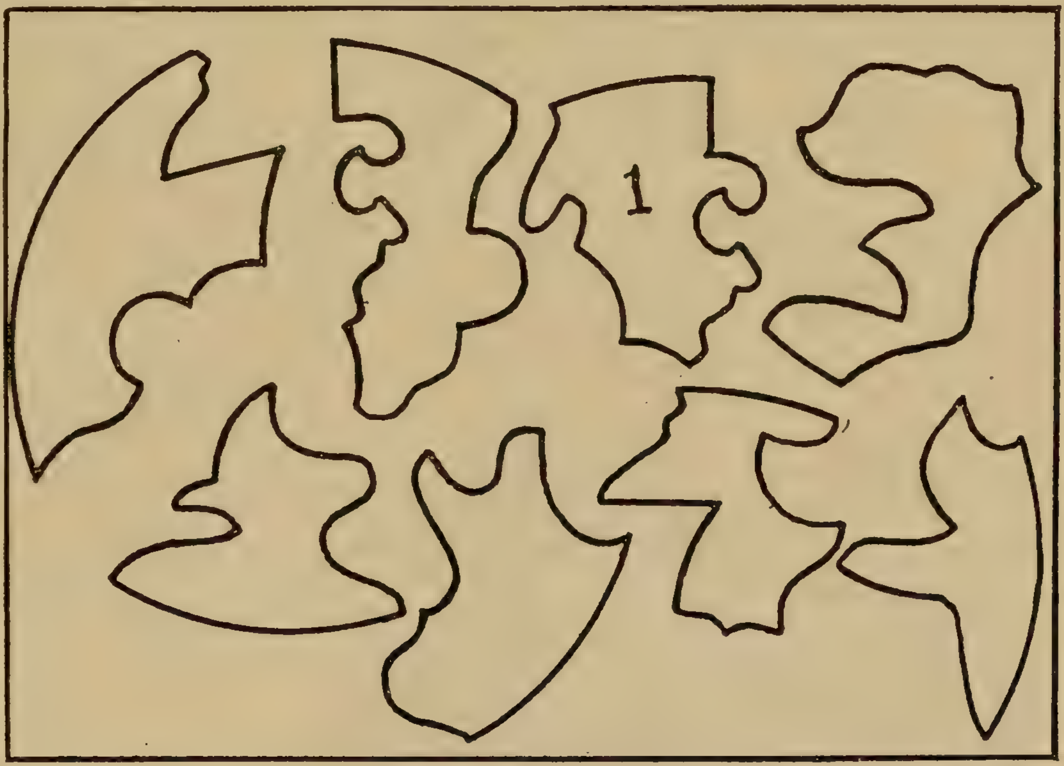
If you buck Father Coughlin, do it with your eyes open. If you win, he'll just go on fighting. If you lose, expect to pay with your head. And—

Father Coughlin is a man on whom you can bet the baby's shoes!

THE END

WITWORK by JEROME S. MEYER

The Broken Plate



A valuable plate recently fell and broke into eight pieces as shown above. Can you put it together again? Do not cut out these pieces, merely start with piece No. 1 and number each piece consecutively until you have completed the plate. For example: you can see that the right-hand side of No. 1 will fit partially into the left-hand side of the piece directly to the left of it. This is therefore piece No. 2. Now it is up to you to find another piece whose left-hand side will fit directly into the right-hand side of No. 2. When you have found this piece number it 3, and go on until you have numbered the eight pieces correctly.

FIND THE PAIRS

What three pairs of words have the same letters?

Leased
Please
Apples
Delate

Sealed
Leader
Salted
Leaped

Appeal
Peeled
Asleep
Dealer

Rearrange the following letters to form a word:

Y R X A L N

The answers will be found on page 44

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

GLOVES are the specialty of Isabel Ireland, who studied at Oxford and did statistical work for the Federal Reserve Bank before she went into the glove business. Her family has been in it for years. The Irelands hail from Scotland originally, as do most of our glove makers in America.

The art of glove making comes down from medieval times, and has not changed very much since the old days. You can't shape a good glove by machinery. It must be done by hand. Although people now buy a lot more gloves than they used to, expert glove shapers have become increasingly rare. Some of our best glove men are Italian or French.

Miss Ireland designs gloves, imports them, and sells 'em wholesale. A few years back, when Frank G. Allen was Governor of Massachusetts, he placed large orders with her. "Governor Allen," she told me, "always kept a full stock of gloves in his office. He had a cabinet of them in every size and color, both for men and for women. Twice a year he ordered them, like a professional buyer. He gave them away as presents. To Calvin Coolidge, among others. Mr. Coolidge admired a fine glove."

Our new gloves, said Miss Ireland, will be tricked up this season with tiny self-bows, fur inserts, stiff tubular piping, silver embroidery, and work that looks like hemstitching. It is no longer smart to have your gloves match your stockings. Have them match your shoes, hat or hand bag.

ISABEL IRELAND

NORMA SHEARER was complaining to me about the way she gets waited on hand and foot in her screen version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. She plays the part of a semi-invalid.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that being waited on so much has demoralized me. It is habit-forming, you know, and I have learned to like it. I hate doing things for myself any more."

That brings up a new problem, I guess, for the censors of movie morals.

A *VOICE indicator* is the latest marvel of the NBC studios in Radio City. The thing fascinated me when I saw it perform the other day. It is a box-shaped instrument, about the size of a small suitcase, and they hang it directly over the microphone. The front of it is made of glass, with a line of green light running across it horizontally. As you talk or sing the green line breaks into waves that correspond to the vibrations sent out by your voice. If you have a nice soft voice, the green line undulates like a gentle summer sea. If your voice is harsh or loud, the line shows it; the waves get rough. If you jabber, the green line dances crazily.

I wish we could all have one of these voice indicators in our homes and offices. We could take certain people to it and say, "Look here. See? That's what you sound like."

A YOUNG business woman tells me that she is being suffocated by kindness. She doesn't know what to do about it. Her mother is one of those genuinely warm-hearted persons who never have learned how to be tactful or temperate in their solicitudes.

"She takes such good care of me," her daughter says, "that I have hardly any time to myself."

A tyranny of kindness can be almost as oppressive, in effect, as a tyranny of selfishness. That is why truly wise men and women are extremely cautious when they offer help or advice. They try to be sure that their assistance is wanted. Perhaps they are *too* cautious at times. But the other way is overdone, I think, more frequently.

IN a jewelry store I saw a stout old lady with a tragic expression on her face. The jeweler had hold of her overplump hand. He was cutting off her wedding ring, which had become embedded in the plumpness.

"Thirty years!" she lamented tearfully. "Not once in thirty years have I had it off!"

Don't you like that old-fashioned sentiment? I do. As you probably know, there is an element of superstition in it. Taking off a wedding ring—even for a moment—is said to be bad luck.

Nowadays I find married women divided about fifty-fifty on the idea. Some take off their wedding rings without the slightest qualm. Others wouldn't think of doing such a thing. How do *you* feel about it?

WITTIEST book I have read on divorce is Holy Deadlock, by A. P. Herbert. (Doubleday, Doran.)

FOR a luncheon or party breakfast try scrambling your eggs in the Bombay style. This is how:

Rub 2 teaspoons curry powder to a smooth paste with a little cream. Beat 6 eggs thoroughly, put them in with the curry paste, and scramble them the usual way (over hot water).

When they're half done add 1 tablespoon each of cooked carrot and green beans diced fairly small. Add also a few small cubes of raw tart apple. Serve piping hot on squares of buttered toast.

THE late Georges Moreau, French publisher, had a hobby that should appeal to all tree lovers. Wherever he found a fine group of trees that might be cut down by unappreciative owners, Monsieur Moreau bought, if he could, the trees and the few feet of land on which they grew. He owned trees all over France, preserving them for the delight of "painters, poets, and wayfarers."

Modern Lady

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE tides of misfortune have swept disastrously over the McAm family in New Rochelle, New York. Teddy McAm shot a man to death in a card game and though he claimed self-defense is serving a life term in prison, leaving his wife and children penniless. His wife, Nell, is an invalid. Their youngest and prettiest daughter, Marion, has gone to live with her Aunt Lucy, an actress in San Francisco, and the two kid brothers have been taken in by their uncle Fred in Vermont. Thus Jane, the remaining child, a thin, pale-faced girl of seventeen, must support her mother and herself.

Desperately but futilely Jane seeks work. Finally she appeals to Edgar Holloway, a New Rochelle real estate man, to give her any kind of job whatever. Holloway's business is on the verge of ruin. A loaded revolver tempts him from his desk drawer. But he pities the forlorn girl. He lets her try to sell an acreage on Long Island, owned by the young and wealthy Tom Leeds.

Jane goes out alone to look over the bleak, sandy tract and realizes it is hopeless. Seated on a rock her thoughts revert to her once beautiful mother's advice that she find a husband instead of a job. Pete Hannahan, a kindly, middle-aged baker whose wife had died the year before, would gladly marry her. He is already giving the half-starved McAms food from his bakery. But Jane remembers Rudy West, who was her childhood sweetheart when her father was rich and the McAms lived in luxury. Rudy is now engaged to a wealthy girl, Nina, but Jane gets an idea and believes he might help her.

She fills a cookie box with the Leeds sand and goes to Rudy's home that night. She asks him if possibly the sand might not have some special quality that would make it salable and Rudy, who is finishing an engineering course at Harvard, takes the sand and promises to investigate. They revive fond childhood memories and as he drives her to her squalid home Rudy tells Jane that she has not grown up yet and kisses her. "But you're really grand, Jane, even if you're not pretty," he adds and leaves her at her door with cheeks aflame. Not pretty—not pretty—

PART TWO—A START ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

NELL McAM, seated tensely erect in her secondhand wheel chair, gazed at her daughter as the girl entered the kitchen.

"Oh, mother, you haven't slept again!"

The cripple shook her head and sighed.

"I've drowsed off and on."

She watched the girl take off her outer things and spread them on one of their three chairs before the kitchen stove. The child's movements were full of effort.

"You know, mother, I'm glad we can't afford those sleeping tablets really. I think it's better for you not to take them."

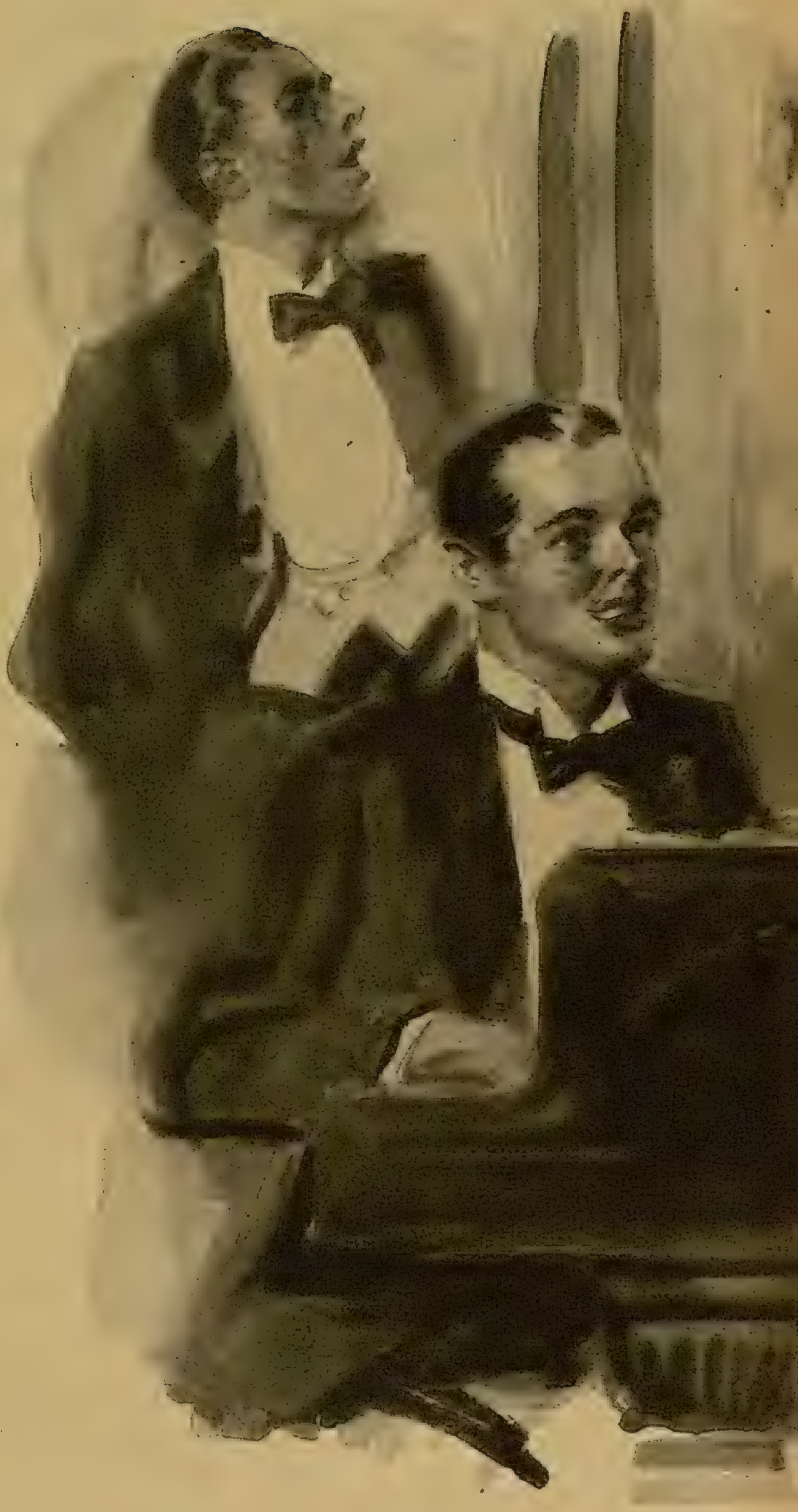
The mother's mouth twitched.

"Easy for you to say. You're not the one that stays awake."

"I know, mother. But you're not in pain. It doesn't matter whether you sleep in the day or night."

"I wish it did matter what I did with my nights and days. Pain? No. But my body is full of pins and needles. I swing myself this way and that, and I bend forward a hundred times—anything to get the blood circulating. My feet are like ice, and my bad leg seems dead and gone to heaven."

"I know, darling, it's terrible."



The girl had pinned a towel around her hips and, standing otherwise nude before the deep, gray-black kitchen sink, was scrubbing the day from her body with swift energetic movements.

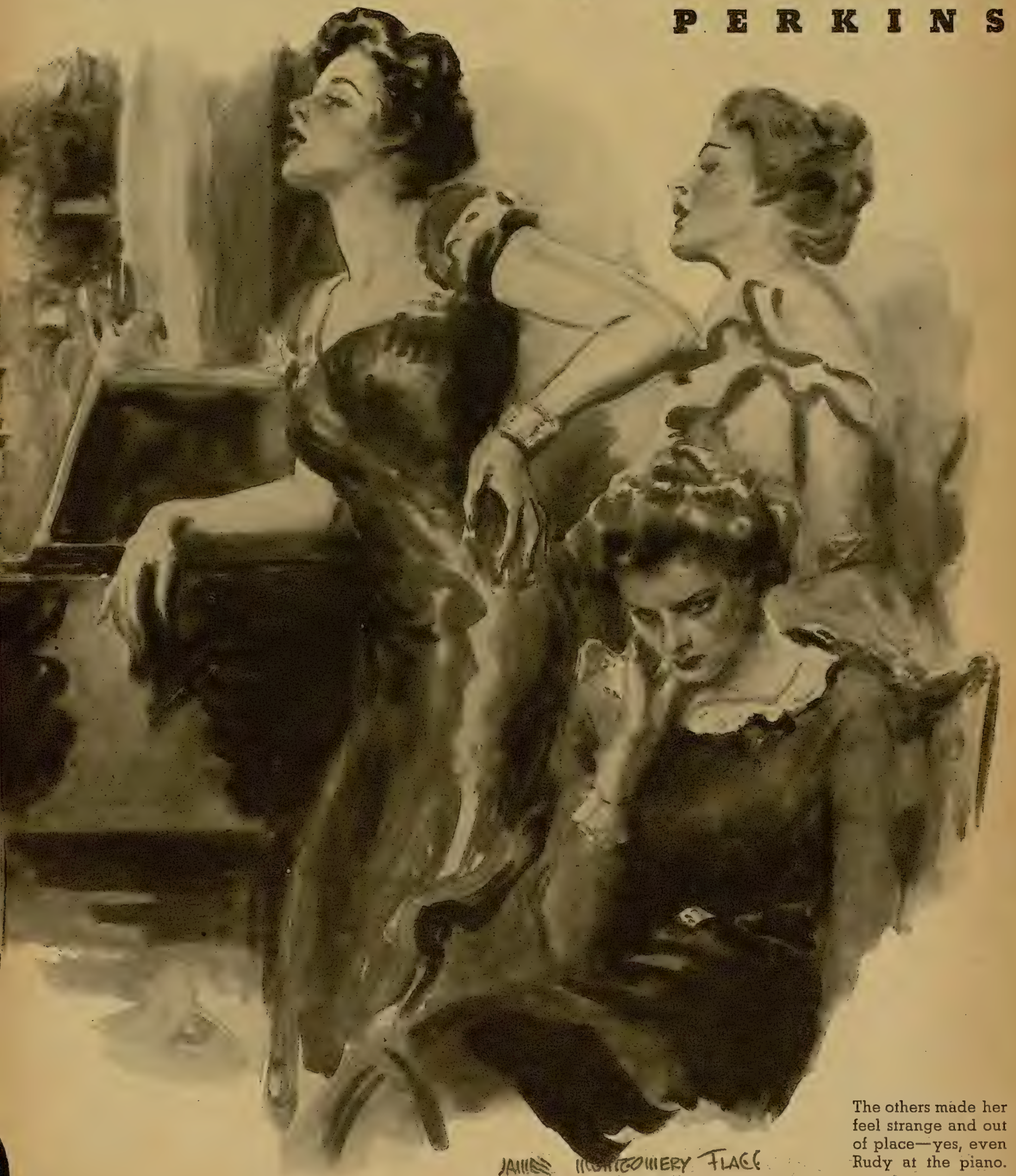
"Never mind, dear," Jane tossed over her bare shoulder. "I'll make tea in a minute. We'll have breakfast now instead of morning. And I'll lift you into bed and fix you a hot water bottle."

She turned to smile her peculiarly breathless, infectious smile, swabbing herself with foaming suds as she did so. Her mother regarded her measuringly. That strange whiteness of the girl's skin, like melted pearls—

A Revealing Novel of Romance and Business—The Story of an American Girl Who Wanted LIFE, and Found It

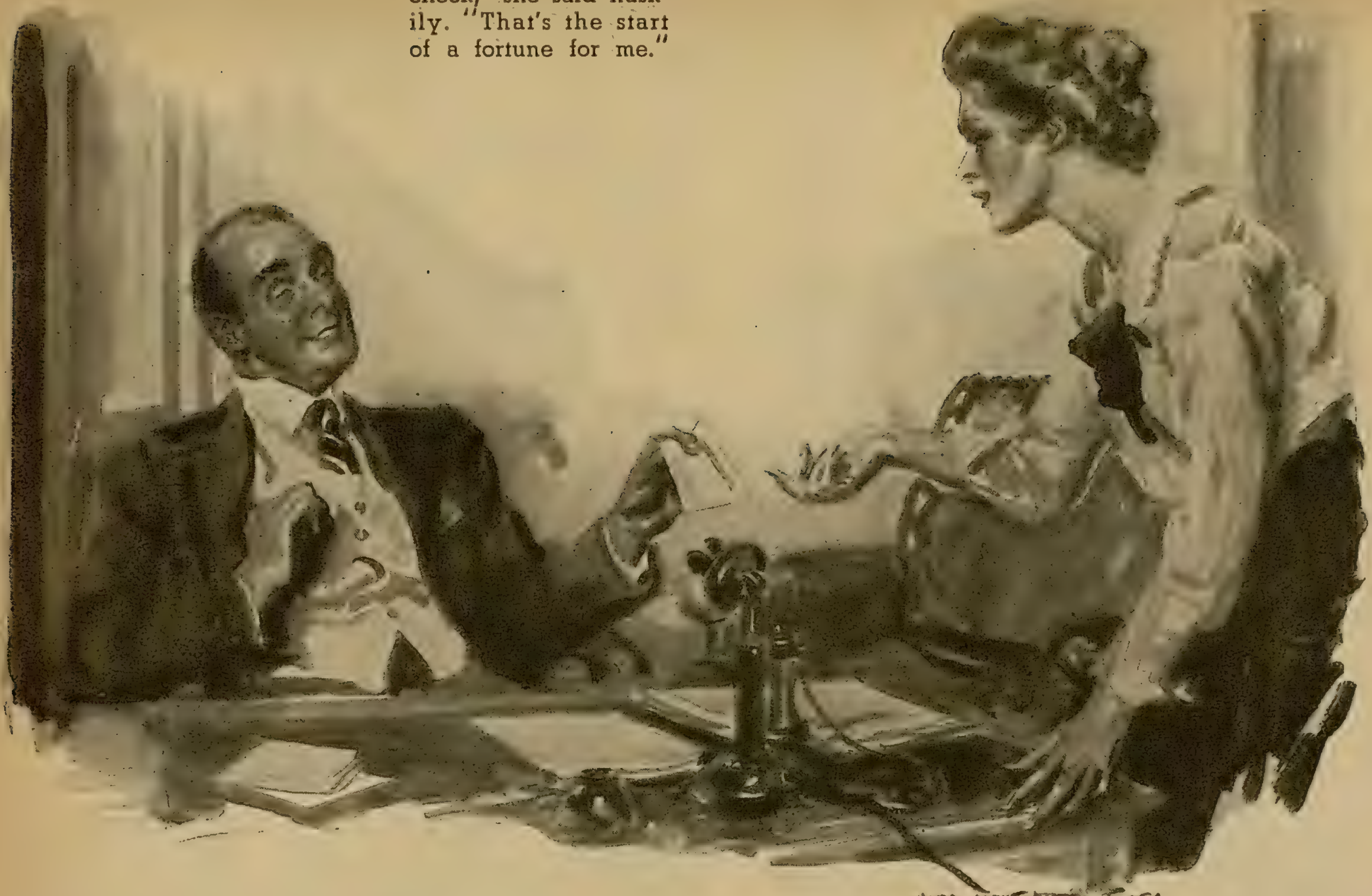
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

by GRACE PERKINS



The others made her feel strange and out of place—yes, even Rudy at the piano.

"Just let me touch the check," she said huskily. "That's the start of a fortune for me."



with unbelievable unmarked smooth flesh. Hair so red it should warn people but seemed only to warm them instead. Over-generous vivid mouth with big white teeth; eyes as blue as the heart of a flame, with black lashes as thick as a privet hedge. Too tall, too active, too quick—that was it. She had a way of prodding you into an effort. If it was only an effort to be disagreeable, you at least bestirred yourself.

Over her thin childish body, Jane pulled a nunlike flannel nightgown. Now she slicked her live red hair with stroke after stroke of a wet comb, pulling it back from her pale face and braiding it in one tight, artless braid. Then she put on an old red sweater and an apron, rolled back the sleeves of sweater and nightgown, and filling the tub with water which was endlessly kept warming on the stove, plunged into it all the tubbable clothes she had just taken off.

Bending over, rubbing and scrubbing, spattering herself and the floor with suds, she told her mother the details of the day. Tea she made of a sort, weak but hot and sweet, and still they talked as they swallowed gratefully and ate crullers from Hannahan's bakery.

Then she wheeled her mother to the cot nearest the stove, and with straining painful effort she lifted the dumpling, fretful cripple in her strong arms and settled her between sheets. Under Jane's fingers each tired unused muscle in Nell McAm's body was rubbed and coaxed to a glow, and then Jane turned to fill the old hot water bottle with the water on the stove.

THEY kissed each other, and Nell settled back on her pillow with a sigh. She could not see Jane as the girl opened the window, blew out the oil lamp, and, rolled in a blanket, settled herself on a horsehair sofa across the room. But she knew the sofa, sloping upwards on both ends, was too short for Jane and that it generally took some moments of hitching herself about before the child found comfort.

Though Jane slept late the next morning, she woke before her mother. The room was darkish and chill and damp; her clothes over the stove were only half dried.

She rose wearily and dressed in skirt and blouse and shoes and coat over no underwear at all. Softly she let herself out of the house and started the two-mile walk to Hannahan's Bakery.

To her great relief Pete Hannahan had gone to market. Jane gave an hour's swift work to the shop, washing and rubbing the festooned mirror and the dingy showcases, changing the fly papers, cleaning off the marble slab of the window, and arranging cakes, rolls, and pies.

JANE walked home briskly, with two unusually large bags of stale goodies Hannahan had left for her. She pushed open the back door and entered the kitchen with an exclamation of astonishment.

" Mother, you're up! "

From her wheel chair Nell McAm, cheeks flushed, eyes bright, answered with a coy smile.

" Rudy got me up! "

" Rudy! He was here? "

Nell McAm nodded, suppressing a gurgle.

On the horsehair sofa Jane squatted and gazed about her, as if seeing for the first time the details of the pallid kitchen—her drying clothes still spread wide on the line over the stove. He had been here. He had seen this.

" He was just darling to me," her mother toyed with the memory. " A fine looking boy, and such a gentleman, Jane. I remember him as a big, overgrown, freckled-faced—"

" Why did he come? "

" He left a note for you."

From the window sill to which her mother had pointed, Jane picked up an envelope. West Wind, it said in heavy engraving—West Wind, the name of that comfortable old farm that for generations had been the home of the West family. She tore open the envelope.

Something clattered to the floor, and Jane looked down, startled. A ring of Rudy's that she well recognized—a solid hoop of jade that his uncle had sent him from China and that Rudy had worn constantly as a boy.

She picked it up, her lips quivering as she studied it, remembering.

She held the letter to the light and read Rudy's neat and painstaking words:

Dear Jane:

In case I don't see you I want to explain that the family planned a surprise for me that I wish hadn't happened. I discover they are making preparations to go in to New York for several days where Nina is giving a large dinner Sunday night. Even father is excited and in the celebrating mood, so I cannot disrupt their plans. I am keeping three ounces of the sand to work on when I get back to college and can take it to the lab, and am returning the rest of the boxful to you. In the meantime I spent the morning checking up the enclosed addresses which just might be useful to you. One is the biggest chemical company in New York, and I know the chap down there whose name I've given you. Another is a company that does the cleaning with sand that I happened to mention last night. I hope they will help, and only wish I could help more. I shall make a point to find time to phone these places in New York and if I hear anything I'll write you.

I do hope you are home and I can see you, for I have so little time. But anyway, Jane, I want you to have this old ring as a token of that peculiar friendship we had as children. It is just from one very fond pal to the best girl-pal a fellow ever had. Because I suspect when we next meet we really will both be entirely grown up.

RUDY.

P.S. I am to get my first swallow-tail suit in New York, they tell me. Will you laugh when you think of me in it?

Quietly Jane folded the letter all around the ring and thrust it into her pocket. She blinked at the rain-spotted window pane, her face contorted with efforts to keep from crying.

JANE, from behind her tiny oak table in the corner of Holloway Brothers, looked up at Edgar Holloway, sitting importantly in his chair.

"I have here," he said, drawing an envelope from a worn grosgrain wallet taken from his hip pocket, "a check from the Nockin Sand-Sear Cleaning Corporation."

"Whee!" shrieked Jane. "Let me see! It's like a dream to rent that sand bar, Mr. Holloway. The first deal, you know."

Holloway smiled.

"I'm pretty tickled myself. This is the binder, and they signed the five years' rental privilege this morning. A thousand a year rental for the sand bar. My God, Jane, that's made history round here. Now, that's five thousand, the whole deal. Ten per cent commission from Tom Leeds is five hundred dollars payable now. Two hundred and fifty for you, and two hundred and fifty for me. Tom insisted he offered double commission, so there'll be another five hundred dollars to split. He was pretty pleased, huh? He thinks you're the smartest trick in town, huh, Jane?"

"Oh, Tom Leeds!" She dismissed the name and flushed at Holloway's

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

● *"Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that? . . . Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"*

● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder! . . . Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"*

● *"Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there, too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming . . ."*

● *". . . Everything's O. K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder . . . Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it either."*

Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 148, New Brunswick, N. J.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S Baby POWDER

insinuating laughter. "Just let me touch the check," she said huskily. "That's the start of a fortune for me."

"Yup," he admitted gleefully, catching her tone. "I'm on the trail of another little deal. A brother of Bill Nockin wants to settle out this way. I'm to show him houses on Saturday."

He was thinking, This week I can send another check to Princeton. And Jane, watching his face for every sign, was thinking, Now I can get back Rudy's ring—and we'll have meat—meat to celebrate.

Presently Holloway pulled out the right lower drawer of his desk and reached for a whisky bottle. With the shadow of a frown, Jane looked up.

"Oh, Mr. Holloway, there's a man coming to see you any minute. The insurance man, you know."

"Oh. He came, huh?" Holloway's hand left the neck of his bottle and rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. "What was his name—Percy?"

"Seth Percy," she nodded in confirmation, her eyes satisfied at his quick gesture of foregoing the bottle. She well knew that Mr. Percy would not be back that day.

"What did he say, huh?"

"Well, he seemed pleased at the location. He's boarding at Mrs. Delaney's, you know, just a block away. I told him you'd let him have the front corner as it is for ten a month."

Holloway gazed upon her with a kindly light.

"I told Mr. Percy," she continued, "that you'd let him hang his insurance shingle out, and that you'd put an ad in the Star announcing his connection here."

"Good God, Jane, I can't afford newspaper ads."

"But the Star owes you money." Jane reached over for a sheaf of papers on a spiked stand.

"What?"

"Yes, they lost a picture of a house and a cut of yours two years ago. I found it in with these old bills, and I went over to see them. And they said it was too late to do anything about it, but if you insisted they'd give you space credit to square things up. That or stationery, and we seem to have a lot of stationery."

She pointed to the pile before her.

"What are you doing with all those bills?" he snapped. "I never told you to touch my personal bills."

"Those aren't personal, Mr. Holloway," she stuttered. "It's just gas and water, and phone and—oh, we should have the phone connected again. Mr. Percy has a typewriter and when he's out he said I could use it. Isn't that wonderful? You know, Mr. Holloway, I used to hate that Pete Hannahan so, and if I hadn't known him I wouldn't ever have heard of Seth Percy. And oh, Mr. Holloway, I do wish you'd let me be around when the contracts are signed. I want to see how it's done and I want to hear how you talk to these people. Would you mind?"

"Jane! You've been here three weeks now and I don't think you've kept silence for three hours."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Holloway."

"I HAVE work to do." The dignity he mustered was artistic, but dropping his glance before her remorseful look, his eyes caught the brown invitation of the whisky bottle. His hand went toward it.

Jane caught the look and the gesture.

"Certainly, Mr. Holloway. I suppose now you're going to list houses to show Mr. Nockin? Well, couldn't you just sign these letters first?"

She leaned over his desk, tried his pen for ink, and handed it to him. Picking up the whisky bottle, she opened the bottom drawer.

"Ummmm. Johnnie Walker. That's what my father used to drink. All the time. Of course he never drank when he had a big game on foot. He always played sober as a monk. He always said you couldn't have your whisky and drink it, too!" She waited for Holloway's agreement which was slow to appear. "I mean, he said if he drank he wouldn't win and if he didn't win he couldn't afford any liquor. See?"

Her laughter drowned the snap of the bottom drawer as she closed the whisky bottle out of sight.

Holloway bent over the letters, signing each with a magnificent flourish, and was unreasonably pleased when Jane lifted each off as he signed it, blotted his signature with almost reverential care, and waited for his next.

He was one who had to be goaded to success. Back in the 'eighties and 'nineties it had been his brother who had guided the Holloway name to the front lists, bidding and directing Edgar without ever seeming to be boss. And when that brother had died by his own hand because of a sordid love affair, Edgar had nervously taken to drink, eventually finding himself astonished that the business did not forever run itself by momentum.

Now Jane, all unwittingly, took the place of his brother. In her ceaseless efforts to make good with him, to make herself necessary, to learn the business, she made enemies and she made friends. Few had lukewarm opinions about Jane. But above all she made money. Slowly at first, but inevitably. She made mistakes and costly ones; she blundered in her over-anxiousness, flinging herself at people who drew back with jellied distaste. She was fairly ignorant when she started out, that shabby, fiery, over-tall Jane McAm. She had no poise, no temperance, no tolerance. She was awkward, uneducated, garrulous.

BUT the years of privation that followed her father's incarceration had made Jane a physical Spartan, somewhat impatient of others' bodily complaints. Only heat bothered her. One could take Jane McAm off guard in the summer. But she came to life again in winter, so that something almost approaching color would tinge her cheeks and the whiteness of her skin would take on the dazzle of snow. She was made for furs and muffs and velvets, for shrill excitable winds, and the play of warm lights on her pale face before a fireplace.

That memorable night of her first commission, Jane wrote to Rudy, showering him in her inky gratitude with all the credit for helping her start—for hadn't he been the first to express the thought that people cleaned things with sand?—and hadn't he given her the addresses of the chemical firms in New York? Long and ardent and flushed with girlish love and idealism was that joyous letter. And sitting late and alone in the office she sealed the envelope with Holloway's red wax and old-fashioned stamp used for important documents to be filed in safes. And Rudy's laughing friendly face haunted her and she talked to herself in a secret run of words.

"Tomorrow I'll get back the ring. I hated so to part with it, but I just couldn't ask mother to give up her wedding ring, and I had to have the money. Oh, I *love* you, Rudy. I wish I had a picture of you. I wonder what you're doing now—ten minutes after ten in Harvard. Oh, I'm terrible, Rudy, breaking commandments—'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.' But of course it's husband, and you're not quite her husband yet. I wonder how much I'll see of you on your Christmas holidays. . . ."

Rudy jangled the cowbell door of her office one snowy morning during the Christmas vacation.

"Jane, you look so important! Could I see some eighty-room mansions, please? What! you haven't any? Jane, when Nina and I have a place, we'll get it from you. That's business for you. Only we seem to want to live in New York. I hate it, but Nina's right of course. My work will be there, and all her friends are there. Say, what's that string around your neck? Well, is it necessary? Does it hitch something up or something? Well, it looks terrible. Honest, Jane, you ought to learn to dress. You never try to look pretty even. You'll be an old maid. And how's the baker, by the way? Listen, I have to go, but Abby said, Won't you come over to dinner Sunday. She said to tell you there would be five hundred red candles on the tree and we're going to sing carols. I told her I'd ask you if you found time from all your heavy business to make us some of those oldtime molasses apples and bring them. Do you think you could? Well, 'by."

And he banged out of the office again, leaving Jane repeating his words to herself and clutching the criticized string that held his jade ring dangling between her breasts.

On Sunday she went to dinner at West Wind, carrying a wide pan of two dozen molasses apples. But once the greetings were over and tree admired, Jane was tongue-tied. She couldn't sing their carols.

The exquisite ruby-red velvet princess gown seemed to typify the Nina Norris that wore it and made Jane feel rough and crude and gaunt. Nina's face and her manner, her black hair and dark eyes were heavy with meaning. It was as if Nina only appeared to be young, but as if she had brought to her present life all the vivid secret knowledge of many other lives, and not all of them good.

And Abby, who was definitely an old maid at twenty-seven, Abby made you think of home, of coal fires in bedrooms, of lovely linen with raised monograms; she made you think of Scotch broth, and shining copper pots and pans hanging in a big blue kitchen, of dustless corners and shiny windowpanes.

The others in the room made her feel strange and out of place—yes, even Rudy at the piano, his eyes beaming affection and contentment on all, and resting with adoration on Nina's strange beauty. But Abby made Jane feel lonely: lonely for her own home, for Marion, and for Dick who would never keep clean and who ate with great gulps behind a book; for fat, loving little Toby whose front teeth were gone; for father who was such a gay, unreckoning heathen, daring to enjoy life beyond permission; yes, and for mother as she used to be, spoiled and full of frills and feathers and giggles and scents and arch looks.

SUDDENLY she made for the staircase. Abby glanced up in amazement and followed her.

"Jane?"

"Oh, Abby, I have to go."

"But we expected you to stay all evening."

"I—my mother's all alone. Oh, Abby, I can't stand it."

Abby's arm went around her shoulder.

"There, Jane, Christmas can be so difficult."

Her ears caught the rake of wheels on the driveway.

"You know who that is, Jane? Tom Leeds. He's coming tonight just because we told him you'd be here."

"Oh, I don't want to see him."

"Now, that's no way, Jane. No use refusing to let people like you—I'll ask Tom to drive you home and he can come back later."

As soon as Jane could control herself she put on her mother's ancient black broadcloth cape, the wide-brimmed hat cascading with ostrich feathers, and descended to face the group, to repeat explanations about her mother being alone, and to leave with Tom Leeds in his big brown Stanley Steamer.

"I have to go to the office, Tom."

"But you said your mother—"

"But I have to do some things first. I can get home later."

"Your home is so far, Jane. Can't I wait for you?"

She shook her head.

She couldn't tell him that she was desperately grateful to have a key to some place where she could be alone.

"Jane, I want to ask you—would

"Ssh, Betty! . . . You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."

"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."

"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

● "I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

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• from babyhood to 11 years •

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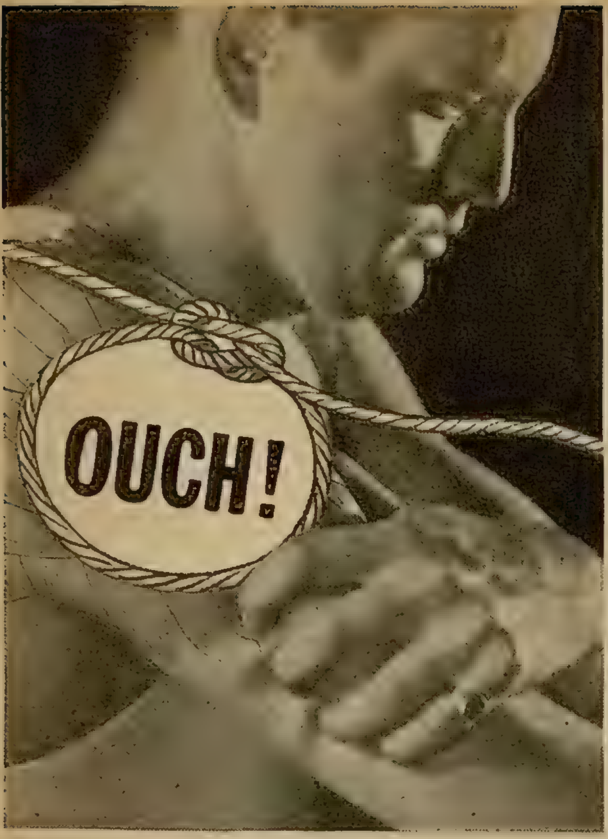
News for Radio Fans!—*The famous "Roxy" and a big new show will go on the air for Fletcher's Castoria starting September 15th. Listen in on this genial Master of Ceremonies and the liveliest, merriest gang of fun and melody makers that ever set the air waves dancing. Don't miss it! Saturdays, 8 to 8:45 P. M. Eastern Daylight Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.*



Feel that

KNOT of PAIN

fade away

WHAT a difference you feel, almost the instant you start to rub aching, throbbing spots of pain with good old Absorbine Jr.

It seems to spread a soothing, warming glow right down to the deepest point of the congestion—muscles tight with pain begin to relax. And then, as your hand moves back and forth over that sore spot, you feel a warm comforting glow, quickly followed by soothing coolness as the knot of pain eases away.

For forty years, the most famous coaches, trainers and athletes have used Absorbine Jr. and praised it—for bruises, strains, sprains and aching muscles. You certainly ought to keep a bottle in *your* home. It saves a lot of suffering—and it's also a fine antiseptic for cuts and burns.

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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness

you come to the New Year's dance with me at the Hunt Club?"

"I don't—I couldn't, Tom."

"Why do you refuse me everything? Do you dislike me?"

"Oh, of course not. I like you. You're—very nice."

"Such enthusiasm! Why wouldn't you go to the dance with me?"

"Because I haven't any clothes," she said dully, and looked him directly in the eye.

He flushed.

"Gosh, I'm sorry. I'm thoughtless. A clumsy idiot. Will you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive, Tom. It isn't your fault if I haven't clothes. There's the office."

He drew up with a chug and a snort of brakes. Getting out, he went around and helped her down.

"Thanks, Tom. Good-by. And Merry Christmas!"

He held her hand

"Jane, isn't there anything I could do to make you glad to have me around?" He was short and neat, his derby in his hand, his beaver coat hiding grotesquely his slick little figure. She stared at his black sideburns, his tidy mustache, his delicate and somewhat bony young face with spreading black eyebrows over very large and very appealing brown eyes, and wondered why she couldn't like him.

Her big smile broke through her heartache.

"Tom, you're sweet. Come with your auto some day and take me around when I have to collect rents and hear complaints. I could get three days' work done in one!"

"Right! When?"

"I go every other Friday."

"I'll be here *every* Friday. Thanks, Jane. And—I mean, Merry Christmas, and—er—don't be sad, Jane. I couldn't bear it for you to be sad."

He drew her toward him, almost as if against his own will, knowing it would offend her.

"Just kiss me—Merry Christmas," he pleaded. "That can't mean so much."

HIS arm was about her shoulder with quiet insistence, but his eyes were clean and well-meaning. It's no way—to refuse to let people like you. Right now, right this minute, no doubt, Rudy was kissing Nina.

He saw the change in her expression and pulled her toward him, kissing her with a strange firmness.

"Merry Christmas," he said huskily.

She laughed—chiefly because the kiss was different from what she half expected.

"Oh, Tom, that's funny!"

His face went blankly angry—and then shyly and against his will he laughed too.

She turned and went up the small wooden porch, bent with her key to the office door.

"Good night, Tom. Merry, Merry Christmas!"

She went inside, and there in the darkened office continued to laugh until the sobs broke through.

Nell McAm was sick with a chest congestion. For ten days Jane did not go to the office. The little Italian doctor near by nursed Nell McAm out of her fever. A few days later Tom Leeds drove up and brought his own doctor who prescribed expensive medicine which Tom anxiously chugged off to get.

Abby West brought fresh biscuits, calf's-foot jelly, and a covered pot of chicken soup. Rudy had a cold and wasn't to be let out, but he had sent his love and they were hoping to have him on his feet in time to go back to college.

"THAT Leeds boy is in love with you," Nell McAm observed the first day she sat up.

Jane, sewing the lining in the armpits of her coat, frowned.

"And what a handsome little chap," her mother sighed. "So speckless, and initials on everything, and the best material—and those shoes were made to order. Ah, I know custom-made shoes when I see them. How old is he?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Must be about twenty-six, I should judge. A fine age. Through a bit with oating. And an only child and heir to all the Leeds' money? Funny he wasn't caught before this by some smart woman."

"He was. His wife's dead. They were in Italy on a trip about a year after their child was born."

"Oh, so he has a child too?"

"Yes, a little girl named Mary, after her mother. The child is with her mother's folks a lot. Tom doesn't like them much. But he won't hurt them, and the little girl seems happiest with them."

"Well, I never! Such a quiet looking chap; and how did the wife die?"

"In Italy. She got some sort of pin scratch on her face and they say blood poisoning set in. She died before Tom could get her home. Mr. Holloway told me about it."

"Well, the poor lad. No wonder he's so lonely looking. Who was she?"

"Some chorus girl, Mr. Holloway says."

"A chorus girl! Well, I never. Nobody would think that nice soft spoken lad. . . . Well, I guess if he can marry a chorus girl he could marry you."

"Oh, mother!"

"Don't 'Oh, mother!' me every time I speak of the most important thing in life. It would pay you to think about it a little. Why, Marion would have that boy at her feet in no time."

Marion was with them before June, and Marion set out to have Tom Leeds at her feet in no time. It was a changed Marion, most exquisitely dressed and with two huge trunks of gaudy clothes with her. Aunt Lucy, she explained in a queer affected mouthing of words, had a tremendous wardrobe, needing as she did so many costumes in plays, and of course having to look her very best off stage. The clothes were not of the best materials but they were effective, if a bit showy, and Marion's impish childlike face, her petiteness of bone and manner, set them off spectacularly.

Ah, Marion was a traveler returned, laden with rich tales of glowing lands. And with very definite ambitions to get back to that land of the theater—to be on the stage or to marry well. Or both. Or first one and then the other. She must get into New York and see some of the people Aunt Lucy had given her introductions to.

Endlessly Jane marveled at the many witchcraft tricks Marion had for tending her body and hair, and the endless hours she spent on herself.

Marion took over the marketing, managing in a remarkably short while to buy curtains and mirrors, lamps and vases as well as sustenance.

And she was companionable. She made mother so happy, buying ten-cent cards and playing rummy and slapjack, forlornly giddy with laughter; or just sitting on the arm of her mother's wheel chair, her head on Nell McAm's shoulder, singing endlessly, new ragtime songs and the old minstrel favorites.

And Jane, well content with things at home, threw herself with new energy into her work, to defeat the heavy weariness of summer heat.

THE summer was infinitely sad. Rudy was ill. His bad cold of the Christmas holidays had sent him back to college far weaker than he had realized. By spring he had landed in a Boston hospital with pleuro-pneumonia. They had graduated him in June, but Rudy was not present to accept his diploma, and it was mailed to him later in a meaningless cardboard roll.

Not wanting to move him far, Abby and her father had closed their home and taken a cottage on Casco Bay where even now Rudy was evidently too weak to sit up more than a few hours at a time.

There had been no June wedding for Nina and Rudy; it had been indefinitely postponed. No wonderful job in a New York office as a young engineer.

From all reports, Nina had behaved like a cherub. She had gone to Maine and coddled Rudy side by side with his sister. And then early in the fall she had returned to New York, to sing at the Murray Hill Charity Ball.

Marion went with Tom Leeds to that Charity Ball.

Abby and Dr. West went in their old carriage. Jane "stayed home" with Rudy before the big brick fireplace of West Wind. Sat and played cribbage and sipped sherry-and-egg with a pale, jumpy, hollow-eyed Rudy who stared for long spells at the cards and said:

"I'll be well enough by the first of the year to go to work. Moffin is planning an expedition to Venezuela. God, I'd love to go. Oil. But even if the wedding—I mean even if Nina

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—well, I couldn't go anyway in this condition. I can't keep my mind on anything. Just can't concentrate. I get restless. Nina's so full of life and I feel so out of it." He walked over and looked out on the frosty lawn lit with moon spray. "I wish she liked just quiet simple things—not excitement all the time, and parties and all that," he muttered.

Jane held her hands toward the fire. "Why don't you two get married, Rudy? Right away, I mean."

"Don't be stupid, Jane. I wouldn't let her marry an invalid. We'd both be so restless with me moping around a house most of the time, we'd probably bite each other. I think a marriage ought to start out with as few handicaps as possible. Nina isn't the patient kind, like you."

"Don't you suppose either of you might ever be sick after you're married?"

"Oh, sure. Only I'd like everything to be fine and right at the start. Don't let's talk about it, will you?"

ON her way home Jane brooded over the memory of his drawn, unhappy face, with the white silk scarf folded over his thin boyish throat and the green dressing gown. Did he love Nina so much he was afraid of her? "I might not be able to hold her," he had said once, and his voice had trembled.

Marion was home at four in the morning, excited, and pleased with herself. Tom was such a pet, and the gowns were so gorgeous, and she met nearly everyone that counted, and the nicest boy who said he was going to write her, and a funny old jollier who was very rich, they said; Perry his name was, and connected some way with the theater (though Tom didn't know just how—the stupid) and this old Perry made a lot of Nina Norris—(oh, yes, she sang beautifully and had two encores and looked too divine for words); and this Perry just hung over Nina until he met Marion and after that—well—maybe he could get her into the theater.

With a sigh Jane turned over in bed, crunching her head deep in the pillow to blot out their chittering discussion. A rich old jollier named Perry— That's the way things started— Oh, well, probably I'll never hear of him again.

But the rich old jollier named Resolute Perry was to be on everyone's lips in Jane's limited circle before many months had passed. For Resolute Perry, the manufacturer of tin lunch boxes, was, it seemed, the backer of a number of shows. And in one he gave a chorus job at thirty dollars a week to Marion McAm. And in another, far more elaborate and important, he insisted upon the society debutante Nina Norris and her lyric soprano for the ingenue lead.

THE BELLS OF EVE
introducing
NINA NORRIS
Is she more beautiful than her voice?

One dusky February evening, white with snow, Rudy shouldered his way into Jane's office. He stood staring with unflickering, somber eyes at her.

"I'd like to see you," he said. "I have Captain outside, Jane. I want you to come to dinner with me and talk—somewhere alone."

What is it that Rudy with his somber eyes wants to see Jane about? Could it concern the rich old jollier, Resolute Perry, and Rudy's haunting fear of losing Nina? And has Tom Leeds forgotten Jane, for the gayly dazzling Marion? Next week's installment brings fresh intrigue into this gripping novel of a girl who wanted life—and found it.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When was the parcel post service established in the United States?

2—What is the synovial fluid?

3—How fast can an ostrich run?

4—What is the person called to whom a letter or package is addressed?

5—A Muscovite is a native of what country?

6—Who organized the American Federation of Labor?

7—Scandinavia now consists of what countries?

8—What world-famous organization has as its motto the phrase *Honneur et Fidelité*.

9—What two Presidents of the United States were originally tailors?

10—Where did the word "broncho" originate?

11—What is the normal pulse beat of a healthy adult?

12—What earthquake caused the greatest loss of life?

13—What country is known by the abbreviation F. M. S.?

14—What does *quid pro quo* mean?

15—What river has its *source* in a lake?

16—"Port" and "starboard" mean what in nautical phraseology?

17—What is a calèche?

18—Who was Carmen Sylva and what did she do?

19—Who said, "Duty and today are ours; results and futurity belong to God"?

20—Which state (U. S.) is bordered by *seven* other states?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

Millions
Suffer
Few Tell-
AN AFFLICTION ALL
THE MORE DANGEROUS
FOR ITS DELICACY

PILES are an unmentionable subject, yet there is no ailment more common or fraught with danger.

Piles cannot only cause you untold torture and wear you down physically and mentally, but they can turn into something very serious. Many a case of Piles has become one for surgical treatment.

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Pazo Ointment gives immediate relief from any case of Piles. It stops the pain and itching almost instantly. But, more than that, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole, which is what you want.

Pazo is positive treatment because it is threefold in effect. First, it soothes and relieves the sore and inflamed parts. Second, it helps heal the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it tends to dry up any mucous matter and to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Try It. Pazo comes in two forms—in collapsible tube with special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum, and in tin boxes for application in the ordinary way. All druggists sell Pazo in tubes and tins. Get either a tube or tin of Pazo today and see the relief it holds for you.

LILTING, LIVELY, LAVISH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

Three More Little Masterpieces by Mr. Disney— Messrs. Montgomery and Howard as Racketeer and Diplomat, and a Galsworthy Novel on the Screen

by

BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ ★ THREE SILLY SYMPHONIES

The Flying Mouse, Peculiar Penguins, The Wise Little Hen. Walt Disney color cartoons.

EVEN the greatest players turn out occasional inferior pictures, but there has yet to be a Silly Symphony which hasn't given perfect lilting and delightful entertainment. Ever since Three Little Pigs broke all records for Broadway re-runs, interest has so mounted in the doings of grasshoppers, ants, pigs, flowers, and rodents that these fantasies—with the possible exception of Mickey Mouse, also a Disney creation—are now the most enthusiastically greeted items in the varied Hollywood output.

The new Sillies—Peculiar Penguins, The Flying Mouse, The Wise Little Hen—are up to the unsurpassed spellbinding standard Disney has set for himself, to the despair of his legion of imitators.

The Flying Mouse is, to our mind, the best yet. Painted in gay colors to charming music, it tells of the sad plight of a little mouse—not to be confused with Mickey, for this is a new character—who yearns to fly. When he saves a butterfly from a spider's web, the mouse is given his wish and off he goes. But a mouse with wings is a strange animal. In fact, there is no such thing. The bats, wearing high hats and Draculan smiles, take him to be a brother until he protests. At home his mother and family lock the door against him.

He's not a mouse—and he's not a bat.

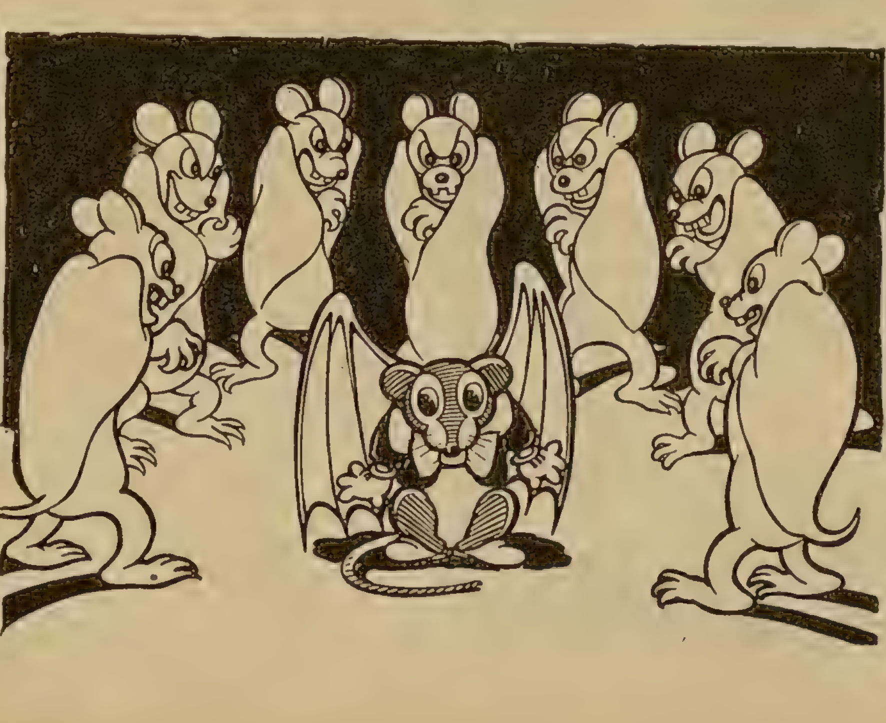
All alone, the world against him, he wanders mournfully while the animal and vegetable kingdom chant, "You're nothin' but a nothin'."

The song will be one of the hits of this fall. The Flying Mouse, a heart-touching and -warming Thespian, may be the season's surprise hit, too.

Peculiar Penguins, for whom a dozen of the birds were imported to the studio to be studied before the film was begun, is a mixture of melodrama and comedy, building to a chase by a man-eating, or rather penguin-eating, shark.

Switching from wild to domestic life, The Wise Little Hen gets a pat on her pinfeathers for planting her corn while others play. And in the end she gets her reward. This symphony introduces a new member of the barnyard emoters, Donald Duck, a wise-quacking fowl pointed toward stardom by the Disney outfit.

The Silly Symphonies defy analysis or criticism. It is sufficient merely to announce that they are ready for your enjoyment. Bring the children along too—though it is our opinion that these treats are much too fine to be wasted on them.



He's in again—Walt Disney with his silly symphonies! The scene at the right is one from The Flying Mouse.

Two principals in Hide-Out, Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan.

VITAL STATISTICS: The first animated cartoon discovered and made by Winsor McKay back in 1914. Called, I believe, Dinah the Dinosaur. Was short, sweet, and primitive—all done by the artist himself. Since then animation has become highly specialized. Steps in making the cartoon as follows: First, the story conference. An idea is agreed on—roughly outlined. A skilled scenarist scripts it. An adapter breaks it down into sequences, scenes, and shots. The scenic department designs the backgrounds. Then three kinds of artists begin to work: the animators, the in-betweeners, and the inkers. Animators develop various sequences, drawing only the beginning and end of each action. Their sketches pass to the in-betweeners, who draw the small delicately graded changes. All work is done on semitransparent paper over illuminated boards. The action completed, a corps of girls trace the drawings on sheets of celluloid. The inkers then boldly fill in the proper tints. Action is photographed by superimposing these transparent drawings over the painted backgrounds which have been placed under a camera. It takes from 10,000 to 15,000 drawings to make one reel of Silly Symphony film, about 750 feet or fifteen minutes of seeing time. . . . Animated Walter Disney, the ne plus ultra of all animators, is a Chicago lad, born there in 1901. Left the advertising business to trek to Hollywood in 1923. First animated the Alice Series, double-exposing a live character over animated animals. Not so hot. Created Oswald the Rabbit. Hotter, but not as hot as a little office mouse who posed for a series to be called Mickey Mouse and eventually to take the world from Timbuctoo to Japan by storm. Mickey didn't go so well at first, but time proved him.

Now Disney is very rich, owns a $500,000 plant in Hollywood, employs 100 technicians, animators, etc., has a large personal zoo, is married happily works like a yak on a Tibetan plow.

★ ★ ★ HIDE-OUT

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold, Elizabeth Patterson, Whitford Kane, Mickey Rooney, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Story by Mauri Grashin.

IN response to the urgent demands of the warring censor groups for cleaner themes, M. G. M. offers Hide-Out with the ebullient Robert Montgomery and a well cast group of players performing in such casual good style that they make the old story seem fresh.

Robert Montgomery, seen as a Broadway racketeer and play-boy who takes a hide-out on a farm when the town gets too hot, is his old impish self, and in the comedy-romance scenes with the surprisingly deft Maureen O'Sullivan he plays with

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HEY SKINNY
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Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe —the richest yeast known— which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful!*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body". Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 29, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU'D NEVER THINK THEY ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY
Posed by professional models

more verve and élan than he has exhibited since his early picture-stealing days. His performance must have been contagious, for every one connected with the picture seemed delighted with the idea.

The farm sequence, in which Montgomery learns to love the cows and chickens, and the farmer's daughter even more so, are much in the mood of the popular It Happened One Night, and there is the same tenderly simple love treatment worked in with the easy comedy.

Hide-Out, delicately balanced so that its ingrained sweetness never becomes sugared much, is a shining example of what a competent scenarist, a capable director, and a group of satisfied players can do to freshen a wilted story.

VITAL STATISTICS: An original screen story—locations done on a typical farm outside Santa Cruz, California. . . . Twelve-year-old Mickey Rooney, who plays the farmer boy, speaks four languages, imitates a dozen or more radio and screen stars, dances any form, style, or smell, plays opera on the piano, is a miniature all-round pentathlon champ, and has appeared in forty pictures in the last eighteen months. . . . Robert Montgomery is the son of Henry Montgomery, vice prexy of the New York Rubber Company, and Mary Wead Bernard. Born at Beacon, New York, is six feet tall, weighs 160, and has brown hair and eyes. Educated at the fashionable Pawling Military Academy and later abroad. Father died suddenly; family left broke. Montgomery went to work as mechanic's helper on railroad. Later shipped as deck hand on oil tankers—to step up on the stage eventually as an extra. From there to stock company in Rochester, and so to Hollywood via Broadway. He is married to ex-actress Elizabeth Allen; has one child; is recipient of about $3,500 a week; very careful dresser; and much in demand in Hollywood social whirlings for his breezy humor, piano playing, and nifty tenor voice. He is an incessant reader; writes short stories on the side; plays superb golf; likes Irving Berlin and Ravel's compositions. Lives modestly in Hollywood and drives a small medium-priced car, not because he's stingy but because he's modest about such things. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan has cloudy black hair and deep Irish-blue eyes, is about twenty-three, and started at the top of the ladder. Was born in Dublin and brought here by John McCormack to play opposite him in Song o' My Heart. It failed. She failed and she had to begin all over again, with a capital of $100 remaining from her sudden stardom.

★ ★½ BRITISH AGENT

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Kay Francis, William Gargan, Philip Reed, Irving Pichel, Walter Byron, Ivan Simpson, Halliwell Hobbes. Directed by Michael Curtiz. From the novel by R. H. Bruce Lockhart.

DONE in the grand manner, with immense and costly sets and thousands of extras, British Agent, returning to that favorite historic event of the movies, the Red Russian Revolution, presents the dewy Leslie Howard and sullen Kay Francis as patriots torn by their love for each other and their duty to the Fatherland.

Leslie Howard plays an ambitious English diplomat attempting to forestall the Russian surrender to the Germans. Working without official sanction, Howard offers the newly formed Soviet money, arms, and British trade if they will keep on fighting. The Soviet delay the peace treaty until they learn that England is not backing up Howard's promise.

His prestige and honor gone, Howard attempts to form a counter-revolution. Suspected by the Soviet, Howard is trapped when Kay Francis, forced into betraying her lover by her loyalty to Russia, gets actual evidence against him. Then, with Howard doomed to death the next morning, the suddenly noble Miss Francis remains in the death trap with him.

British Agent is a patchy cinema high-lighted by some moments of taut excitement and riotous action, but its bright spots are offset by long sequences of somnambulic doldrums, the falsely melodramatic ending alone being enough to make one forget many of the honestly stirring events which preceded it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Leslie Howard (Leslie Stainer) has refused to be Garbo's leading man. Also Marion Davies's. Latter offer included $75,000. Unfounded myth has it that he's so formal that his wife calls him "Mr. Howard" at home. It ain't true. She calls him "Imp." He writes plays—had one, Murray Hill, produced. Has been married to his first wife since March 3, 1916. Highballs are his favorites. Speaks English, French, German; learned a little Russian for British Agent, and American since going to Hollywood. . . . Fifteen hundred people were used in the picture; 3,000 rounds of ammunition in riot scenes; 900 real Russian rifles; 41 different sets, including those in Leningrad, London, and Moscow; 1 Kremlin erected; and 3 sound stages used. . . . Kay Francis is five feet seven inches—one of the screen's tallest stars; is considered successor to Gloria Swanson's title of Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman; hates to talk about clothes; has seventy-five pairs of shoes; flies wherever she goes to avoid reporters and station rubbernecks; was once secretary for one of the Vanderbilts; has been unmarried four times; thinks fourth husband Kenneth McKenna's father a swell cook; is being gossip-columned as *comme ça* with Maurice Chevalier; is deathly skeered of revolvers; fainted and had hysterics before she managed bravely to shoot one in the film; wore long-sleeved dresses throughout B. A. because of twenty-five stitches taken in her arm when she cut herself trying to break into her home after forgetting her key. . . . Philip Reed's really Milton Le Roy, having made the change to avoid clashing with you know whom. Is untouched by scandal, a bachelor, eligible, and escort to various Hollywood lydies, inc. Marian Nixon. . . . Walter Byron English-armied it at fifteen and served for duration of the Great War. . . . Ivan Simpson is the Henglish hactor who has Arlissed it for years, generally appearing in each

Diana Wynyard and Colin Clive, who do effective work in One More River.

of the Prince of the Monocle's pictures. . . . Halliwell Hobbes, who mostly plays butlers, is an English ambassador in the picture. What a comedown for him! . . . William Gargan's son is named Leslie Howard Gargan, the two men being pals.

★ ★ ½ ONE MORE RIVER

THE PLAYERS: Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Jane Wyatt, Colin Clive, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, Henry Stephenson, Lionel Atwill. Directed by James Whale.

BASED on the final novel by the prolific and widely read John Galsworthy, One More River is a sincere and sometimes moving divorce drama which will appeal to women more than men. Gaining its emotional effect through insinuation rather than any outright exposition of events, it moves somberly and with heavy grace to the courtroom scene, where the film reaches its emotional peak.

Statuesque Diana Wynyard, as the wife, endows her rôle with quiet power and restraint; and Frank Lawton, though he seems young for the part, is entirely acceptable as her admirer who innocently provides grounds for the divorce. Colin Clive is superb as the brooding, sadistic husband, and while not the most important rôle in the film, it's the one which sets the mood and upon which the motivation hinges.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story from Galsworthy's final novel of same name. Title more or less presaged Galsworthy's death. One More River ends happily, probably owing to thousands of letters Galsworthy received asking for a sunny finis. . . . Diana Wynyard has been in pictures but a couple of years and has already starred in such little numbers as Cavalcade, Rasputin and the Empress, Reunion in Vienna, and Men Must Fight. . . . Stage vet juvenile Frank Lawton makes his screen début in this one. Stage play The Wind and the Rain was forced to close a year's run when he left cast for his Hollywood dash. . . . Mrs. Pat Campbell is the Grand Old Dame of the English-speaking stage, a great favorite of G. B. Shaw's in and out of his plays, and but recently immigrated to Celluloidland. . . . Jane Wyatt, born at Campgaw, New Jersey, is the only native American in the cast. She's a stage vet also making her screen début. . . . Surely you remember Colin Clive in Frankenstein? . . . Reginald Denny continues coming back in this picture, rapidly mastering serio-comic rôles.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—January 1, 1913.

2—The albuminous fluid secreted by the synovial membranes in the interior of the freely moving joints of the body.

3—Over sixty miles an hour.

4—The addressee.

5—Russia. Strictly speaking, only a citizen of Moscow is a Muscovite, but the name is now generally applied to all Russians.

6—A group of labor leaders led by the late Samuel Gompers.

7—Norway and Sweden. Formerly Denmark and Iceland were included.

8—The French Foreign Legion. For many years the motto was *Valeur et Discipline*.

9—Millard Fillmore and Andrew Johnson.

10—From the Spanish word *bronco*, meaning rough.

11—It varies according to age. The average in healthy adults is from seventy to eighty beats a minute.

12—The earthquake in Kansu Province, China, on December 16, 1920, when over 200,000 persons were killed.

13—The Federated Malay States.

14—One thing for another; a consideration in a contract.

15—The Chicago River, which now flows *from* Lake Michigan and eventually flows into the Mississippi. Engineers reversed the original direction of the river's flow.

16—The left and the right sides of a vessel respectively when looking toward the bow.

17—A two-wheeled Canadian carriage seating two and with the driver's seat on the dashboard.

18—This was the name under which Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, used to write.

19—Horace Greeley.

20—Kentucky. Its borders touch Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri.

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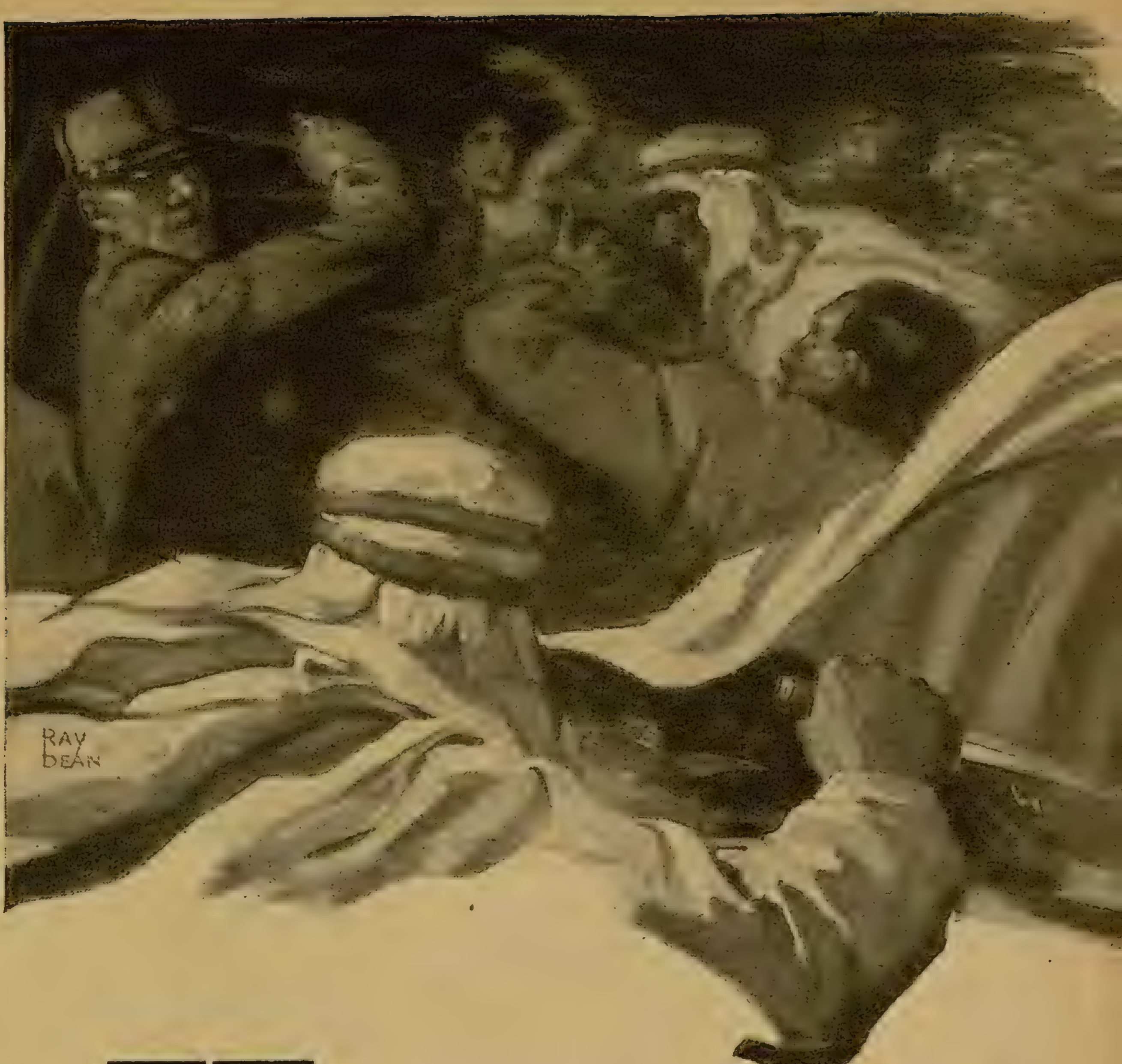

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Hell Hounds at Bay Again

A TOPSY-TURVY experience," the Ex-Legionnaire called it—a mild term for the astounding performance that he and McCann had forced upon them at the opening of last week's installment. After the battle in the desert and McCann's escape to Fez with Zita, the khan of Aulef had spared Barrington's life that he might repair the town's jammed machine guns. He had become its machine-gun instructor, and to his amazement one of his gunners had turned out to be McCann, who was now assigned to spy on Abd-el-Krim but instead had come back to look for him.

Thus it was that when a detachment of the Legion attacked Aulef, the two found themselves—Barrington with a pistol at his head—blazing away at their own comrade Hell Hounds!

The attack was beaten off, the town caroused in celebration, and Barrington fell in with a veiled girl who led him into a garden. After some days he roved that way again. This time, as he was leaving, he heard a scream in the darkness—and presently found her dead, hanged from a summerhouse door. Later he and McCann discovered that her husband was none other than their enemy Turan Shah.

The native soldiery of Aulef were led forth to help Raisale, whose stronghold the French were besieging. Barrington and McCann were taken along in charge of the machine-gun corps. On the march they rendered all the guns useless, and when by night the Arab force took up its position above the French encampment, they decoyed Turan Shah to a hilltop, knocked him senseless, tied him on his horse, and made off with him toward Fez.

At dawn they took cover in a clump of olives. Leaving McCann to guard the prisoner, Barrington started for the distant foothills, hoping to find a more secure hiding place. He caught sight of a native village. As he drew nearer, it appeared strangely lifeless. He suspected a trap.

PART FOUR—TURMOIL IN TASA

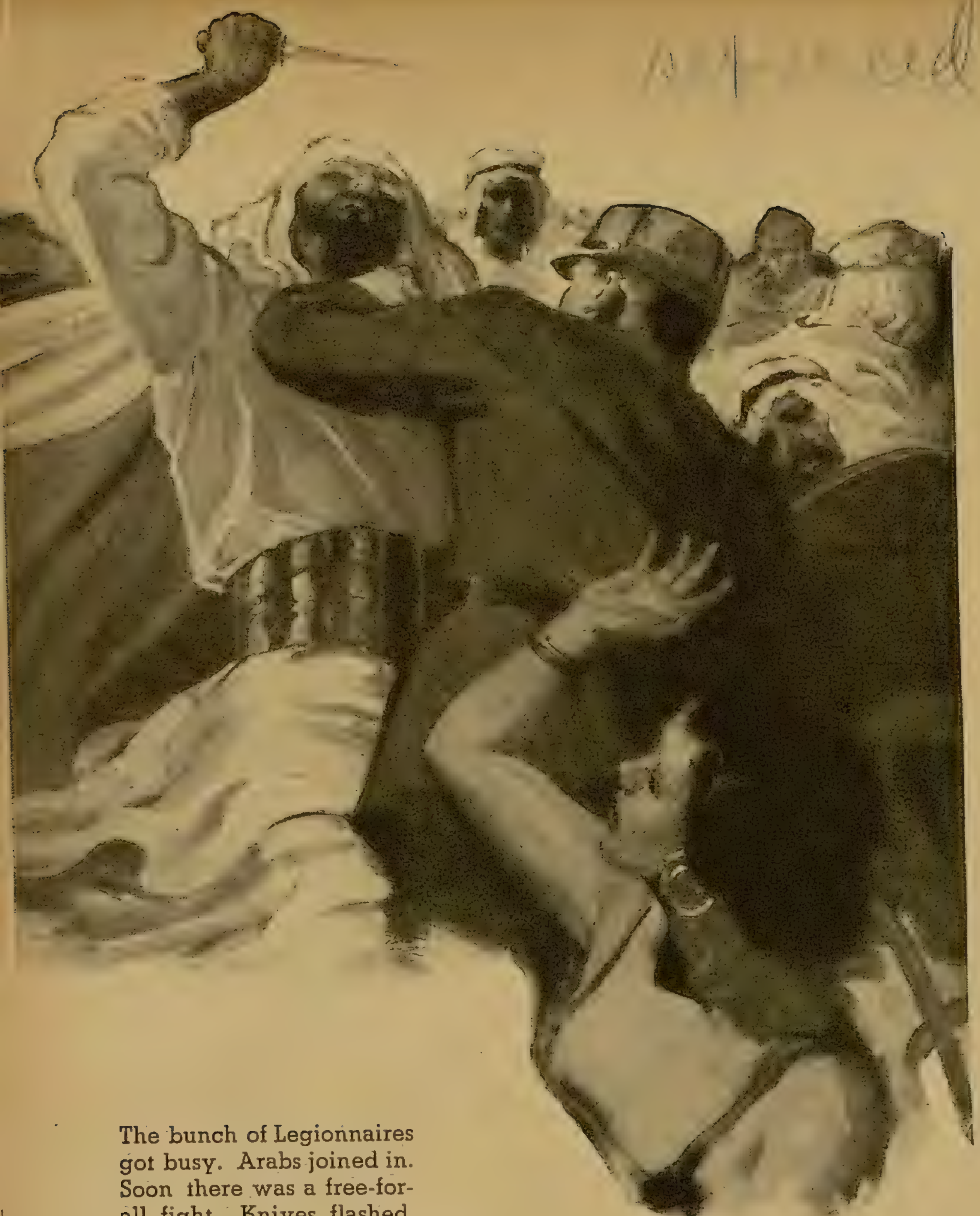
I DECIDED to take a chance, going forward and using every bit of cover. The place had a creepy air. I fancy it was getting on my nerves. If only something would move! There was no sign of life. No fire there. No smoke. Nothing to show that the place was inhabited at all! I was facing a little lane of huts. If I stayed much longer, debating whether to go forward or go back, McCann would get anxious.

I got to my feet and walked boldly on. I could have yelled with relief. The place was deserted. Crazy shutters hung about the dilapidated hovels, timbers that had

by the Famous Ex-Legionnaire 1384

in collaboration with

W. J. Blackledge



The bunch of Legionnaires got busy. Arabs joined in. Soon there was a free-for-all fight. Knives flashed.

once been doors lay about the thresholds. I raked the village from end to end. There was not a bit of life anywhere, if one excepted the darting lizards. The village had been deserted for some time. Sand had been blown about the tiny alleys and heaped up the broken walls. This was indeed a godsend! I flew back to the oasis and reported to McCann.

In a few moments we had filled up with water, saddled, and were racing across the sand. It did not take us long to settle in. We made a meal of our scanty rations, then unstrapped our prisoner, gave him bread and water, and promptly tied him up again. Our big problem was food. We explored the village. Dates and water was the sum total of its wealth. But a man can keep alive a long time on dates and water. We made no fire, not wishing to produce any telltale smoke.

"I guess we've got pretty far out of our way to Fez," opined McCann.

I sat up with a jolt, suddenly remembering his position with regard to Major Beauregarde's orders.

"Good Lord, Mac! What is the Butcher going to say about your appearance in Fez! He sent you to scout around after Krim!"

"Gee! I've been so busy thinking about this gol-darned Turan Shah, I ain't given a thought to the Butcher's orders! Gosh! What'n hell—?"

We stared at each other for a long minute.

"I could lay off, while you go forward with Shah—"

"And supposing Shah opened his mouth?"

"Yeah. Awkward. He sure would. He'd spill the beans just for the fun of doing it!"

"Look here!" I suddenly shouted. "Why go to Fez at all? Why not go to Tasa, Abd-el-Krim's headquarters? That's where you're supposed to be, anyway."

"Sure! I get you. And deliver Turan Shah up to him?"

"Exactly! Isn't Shah a renegade in the eyes of Abd-el-Krim?"

"Gosh! You've hit it, Barrington! We've no business in Fez at all. Our business is with Krim. We'll deliver Turan Shah up to him and spin the yarn of how we found him working for Raisale! Glittering gallstones! Boy, this is one great stunt, I'll say!"

"Right! Then that's settled. Now, where is this Tasa?"

WE pored over the map for a while and traced our route. It looked as if we might make it with a good night of travel, providing we did not have too much trouble with Shah and his black beauty. The plan appeared absolutely foolproof. Many weeks before, when we had first made the acquaintance of Turan Shah, he had certainly been working for Abd-el-Krim. And now he should go back and answer to Krim! Truly, Nemesis was in our saddles for the nonce. This not only settled McCann's problem, but also Turan Shah and all our scores against him. It did not occur to me then that sooner or later I should have to account for my own movements. I was not worrying about things of that sort, anyway.

Set a spy to catch a spy!

McCann sang about his coal-black mammy and I danced with glee. This was the most wonderful thing that had happened to us since we had come to Morocco.

We did not wait for darkness to descend but turned out of that village as the sun was shedding its last golden rays. Before the moon rose we were well on the trail for Tasa, and we were making a great pace. Our prisoner slept—apparently. He was no longer gagged. He had given us his word not to play tricks with his mount. So far he had kept his word. He had no idea where he was going. If he had had he would not have taken things so quietly! Nevertheless we were taking no chances. The slightest movement of his jaw and we should have dropped upon him instantly.

Thus we continued hour after hour, the black barb between us and now with his bridle securely buckled to our reins. It seemed that the gods were with us—until within an hour or so of dawn when, emerging from the depths of a black gulley, we saw a camel caravan approaching over a moonlit crest miles away across the plains. Off to our left was a dense grove of date palms. We promptly turned in that direction. Once inside the grove, we tied the horses securely to the trunk of a palm, calmly lit cigarettes, and strolled at leisure. This was the life, we told ourselves. Free, roving adventurers at last.

It was dark within that grove save where the moon sent a lacework of light through the gaps in the palms. Presently we came upon a large pool, a great sheet of water shimmering in the light. We stopped dead. On the opposite bank was a finely built house of gray sandstone.

"Well, whaddya know about that, huh?"

"Shall we investigate?"

"Sure!"

We trod a cautious path round the banks of the pool. Like the village we had left behind, the house looked deserted. Its corridors and doors were heavily shuttered. Not a sound could be heard save those made by our feet. The rear of the house was hidden deeply in the denseness of what had once been a fine fruit garden.

Still not a sound of life. Advancing through the twisted undergrowth, the fallen twigs and branches, we came upon a small window set low in the building. McCann quietly opened a shutter an inconsiderable inch or so.

"Yeah. Empty," he muttered.

"Shall we—"

"Sure! What's to stop us?"

We climbed inside.

"If anybody lives here and they happen to be Moslems, they'll have our blood!" I laughed.

"Yeah? Are you telling me that! Then let's go!"

Inside, the thick stone walls gave the interior a cool musty odor. We paused to get our bearings. Our scrutiny revealed a small door let into the wall at the farthermost corner from the window. Opening this, we found ourselves groping along a passage to—heaven knew what. Our hands groped along the damp walls. We proceeded with the utmost care, ventilators on the wind for the slightest sound.

Suddenly McCann stopped dead.

"What's on?" I whispered, coming up to him with a jolt.

"Feel!"

His hand had closed around something hard and cold fixed firmly into the wall.

"Iron. Handle. Ring or something."

"You said it. How about giving it a yank? I'm sick of this black tunnel."

We both grasped the iron and united in a strong steady pull. We tugged in vain for a while. Then something appeared to be giving way. It moved! In fact, the whole blessed wall seemed, in that gloomy passage, to be moving heavily downward. We ceased to pull. Instead, we began to push and press against that mighty piece of masonry, for it was slowly but surely bearing down upon us! The more we tried to resist it, the more helpless we became. We strained and sweated and swore, stooping lower and lower under the great weight.

"If we don't get clear we'll be crushed!"

"O. K.! Now! Leggo!"

"Damnation! What's happened?"

THE descending mass had suddenly stopped. We were then seated on the ground underneath it. Cautiously creeping a yard or two until we could stand upright, we discovered that the great slab was at rest, lying obliquely across the passage and with its upper end in contact with the opposite wall. We stood staring at each other in the gloom, sweating, a trifle breathless.

"Say! Barrington! How the heck d'you get this way?"

"Idiot! It was you who wanted to take a look-see. What's this?"

The gaping aperture left by the slab revealed another passage as gloomy as the one we were standing in.

"Let's go!" growled McCann, climbing over the foot of the fallen slab.

We moved along this corridor also, feeling the walls as we went.

"This seems more sort of subterranean, huh?"

"Yes," I agreed. "And we seem to be going down hill. Think we ought to go on?"

"Gee, boy! You never know what you'll find. Maybe loot! Come on!"

I followed him, feeling all sorts of a fool. We seemed to go on for ages. Presently there came a faint rumbling on the air. It grew louder.

"What's that?"

"Search me. I hope it doesn't mean that something is going to happen to this old place. We might very easily be buried alive!"

"Gosh! Ain't you a cheerful cuss!"

We came to another door, and simultaneously the rumbling sound grew in volume.

"Well, here we are, boy. Tea party on the other side of that door, huh?"

There was a heavy bar across it, dropped into double sockets, which looked as if it had not been in use for a long time. We lifted it a few inches. Its creaking and groaning would have given us away but for the greater noise on the other side. As we swung the door open this sounded like the debate of a score of jackals.

Beyond and below us was a large circle of light, but immediately beyond the doorway was a narrow balcony of stone, mistily outlined in the shadows. Silently and stealthily we drew the door to behind us and crossed the narrow platform of the balcony which apparently extended in a great circle round the inner shell of the building. The sound coming up to us we could now identify as the voices of natives. There was nothing here, nor had there been anything outside the building, to indicate that the place was a mosque. We gathered that we were looking on at an Arabian forum.

LEANING over the stone balustrade which ran protectingly round the balcony, we could peer down into an arena where a large number of white-clad figures were gathered.

"Gosh! A free seat in the gallery! Will this be the Senate or the House of Representatives?"

"Shut up, you idiot, and keep your head down!"

We stayed crouched by the rails of the balcony for the better part of an hour. There was little that we could make of the raucous rumblings, but at least we knew that we were among Abd-el-Krim's followers, for each time his name was mentioned the place rang with uproarious acclamation.

"Well, I guess we're not far from Tasa now!"

"And we can't do any good here. It might be unhealthy for us if we were spotted."

"O. K. Let's go."

We passed through the balcony door and carefully barred it behind us. Getting back the way we had come was no easy task until we grew accustomed to the blackness again. As for the stone slab, we had no option but to leave it as it was! At last we reached the rear of the building and proceeded around the pool, breathing freely once more. Broad daylight was penetrating the date plantation as we made our way back to the horses. We found Turan Shah as we had left him, and everything intact. A little later we mounted and were soon cantering over the remaining few miles to Tasa.

Arriving, we discovered in short order that Tasa was a hotbed of intrigue, espionage, and counter-espionage. It was literally seething with spies. It was the soul and center of Abd-el-Krim's projected campaign. Strategically situated between the Spanish-Moroccan and the French-Moroccan borders, it held a unique position from which an Eastern war lord might start an advance against the infidel invaders, whether French or Spanish.

Unrest was evident. War was in the air. Just how the match was to be applied to the powder magazine it was impossible for any one to forecast at that time. Apart from Abd-el-Krim and his myriads of agents, Sultan el-Raisale held his secret councils there, the French had their agents, the Spanish had their agents, and a number of Germans were at work for both factions of the natives!

You never knew from one day to another whether you were addressing friend or foe. It was a perfect death trap for the French colonial troops. The garrison was quartered just within the gates of the town, and consisted of a battalion of Legion infantry, a squadron of Spahis Moroccan, and a bunch of Senegalese.

Approaching Tasa, to all intents and purposes we were just a couple of Arab merchants with a pack horse between us. If Turan Shah were to suffocate under the pile of rugs and baggage we had heaped upon him—well, that was his funeral. Until we had told our tale to Abd-el-Krim, he must be effectively hidden.

We found an inn with reliable stabling, and there our charge was kept under lock and key. This was our first visit to Tasa. We should by rights have sought an audience with the French commandant, but that procedure hardly squared with our plans. We had no fear that our disguise would be penetrated; so instead, we sought the Arab cafés.

We proceeded forthwith to mix with Arabs, Turks, Negroes, Maltese, Spaniards, Germans, Jews, and all the half-breeds of these to be found in the lowest quarters of an Arab town. We spent two days and two nights in this way—and then we ran up against Ben Messoud. He had the bluest eyes I have ever seen, as blue as those of Sidi Lawrence, the famous Lawrence of Arabia, himself; otherwise he was a filthy-looking Arab. But no Arab ever had such blue eyes! Indeed no true-bred Arab has blue eyes at all. They are black, as everybody knows—soft and black like black velvet.

"Wonder what his line is?" I said.

"Same here! Let's find out."

We went over and invited the Arab to drink with us. He accepted with the usual salaams. He spoke with no accent and in no dialect that we could recognize. We plied him with drink and joined him in a pipe.

The more I sat with that strange Arab, the more convinced I was that he would provide us with something of unusual interest. I tried and tried to fix his accent. He, like ourselves, I finally concluded, had taught himself the Arabic tongue. Like ourselves, he was masquerading!

From that deduction it was not a far cry to the ever-present motive—espionage!

I TOOK a chance and asked him bluntly whether he had ever come into contact with *L'espionnage centrale.* He opened his mouth and gasped—

"*Gott im Himmel!*"

So Ben Messoud was a German. For a long time he proved a very sullen German, too. We opened out, confessing that we were English and American adventurers sympathetically interested in Abd-el-Krim. It was a chance. If he himself were on the side of Raisale we should soon find it out.

But his eyes lit up at the mention of Krim. Gradually we heard his whole story. He was one of an unhappy and ill-treated band of prisoners taken during the World War and sent over to do black man's labor in Africa. He had escaped and had gone native long before the war had ended. Since then he had apparently done very well for himself. He had embraced the Moslem faith and had taken unto himself four wives, and though his children were many, not one of them had blue eyes. He was very proud of his own. Eyes of such astonishing blueness had gained for him actual reverence from many of the Arab tribes with whom he had come into contact. His home was in the Atlas mountains thenceforth!

We told him of our charge, Turan Shah. He rose at once and beckoned us to follow. We hurried through the crowded thoroughfares, through the bazaar, along the thronged pavements, to a quiet backwater where we pulled up at the courtyard of a large house. We passed into the yard, to be challenged by armed natives. Ben Messoud exchanged a few words with the soldiers and we were shown into the house itself. It was crowded with armed natives, and we guessed we were in the abode of the great Abd-el-Krim.

We did not, however, meet the famous chief that night. Instead, we were introduced to one of his emirs, by name Alam Ibn ed-Din, an aristocratic Arabian in the early thirties, with a beard like black silk descending from his cheek bones, a pair of keen intelligent eyes, a commanding stature of more than six feet, brown, lean, alert—a fine fellow who was to prove our very good friend in the near future.

Then came our difficult story. He listened gravely while we talked. We had of course agreed upon the version long ago. We were just English-speaking travelers, free soldiers of fortune sojourning in North Africa for

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a while. We recounted the incident of our first introduction to Turan Shah when he had said he would convey us to Abd-el-Krim so that we might join forces with the great leader. Shah had not kept his word. We had then ranged ourselves on the side of Sultan el-Raisale, only to be betrayed by Turan Shah. Our natural reaction to that was to plan the capture of this renegade spy and bring him to Abd-el-Krim, deliver him, and offer our services.

Ibn ed-Din was a typical Arabian aristocrat in that he allowed no facial expression to betray him. He thanked us in his flowery tongue for our work in connection with Turan Shah. We should be relieved of the burden at once. It was but necessary for us to say where he was imprisoned. Thereafter much feasting with Ibn ed-Din and the rascal Ben Messoud, and toward the early hours, after giving instructions to the Arab orderlies as to our quarters, he left us.

We explained to the German that we should go get our horses before turning in. He smiled and suggested a little walk round the grounds of the palace. In the stables we were shown our own beasts. They had been attended to by native grooms. It was Ibn ed-Din's manner of accepting our allegiance. We were at last fellows of Abd-el-Krim's army!

Ben Messoud was often our companion in the eventful days that ensued. We roamed the town together, mixing freely with all sorts and conditions of men. We sat among Legionnaires in the wine shops and listened to their polyglot patois, caroused with the proud Spahis Moroccan and the timid Senegalese, associated with furtive-eyed Spaniards, half-caste Arabians; and among all these and in the lowest of dens we rubbed shoulders with other agents, other Germans, some Spaniards, and members of *L'espionnage centrale.*

On one occasion it was only the presence of Ben Messoud that saved us from what might have been a disastrous exposure and an unpleasant end to our career. It occurred in the café of a half-breed Maltese.

That night a big polyglot crowd had gathered to see the new girls imported from Algiers by the proprietor. There was a goodly number of Legionnaires assembled, and it did not take them long to get liquored up. Seen from the Arab angle, they struck me as being just a bunch of drinking, shouting, swaggering, boasting louts. If I had been among them, one of them, I should have thought differently.

AT all events, a little more wine and I was as much interested in the girls as they were. And so was McCann. That was how all the infernal trouble began. We in our cups forgot that we were Arabs, forgot that we should give way to these Legionnaires. My friend was unconcernedly making his choice.

"Nice cup o' tea," he said, and pointed.

"What d'you mean—cup of tea?" said I for want of something better to say.

McCann stared with the incredulous look of the well oiled.

"Say, you limey! D'you know of a better way of describing a woman? Ain't she just a cup o' tea? Sometimes she's too sweet and sometimes not sweet enough. She's either too weak or too strong—"

"You're drunk."

"Well, for crying out loud! D'you have to tell me that? Where are we? Is this the town meetinghouse?"

At that moment the girl of his choice danced in our direction and McCann beckoned. She flirted by with a smile and a coquettish twirl of her scanty diaphanous frock. McCann yelled to her. She came on, but only to retreat. Then a six-foot Legionnaire rose from his seat and told McCann to keep off or clear out.

This so astonished the American that he sat and gaped for a minute, looking like an Arab who had been stunned.

"Let her go if the Legionnaire wants her," warned Ben Messoud.

But that was asking too much of a McCann. He rose with amazing agility for one so drunk, crashed his fist into the Legionnaire, and grabbed at the girl. She screamed. The rest of the girls screamed with her and began to scuttle off in all directions. The Maltese proprietor bustled up to rescue the girl but dropped from a slap of McCann's great paw. Then the bunch of Legionnaires got busy. They were slow in attack because of their astonishment at seeing an Arab use his fist. Other Arabs had joined in, but they used knives. Soon there was a ferocious free-for-all fight in progress. Knives flashed, tables were overturned, broken glass slithered along the floor—from the bottles used as clubs—as the wine-sodden men grappled with each other.

The French troops were both feared and hated in Tasa and it only needed some such incident as this to start a miniature battle. I found myself mixed up with a bunch of Legionnaires, at considerable disadvantage while the burnoose was being torn from my back. After it was gone I was able to move with more freedom. It was what my friend called "the very father and mother of a scrap." The yelling and the crashing of furniture made a terrific din.

It brought the inevitable result. A Legion patrol rushed in. The corporal's pistol spat once—and the fight was over. Arabs and Legionnaires attempted to make their way out by means of the exit at the back of the bar, which resulted in a jam.

In a few moments the N.C.O. and his patrol had rounded up a mixed bag, including McCann and myself among the Arab portion!

WE were sober enough now to realize the extent of our danger. Ben Messoud had disappeared. I did not blame him. He was getting old. We were assembled in the street and then marched off between the fixed bayonets of the Legion patrol.

"You know what this means," I muttered to McCann. "*Salle de police.*"

"You said it."

"Supposing we are searched?"

"Well, what of it? They won't find my card. It's stitched into the lining of my pantaloons."

"They won't find mine either. I'm not thinking of that, you idiot! Supposing we are stripped for the whipping post."

"Been flogged before, ain't we?"

"Yes! But we were Legionnaires then!"

"Gee! I get you! There ain't any Arabs with skins as white as ours below the shoulders. Gosh! We're in a jam!"

"Well, perhaps they won't have us stripped. Let's hope not."

He nodded. But neither of us really had much hope of escape. We had seen Arabs handled by the Legion before, had in fact done guard duty over them, had taken them out to the flogging post.

"Look here, Mac. What happens if we *are* stripped? What are we going to do? Hadn't we better have a plan? If we don't, we'll be arrested as deserters. And then—the penal battalion for us—at least!"

"Yep! After these swobs have finished with us! Say, aren't we a couple of cheerful guys? If it comes to a show-down of good white flesh—well, I guess we can produce our cards."

"And that means good-by to Abd-el-Krim!"

"I guess so. Choice of evils, boy. Better be back with the old squadron than half killed in the penal battalion. It's all this crazy idea we got of taking a bath occasionally."

I might have said it had all come about through his craze for a particular "cup o' tea"—but I didn't. It was certainly no time for futile argument. Our desperate need of a plan brought forth all manner of crazy schemes as we trudged through the streets with our brother Arabs.

This was the toughest luck, considering we had gone through so much to reach Abd-el-Krim. I thought again of Ben Messoud's strange disappearance. Had it any significance for us?

"It's no good building on that," opined McCann. "We must plan for ourselves. We've got a few hours, anyway. They'll do nothing tonight except chuck us into the cells. We've gotta fix something before morning. Oh, well, we got brains, I guess."

"If we can't think up any other scheme before morning, I suggest we present our cards then and demand to see the commandant. We can explain that we are working in Krim's palace and say that it is essential that we should carry on with the greatest secrecy if we are to do any good."

"O. K.—until he asks why we bothered to spend a night in the cells. Why didn't we produce our cards at once?"

"Well—I suppose we have to move with caution among a bunch of Arabs—"

But there was no time for more. We were approaching the barracks. By this time a huge crowd had gathered. Men and women, apparently relatives of some of the prisoners, were calling out to us. The corporal of the patrol must have been decidedly uneasy in face of the gathering mob. Apart from the troops in the patrol and those among the prisoners there were no others in sight. If this mob took it into their heads to rush the patrol they would have it all their own way. I began to wish they would!

"It only needs one man to start a first-class row."

"Yeah? Are you telling me that? And then what?"

"We'd be through this mob like a shot!"

Then it came. First a murmuring rumble that seemed to sway the vast crowd as wind sways the heads of corn. Cries arose on the night air.

They were yelling fiery imprecations and bloodthirsty oaths upon the infidel soldiers, telling them that soon they would be driven out of the country into the sea.

It was then that the corporal made his fatal mistake. He showed his fear by giving the order to double. Which was stupid, considering we were then almost in sight of the *salle de police*. The mob responded to that order like one man. They all doubled! They came at us like a horde of maniacs. In a few seconds patrol and crowd were mixed up in a confused, bewildered, hysterical riot. Men, women, and children were trampled underfoot. Advantage was taken of the riot by the dregs of the native population and for several minutes there was a free display of knife work wherever a uniform showed itself.

As McCann and I broke away and started to run for it we heard the rattle of hoofs and the steady thud-thud of a company of troops at the double. As they entered the thoroughfare the crowd began to scatter in all directions, screaming and cursing. Shots were fired over their heads, knives went whistling through the air, a whistle blew . . .

WHEN, after some fifteen minutes of breathlessly darting in and out of grimy, evil-smelling alleys, we were able to halt for a space, we found we had a companion. It was Ben Messoud, too spent and exhausted to say a word as he crouched by the wall of a house. He was panting and gasping like a dying man.

"Here we are safe," he said after a while. "I fear I am getting old. Let us rest. You see—you see what you have done—fighting over the dirty women of the café. You would have been jailed, and tomorrow the commandant would have known who and what you were. After that, anything might have happened. So I gathered the crowd together—"

"*You* gathered that crowd?"

"But yes! What else was there for me to do? I left instantly. I knew what would happen in that fight. I knew that you could never persuade the commandant that you were natives. Once I was in just such a predicament. A tanned face and a black beard is not enough, my friends. What could you have done after being stripped of your clothing? It would have been too late then. Remember, you are no longer white men. You must always give way to the troops. Dirty Arabs are expected to do that.

"But it was not difficult to collect a crowd. I had but to tell them that the patrol was taking their brothers to prison to be flogged. In their present mood the natives are ready for anything. But remember, both of you!"

"Yeah. That racket was lesson enough, I guess."

And I agreed.

"The people of Tasa have been quiet for years. But for months now this undercurrent of unrest has been growing. Abd-el-Krim is here. The Sultan el-Raisale is here—"

"What! Raisale?"

"But yes. He has arrived—"

"Then he got away from the valley?"

"He escaped over the mountains, but many of the native troops were killed. He is here. He is quite mad—a religious fanatic. He has a persuasive tongue and much money.

"He fears and hates Abd-el-Krim. He is old and fears he may be deposed in favor of Krim. But that does not prevent him from preaching a general uprising of all the Moslem peoples. He is preparing to take a big *harka* of troops out to the Spanish frontier—"

"But that is stupid! It will only help Krim!"

"JUST as you say! It will help Krim in his single-minded effort against the French. With the disturbing element of Raisale out of the reckoning, Abd-el-Krim will be able to concentrate all his forces against them, knowing that he need not worry himself at the beginning about the Spanish frontier. When he is ready, Krim will lead his forces across the east from Fez to Bagdad. All over North Africa they wait for his signal."

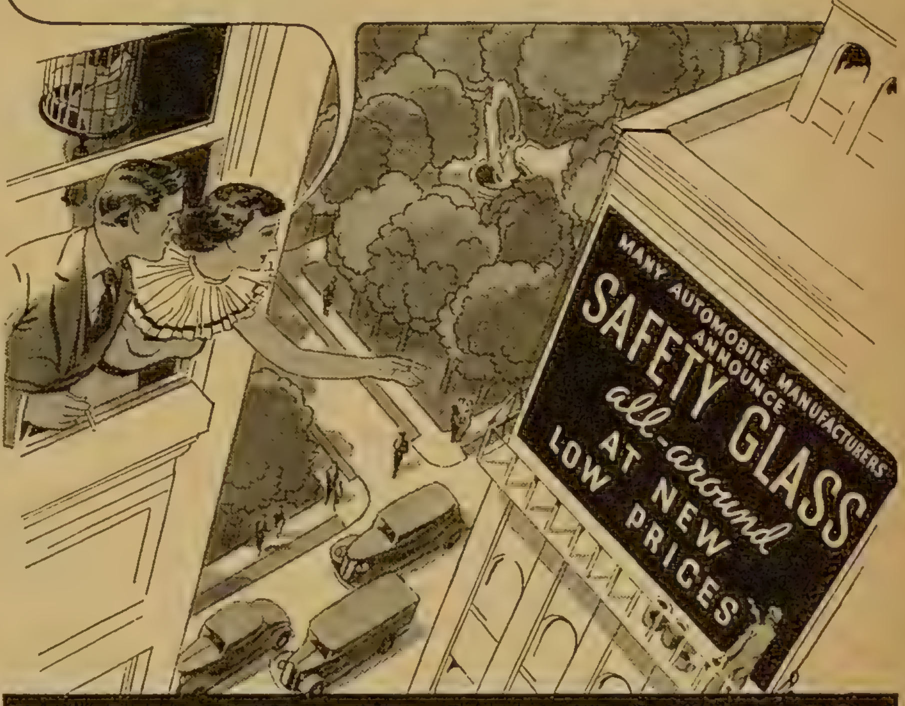
"And when will he give it? I mean, is it a question of days or weeks or months?"

"Once the Sultan el-Raisale has left the town, the signal may come at any hour."

We were more than surprised. We were astounded. We took to our cots that night feeling that we were on the edge of big things—that we had entered a town that was alive with the most amazing possibilities.

The lid blows off and the great Riff revolt begins, the malign Turan Shah meets his fate, and Barrington and McCann, after an astonishing adventure, reach Fez, find Zita, drop espionage, and—in spite of themselves—resume their regular rôles as daredevil fighting Legionnaires, in next week's, the concluding installment of Hell Hounds at Bay Again.

That's Good News BECAUSE
A CAR IS NO SAFER THAN
THE GLASS IN ITS WINDOWS



INSIST ON
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS
all-around

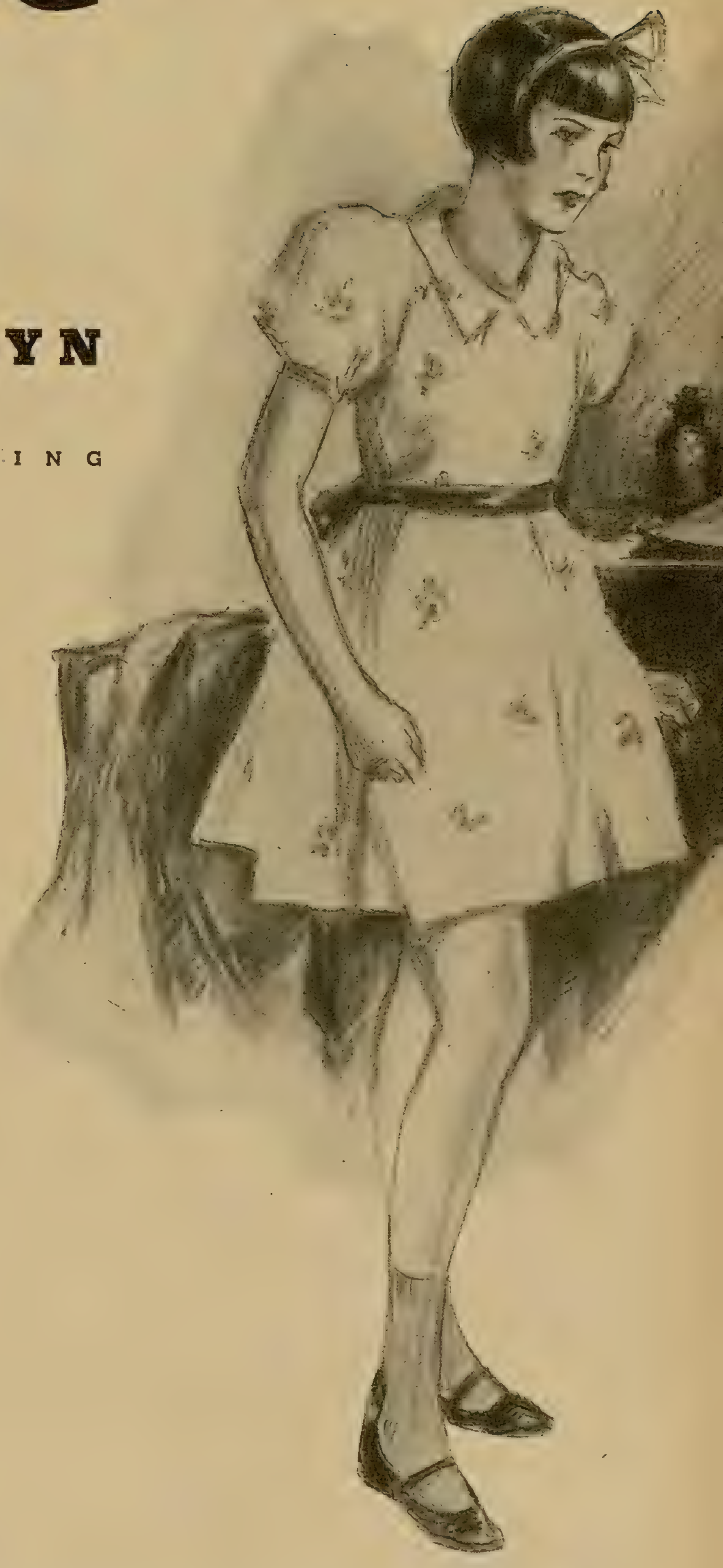
Half Fare

An Adventure Full of Chuckles — The Sparkling Story of a 2,000-Mile Swindle and a Young Man Surprised into Love

by TALBERT JOSSELYN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTH KING

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



THE San Francisco-bound train would leave in half an hour. If they didn't get that train they didn't get the dancing job in San Francisco. If they didn't get the dancing job they would have to confess themselves licked, would have to go home to their respective—and sarcastic—parents. In order to board that job-carrying train they needed four tickets—and their pooled finances fell dollars and dollars short of that goal.

So they sat looking out upon the smoke of Chicago from their hotel bedroom window—Jeanne and Hermione and Rosemary and Ida—and they thought furious and futile thoughts.

Until Hermione, who was all of twenty and who was their leader, gave a cry and leaped to her feet.

"I've got it! You," and she pointed to the petite brunette Jeanne, "you'll go as half fare!"

There was a moment of stunned silence, and then cries—protesting cries, approving cries.

"I tell you I won't!" stormed the petite Jeanne. "Three days on a train dressed as a character sketch—what do you think I am?"

The shoulder-length red hair of leader Hermione stirred as though blown by a wind.

"You'll do just as I say! It's our only chance. Unless you want to go home."

"Hey!" cried the littlest of the four.

"All right, then. From now on until this dance troupe staggers into San Francisco you'll be—little sister. Climb into that kid costume of the garden number of our act."

In that hotel room there fell the sound of four young women busying themselves. Young women varying in age from twenty down to eighteen, who had left dancing school in Colorado but a short time before, who had boldly gone to Chicago and hooked up with a musical number that wanted an atmospheric background of fresh attractive youngsters. That had wanted, and that had then folded up. No show! Bewilderment on the part of the four; too great a pride to go back to their homes; a telegraphing to a school friend on the coast; her reply as to a miraculous job; the pooling of finances. Three young women swiftly, one of them with no speed at all. From the lips of the latter came words—sulphurous words—while she climbed into a short-sleeved flower-print frock that came to the knee, put on blue half-socks and round-nosed patent-leather slippers with button ties, fixed a tiny hair ribbon above raven bangs—became twelve years old.

Hermione turned from the telephone.

"That's done. Tickets will be ready at the station. Take all of the money. We'll probably starve on the train, but that can't be helped."

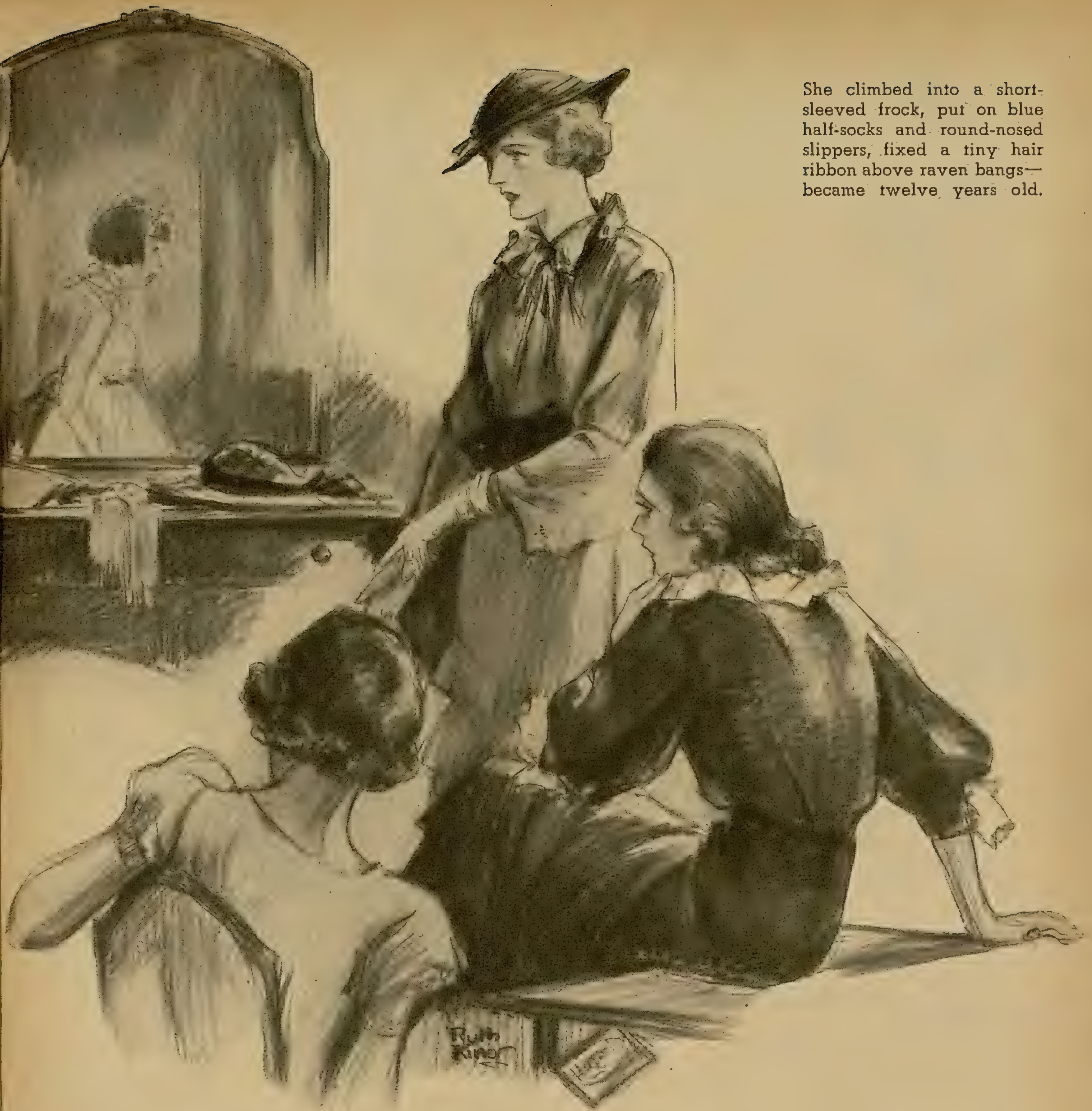
Through half-closed eyes she studied the juvenile and glowering little figure before her. "M-m-m. Not bad!" She gave quick tugs, did deft pinning.

Ida, kneeling at the trunk packing the last things, put her auburn head on one side. "You might set the belt higher. Youngsters wear 'em right up under their arms. It's good she's thin."

"I'm not thin!" shouted the half-fare traveler, and put hands on hips—nice hips. "And all this just for a job! Say, I wish I'd been raised in the tropics. I'll bet when you're eighteen in the South Seas nobody tries to cram you into a kid's outfit!"

"I'm glad you spoke of it," said Hermione. "Twelve is kinda flat-chested. Turn around here."

Two minutes later Hermione said, "There!" and



She climbed into a short-sleeved frock, put on blue half-socks and round-nosed slippers, fixed a tiny hair ribbon above raven bangs—became twelve years old.

beamed upon her completed work. "Stop that scowling! People on the train will think there's something wrong."

"And they'll be right!" said Jeanne, and moved to the mirror.

Ensued a silence. A strained silence. Finally she turned upon her three companions.

"So I'm to gyp the railroad in this awful outfit?" she asked slowly—ominously.

"Uh—why—it's our only way of getting there!" said Hermione.

"You look real sweet," said Rosemary and Ida together.

"You aren't wearing it!" Then the little girl brightened, suddenly, violently. "*All* right. I've done this—for a job. You people will do the rest." Over her face came a childlike look, a look in keeping with her clothes. Her eyes took on innocent long-lashed roundness. Beautiful white teeth flashed brightly from behind coral lips. A sweet little child.

"Why, that's fine!" cried a watching Ida. "Jeanne, can you keep it that way?"

"Yeth. I'm just little thithter from now on." She made a skipping circuit of the room. "Doin' on the twain! Doin' on the twain!"

The three grown-ups in that room swiftly regarded one another, and in their looks there was wild surmise.

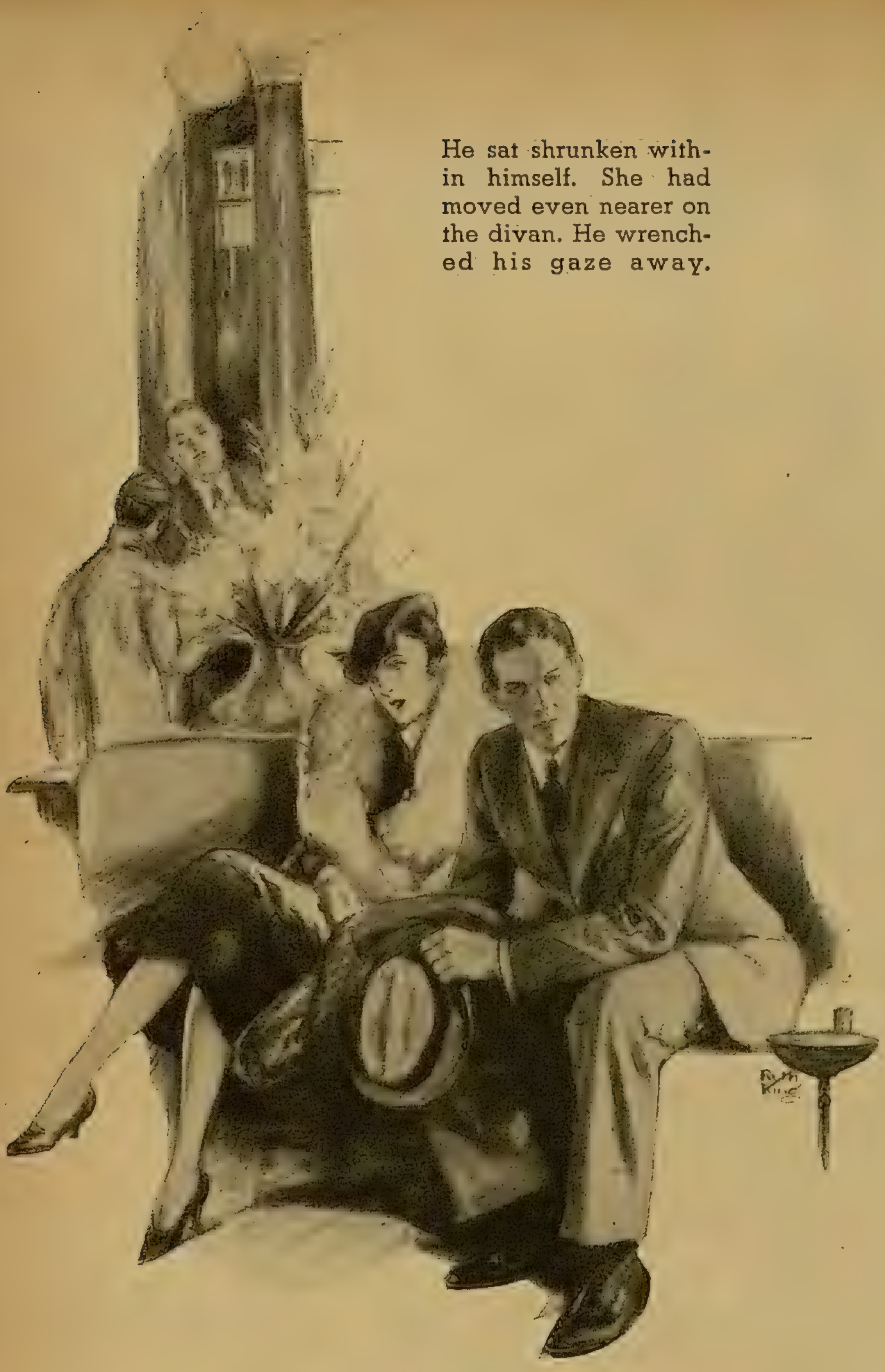
The telephone rang.

"Oh," said Hermione, "the taxi. Everybody grab a suitcase!"

But little thithter, pausing only long enough to whisk up juvenile coat and hat, had flung open the door and had gone skipping down the hall, singing back: "Too 'ittle to carry anything!" . . .

Three young women—good-looking young women—sat in a Pullman.

"I wonder,"—auburn-haired Ida looked up from her magazine—"I wonder what she's up to now? She isn't



He sat shrunken within himself. She had moved even nearer on the divan. He wrenched his gaze away.

in here. She's giving some other car a treat. I think she's gone dippy."

The nap-seeking Hermione opened one eye and then the other, sat up, punched her pillow.

"I'll dippy her just as soon as we get to San Francisco! *If* we get there. I think that the old conductor's hep to us."

"She called him 'Drandpa'!" The voice of the blonde Rosemary lost all flutelike quality. "She tried to kiss him when he took up the tickets. And kicked me when I stopped her!" She rubbed a silken-clad shin reflectively.

"The younger conductor, though, is all for us," said Ida.

HERMIONE punched her pillow anew. "Outside of old Stars and Stripes, who isn't?" She glared across the aisle at the seat but recently vacated by a dark pudgy man. "That terrible hosiery drummer! He's been looking at us all day."

"His name is Witz," said Ida. "She found that out right away."

"Nitwitz, I'd call him!" said Hermione.

"*She* called him Uncle Witzy," said Rosemary. "Boldly went right over there after the old fool opened his sample case of hosiery—as a come-on to us. And wangled him out of three pairs before he could even catch his breath!"

Ida here took up the shameful tale: "The very best ones, too. I saw the labels when she brought them back."

Hermione gave her pillow a right and a left in the solar plexus. "And to top it all off, she got him to take her into the dining car for lunch. And brought back the menu card to us!" The usually modulated voice of Hermione was now almost shrill. "Us, who'd had nothing but chocolate and apples!"

"*I* heard her tell him we didn't want to eat." Rosemary's tone matched Hermione's. "Said we were reducing. *Me* reducing!"

Ida looked out the window. "Two more days of this. Well, there's one comfort; things can't get any worse. In the costume that she's wearing she can't use high-pressure tactics on any susceptible young male. We're being spared that much."

AT this moment the train began to slow down, the landscape gradually changing from cornfields to scattered buildings. As the train ground to a stop the brakeman, opening a vestibule and descending car steps, found a small figure accompanying him.

"Oh, hello," he said. "It's you. Now listen, sister. We aren't going to be here long, so don't get too far away."

"Thanks!" said sister, and began to walk along the hard earth platform—and rage seethed and simmered beneath her flowered knee-length frock. Two more days of this.

Glancing up, she beheld three faces looking out of the car window. The little girl thrust out a pink tongue, and then, out of the corner of an eye observing that there was the usual quota of station loafers leaning against trucks and the station building, she proceeded to do six whirling cart wheels so swiftly that hands and bare legs seemed blended into one as they spun over the ground. She righted herself, bowed to her station audience, which thereupon burst into vigorous applause, beamed upon them, did a series of tap steps, took another bow, and walked away—not, however, until she had kicked a derisive foot backward at a car window that framed three furious crimsoned faces.

With explosive steam thus released, she sauntered along the platform to the street, crossed over to a row of buildings and studied their windows. She turned away with realization that time had passed, started to retrace her steps, and felt a looseness in one of her slippers. The lone button that held the slipper was hanging by a thread, and even as she bent and tried to secure it the button came off. At the same time a voice sounded from across the stretch of street and platform. "All aboard!"

She looked up. The train began to move. . . .

The little half-fare girl of under twelve—the little girl of the print frock, the blue socks, the black slippers and the tiny hair ribbon, gave vent to one short expressive word and started to run.

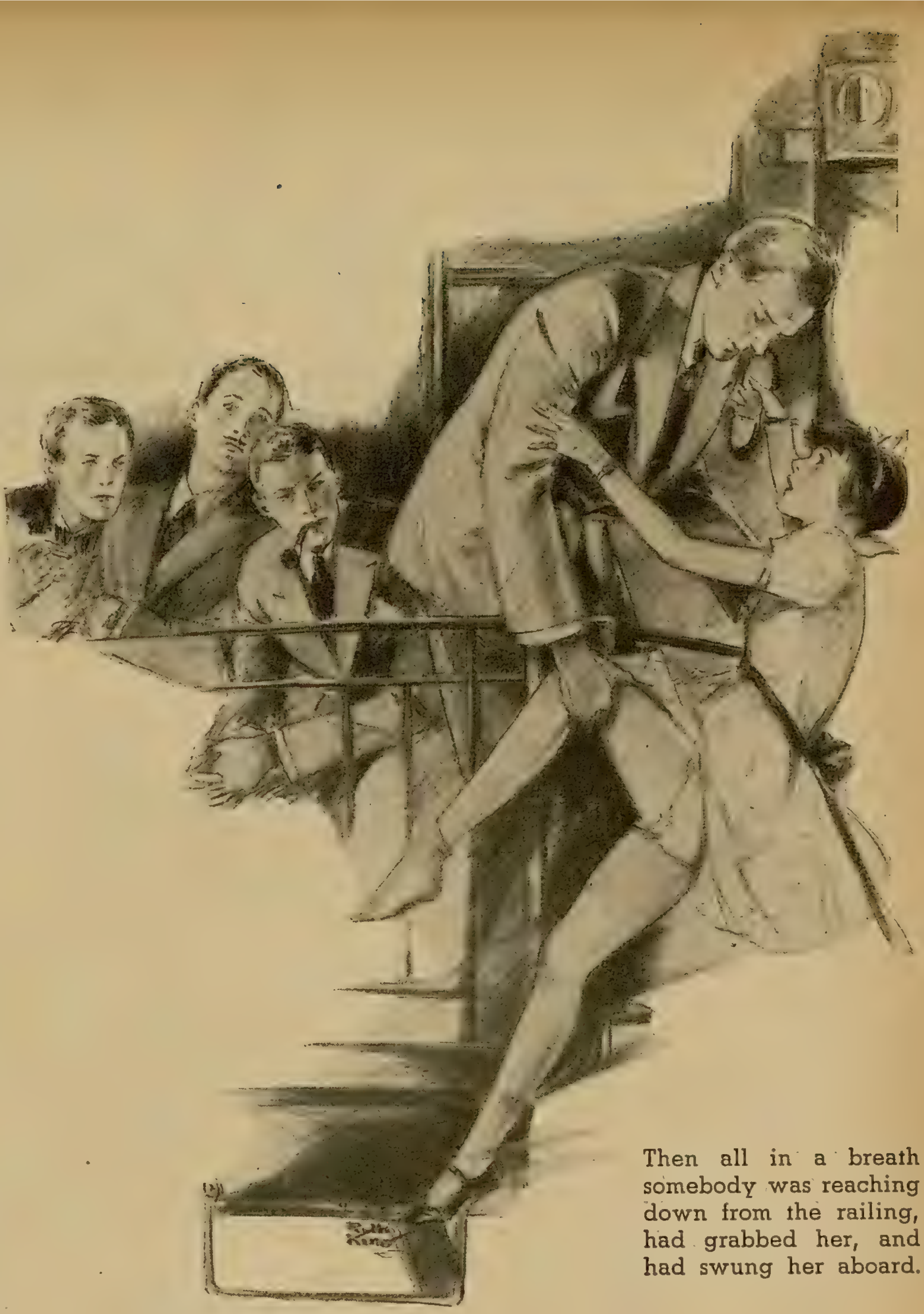
The buttonless slipper came off.

The little girl uttered additional expressive words, swooped and picked up the slipper, and flew. She raced, angling toward the train—toward any car whose vestibule might still be open—and saw that they were already closed. She gasped. The last car began to slide by—the observation car, with its open, railed platform. She gave a despairing upswing of her hands at fleeting brass railing—and then all in a breath somebody was reaching down from the railing, had grabbed her, by a hand, by an arm, by a leg, and had bodily swung her up and aboard.

For a moment she clung breathless to her rescuer, aware only that he was masculine and young and smelled of pipe tobacco. Then further details came to her: he had gray eyes—eyes in which alarm and relief and wrath were all jumbled together—and he was bareheaded and had sandy hair, and his face seemed built along lines intended for work instead of for pictures. Whereupon the rescued small girl, wholly unable to explain, if she had been called upon to do it, as to whether she was acting as a child of twelve or a young woman of eighteen, reached impulsively forward and kissed her rescuer full beneath an ear.

“ You saved my life! ” she said.

Whereupon there arose explosive laughter from that observation car's platform. Three youths seated in chairs were throwing back their good-looking young heads in an ecstasy of pleasure. Simultaneously the rescuer, now carmine to even the kissed ear, pawingly thrust away the rewarding young thing whose life he had saved and gave throaty sounds.



Then all in a breath somebody was reaching down from the railing, had grabbed her, and had swung her aboard.

“ HEY, cut that out! ” he said hoarsely.

Remarks arose:

“ Now, now, that's no way for a gentleman to act! ”

“ Thank the little lady and—”

“ And give the kiss right back again! ”

At which the little lady found herself in the grip of elemental forces—found herself hating the good-looking three with blind hatred; found herself, heart thumping, rushing to the defense of the man whom she had so unceremoniously put on the spot. Coolly, slowly she regarded the humorous three, then turned to the young man.

“ It wouldn't be so bad, would it, if we couldn't see so far down their throats when they laugh? ”

Laughter stopped. There was a closing of mouths, a gulping, a reddening of faces. A shuffling of feet—words: “ Kids are too damn' fresh nowadays! ”

The rescuer regarded the three and turned to the little lady with a grin. “ I guess that'll put 'em in their places, sister.” Then the grin went off his face, to be supplanted by a look of intense puzzlement.

Where but a moment before he had been receiving a look from the little girl that bespoke admiration and something beyond it that he couldn't quite put a name to, he now discovered that he was being glared at. Glared at, it bewilderingly seemed, not by a small child but by a grown young woman—by a most angry young woman.

No—he was studying a child, a child in a print frock, who was no longer glaring but was looking at him with big round innocent eyes, her coral lips slightly parted, showing white pearly teeth.

“ Huh! ” muttered the young man to himself. “ Crazy.” And then, since he was a grown-up young man all of twenty-two years old, who had just hauled a small girl aboard the train, he shook a brusque grown-up finger at her as he resumed his chair. “ Don't ever get so far away from the train again, and come pretty near to losing your life under the wheels, and have to be hauled aboard by the scruff of your neck.”

“ And by an arm and a leg,” said the subject of the lecture, hitching up the last vacant chair.

“ Yes, by an arm and a leg,” said the young man. “ But that hasn't got anything to do with it! Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you? You might have been killed, and if you'd missed the train—”

The wearer of the print frock calmly held up a round-nosed patent-leather slipper in one hand, a shoe button in the other.

“ That button came off just as I started to run. Otherwise I'd have made the train easy.”

“ That's not the point! ” said the young man. “ What would your folks have said if you'd got left? ”

The little girl gave a quick care-free laugh. “ They'd have been pleased! ”

The young man blinked. “ Oh, no, they wouldn't! ”

“ You don't know them,” was the answer. “ Blondes are that way. They and women with red hair.”

THE three good-looking young men who had been given their come-uppance by the little lady now showed interest in the conversation for the first time. They sat forward.

The small girl glanced toward them, then turned again to the young man. “ What do they do when they aren't riding on trains? ” She indicated the three with her head without looking at them.

“ Huh? Say, that's a good one! ” And then the young man's tone became formal, distant. “ Listen, little girl. You shouldn't talk so offhandedly. They're—they're practically royalty.”

“ Royalty? ”

“ Well, the two of them that look the most like collar ads are college tennis champions; they've got a couple suitcases full of cups they won this summer. And the other one is a coming young golfer who—"

"Ah, tell her about yourself," growled the coming young golfer. "Tell her how you'd have been the university's prize shortstop if you hadn't been so bowlegged that every hit got through you."

The little girl looked slowly from one to another of the four, her eyes resting longest on the legs of the young man. "Why, they don't look so bowlegged to me," she said. And then added confidentially in a voice that had marvelous carrying powers: "I don't think the golfer's nose would take first prize, do you?" Whereupon, as though all this had been but an undercurrent, a preliminary, she burst out with: "Baseball? Do you play baseball?"

"I make a stab at it."

"I like baseball," said the little girl. "It's a man's game."

"Haw!" came from one of the three.

The little girl gave him and his companions the benefit of her gaze, then said to the whole observation platform: "Anybody can play tennis and golf—even girls. But I never saw many girls playing baseball."

"Oh, for heck's sake," cried the coming young golfer, "will somebody get her out of here? Why don't her old folks—"

He broke off, his eyes on the door. The others looked in the same direction. A young woman with gray eyes and shoulder-length red hair stood in the doorway—Hermione.

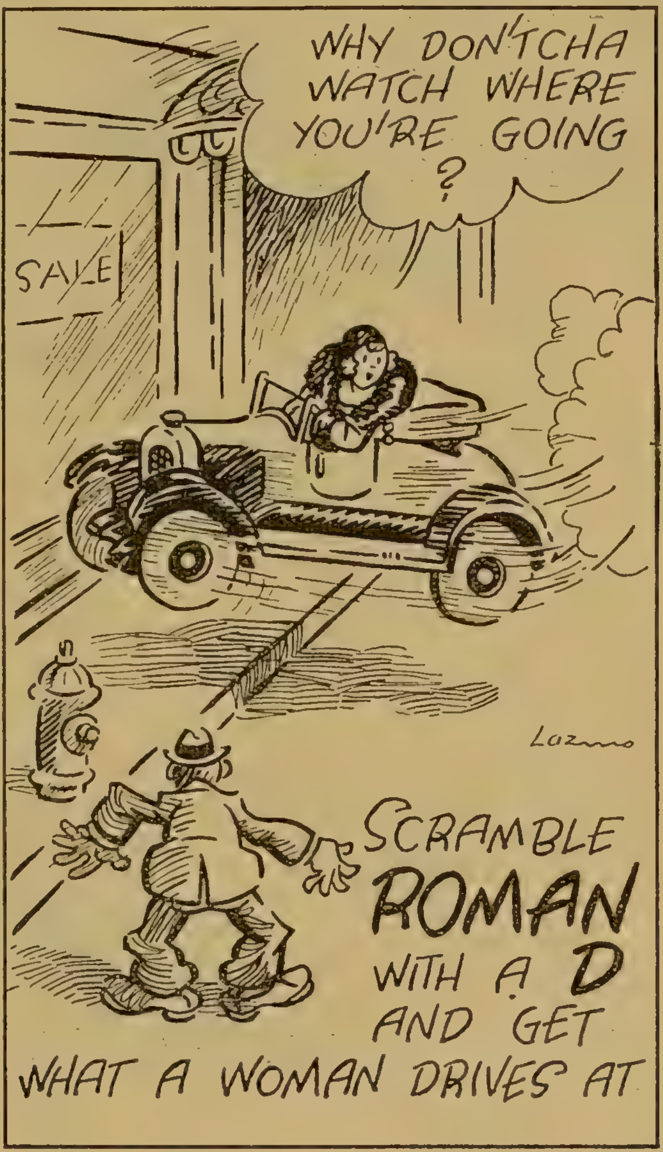
"Oh," said Hermione, "there you are! I was beginning to worry and—"

"Yes," crisply agreed the small girl, "here I am." Then, to the collective group: "This is Hermione." And then, for all the world like an elderly and slightly deaf hostess, "I—I don't believe I quite got your names."

She got them—got them in a volley from the tennis and golf enthusiasts, a little more haltingly from the lone supporter of baseball; and learned that his name was Tanner—Henry Tanner. She then turned her attention to the golf and tennis delegation, now blocking the platform in front of the doorway. "No need to crowd. There's others. There's Rosemary if you like blondes, and Ida if you like genuine auburn hair."

"Jeanne!" cried Hermione.

SCRAMBLED WORDS


WHY DON'TCHA WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
SALE
Lozano
SCRAMBLE ROMAN WITH A D AND GET WHAT A WOMAN DRIVES AT

The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

The answer will be found on page 44

AND then Hermione smiled—smiled as one who suddenly saw things in their real light; who saw command of a situation thrust into her hands; who saw a half-fare companion put into her proper place for the rest of the trip—and kept there. And:

"I—I hope my little companion hasn't been annoying you," said Hermione, coming out upon the platform.

"Oh, no; she hasn't been any bother at all!" assured the golf and tennis contingent, rearranging chairs.

"Thank you," said Hermione, and took the middle chair.

"Damned hypocrites," muttered the little companion. She fixed her gaze upon young Henry Tanner. "Why don't you go over with them?" she demanded fiercely—and hung breathless on his answer.

"Huh?" said young Mr. Tanner. And then, "Why—uh—what's the use? There's three of them there now and I—"

"Maybe you haven't got much use for girls," said the little one, and smiled archly.

"Maybe I haven't," said young Mr. Tanner, and returned the smile minus its archness. "I've got other things to think about. Work."

"Oh, I see." The small girl nodded. "Going back to college."

Young Mr. Tanner smiled a grown man's tolerant smile. "I'm all through with college. I mean real work. I'm lucky. I've got a chance at two jobs. One in my home town of San Francisco, and one in China."

"China?" A discerning listener might have detected a tone of concern.

"Yes; way across the big ocean," said the grown young man to the little girl. "And I think that of the two I'll take the China job."

"But—but aren't there liable to be revolutions and—and all sorts of things in China?"

"What's that to me?" said the young man. "I like 'em. I'm going to be alone."

"Oh, of course," agreed the little girl. And then, "Hermione's awful pretty, don't you think?"

HENRY TANNER left off filling his pipe. He studied the subject of the question. "Why, yes, I guess she is."

"Such beautiful hair. Real copper color. Now, Rosemary—you haven't met Rosemary yet—she's a blonde. Real—not washbowl."

Mr. Tanner lit his pipe. "I see," he said, and went on puffing.

"And Ida," pursued the exponent of beauty—"you haven't met Ida yet, either. Well, *her* hair is auburn and curly. The most ravishing curls you ever set eyes on." The small raconteur here exhaled a long sigh. "I don't suppose," she said, and slowly shook her head, "that anybody will ever like horrid old black stringy hair."

Young Mr. Tanner took his pipe out of his mouth. His eyes were fixed on the little girl beside him. Then he threw back his head and gave a long, hearty laugh; sat forward and chuckled.

"Gee, but you're a funny little girl! A girl your age thinking about such things. Don't you modern youngsters play with dolls any more?"

"No. We'd much rather be hauled aboard trains by great big strong wonderful men."

Young Mr. Tanner almost dropped his pipe. "Hey! Look here, now!"

"Well, I guess that just about evens us up for the dolls," was the retort.

Before Mr. Tanner could think of anything further there came the sound of voices at the doorway: "Oh, hello! We wondered where you were and we—"

It was the blonde Rosemary, the auburn-haired Ida.

A minute later the Misses Rosemary and Ida were seated in the chairs that had been vacated—most willingly vacated—by a college tennis champion and a coming young golfer; the champion and the comer were balanced on the arms of the chairs. The close-knit group now numbered six instead of four.

"Look at 'em," said the small girl seated on the far side of the observation platform. "And if it hadn't been for me they'd never have met at all!"

Her grown companion smiled indulgently into his pipe. "Don't let that worry you," he said. "Cheer up. You'll be better-looking than any of 'em when you're their age."

The small girl swiftly leaned toward the grown young man. "Oh, do you think so?"

Whereupon young Mr. Tanner choked violently upon his pipe. For it seemed to him that as she leaned forward she was suddenly, miraculously, already their age. He fanned tobacco smoke away from his eyes—and was looking at a small girl once more.

He settled back in his chair, frowning. He puffed contemplatively on his pipe. The realization came to him that he had been talking an awfully long time with just a mere child. He hadn't done such a thing since he could remember. He had other things to do, other things to think of. Work—China. He settled deeper into his chair.

The small girl beside him also settled deeper into her chair. She likewise had a number of things to think of—including China.

The train thundered across Nebraska prairies.

Evening — and dinner time — approached.

And then the small girl heard Hermione on the far side of the observation platform say: "Oh, why, thank you—but we couldn't think of it." But she did think of it—she and Rosemary and Ida—after further persuasion. "Yes, it would be nice for all of us to have dinner together." The three looked across the platform at their small companion, but the small companion said nothing. She had other thoughts on her mind.

Not until they were walking through their own Pullman, dining-car-bound, did the small girl bringing up the rear of the eight-some show any return to her former youthful spirit. From the section opposite their own the dark and pudgy Mr. Witz, drummer of hosiery, looked up as the cavalcade went by; looked up, at first blankly, and then with full comprehension. And from the rear of the line there came:

"Oh, hello, Uncle Witzy! I'm awful sorry. I did the best I could for you, but two of 'em are college tennis champions and one's absolutely wonderful at golf."

THE train was pounding down the foothills into the great Sacramento Valley. In several hours the trip would be over. San Francisco. Two days later Henry Tanner would sail for China. He had decided; and, when asked, he had told the small girl Jeanne so. The small girl had sat silent a long time, and then had said brightly, "My, I guess you'll have a lot of trouble, though, eating with chopsticks!"

A nice small girl who hadn't bothered anybody—to the puzzled, albeit pleased, knitting of brows of three young ladies on that train; a small girl whose conversations with young Mr. Tanner, when she did now and then break into his far-away thoughts, had most oddly been along grown-up, domestic lines. As: "Take a roast of beef, for instance. No real housewife would ever let a meat market slip anything over on her. She'd demand the first cut of the prime, and no back talk from the butcher. All prime beef. And she'd roast it medium rare in a hot oven, and when her husband came in tired from work you bet he'd forget what a tough day he'd had."

At which young Mr. Tanner would smile a grown-up smile and ask, not without a touch of wonderment, "Say, where do you get all this information?" The answer would be, "Oh, I've read it here and there." Whereupon Mr. Tanner would smile again. At the same time it was to be observed that he was absent-mindedly smacking his lips, as might a young husband returning home from work and coming upon a savory roast of beef, first cut of the prime, medium rare.

AND now the train was snaking down into the Sacramento Valley. The small girl on the observation platform spoke offhandedly—and it would have shocked her listener if he had known how many hours, how desperately hard, this offhandedness and all that lay behind it had been planned.

"I suppose you'll miss San Francisco when you go to China."

"I suppose."

"San Francisco is a very interesting city, I've been told. The parks and the buildings. The hotels. I've heard about some of those wonderful hotels. There's one that I've seen a lot of pictures of; it's on a square and its name is the St. something. The St.—"

"Oh, you mean the St. Francis."

"Yes, that's it! I believe I'm more interested in it than anything I can think of. It must be very beautiful inside."

"Yes, I guess you'd say it was."

"Well, I was wondering. . . ."

There ensued a pause.

"Yes?" said Henry Tanner.

"I was wondering—you see, you practically saved my life when you hauled me aboard the train the other day, and now you're going off to China and I won't ever see you again—and I was wondering—of course you'll think it awful forward of a small girl like me—but I thought that maybe tomorrow afternoon—I know you'll be terribly busy, but you might be able to spare half an hour—I was wondering if you couldn't take me to tea at the St. Francis as a sort of remembrance."

To the eternal credit of Henry Tanner, he didn't even smile. He did catch his breath and clutch his pipe and blink all at the same time. And finally spoke.

"Why—uh—that's mighty nice of you, and I shan't forget it. But I didn't save your life, and you mustn't think I did. And I am going to be very busy—terribly busy. So I don't see where I could get the time. Besides, just having tea there with me wouldn't be so wonderful; you could go any time with your girl friends. And I'm afraid that you're too small—too young, I mean—for tea. And—"

Henry Tanner found himself confronted by eyes misty with tears, by a coral tremulous mouth.

He gulped; sought words hurriedly

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Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

—blindly. "Of course, if you thought it would be nice to remember me by—"

"Oh, it would! It would be so romantic!"

Henry Tanner got himself back on an even keel. "There wouldn't be anything romantic about it! But you've been a nice funny little girl on this trip, and I guess I could find time, say around four o'clock. You could have some lemonade or ice cream—" Hotly he thought of all his friends who might drop into the St. Francis at that particular hour and see him. "Of course we might go to a regular ice-cream place."

"Oh, no!"

"All right," said Henry Tanner finally. "I'll come to wherever you're staying and get you and—"

"Oh, you needn't do that. I'll meet you at the St. Francis; it'll be only a step from our hotel. That will give you more time to pack for China."

Henry Tanner slowly rubbed an ear. "I guess so."

He took a deep breath. "The St. Francis lobby, then, at four o'clock." . . .

At ten minutes past four by the hotel clock and eleven past by his own watch, Henry Tanner peered once more round the lobby.

Then he was suddenly on his feet, was putting out his hand, was saying, "Hello, there!"

And then he was dropping his hand, was biting his tongue, was swiftly sitting down again, and the look on his flaming-red face was the most bewildered, shocked look ever seen on the face of a young man. For the petite brunette who had appeared before him was not a child. She was a grown, an utterly beautiful young woman, and she was wearing one of the latest little hats and a long gray caracul coat.

TALBERT JOSSELYN

was born in Massachusetts, but grew up in California where he attended Stanford and the University of California. He has put in considerable time mining, prospecting, and ranching. Turned to writing about 1917 and has been at it ever since.

Her eyes as they met his held no recognition in them. Rather, as he extended his hand, as he said, "Hello, there," did they widen and take on a quick chill questioning look.

And, equally chillingly, she went on by.

THE Tanner mind tipped completely over. It retained just enough power to enable him to glance wildly around the lobby to see if some hotel attendant mightn't be advancing—a hotel attendant coming to throw him out for trying to speak to an utter stranger—and then his mind congealed, froze.

He sat numb. At the same time he perspired—perspired is hardly the word. This girl *looked* like her! Had her eyes and mouth and nose—and couldn't be! Of course not!

A grown-up young woman. Somebody who, by the most impossible coincidence—

Henry Tanner went more numb. The chill, regal young woman was returning, slowly surveying the lobby as she came, looking for somebody who wasn't there. She sat down. Sat down on the same divan occupied by Henry Tanner.

Henry began to breathe remotely in his neck. He fought and fought and fought to take his eyes off her, and couldn't, and finally did—wrenched them away just as she turned her head in his direction. He sat shrunken within himself. He looked up to find, horrifiedly, that she had moved even nearer on the divan. He again wrenched his gaze away, sat and sat forever, to hear a voice coming from somewhere—a voice saying:

"My, aren't you ever going to say hello?"

Then—then he put his hands on her shoulders and shook her. (Here was the opportunity for a hotel attendant to come hastening forward. An old gentleman—a fuss-budget old gentleman wearing a carnation and spats, trying to read his paper—did put down his paper and stare.) Henry Tanner shook her again; left off to say:

"*What* do you mean, scaring me that way? I might have been thrown out!" Here wave number two went over Henry Tanner. "And—putting on grown-up clothes to come in here! Listen, youngster; you haven't any right to—"

Wave number three smacked him. Her eyes, the expression on her face—the same look that he had seen twice on the train—and suddenly, dizzyingly, the lobby spun before him.

"Oh, good Lord! If you really are—" He shook her again, fiercely. "Say"—and wrath and countless other things were in his tone—"if you really are, then *why* did you dress that way on the train when—"

"When you hauled me over the rail by an arm and a leg?" she demanded.

HE crimsoned again. "Yes! Why did you—"

"Had to," said the petite brunette beautiful young woman. "We didn't have money enough for four regular tickets, and it was our only chance. And now"—and her lips trembled and her eyes were misty, grown-up misty—"now, if you don't want to have tea with me, why, you needn't. Or perhaps maybe—maybe you'd rather go to some ice-cream place where the little girl can have ice cream or lemonade and there won't be any danger of people seeing you that you—"

"Hey!" cried Henry Tanner. And he went on looking and looking at her, and his world was crumbling about him and his world was being born anew. And finally he said, in a voice that didn't seem his own:

"Do you—really want tea?"

Her eyes were full on his. "Do—you?"

"I've got a car in a garage a block from here. We could go for a ride and—"

They did. They stopped in the park.

"Now," said Henry Tanner, "I'll do the talking."

And later: "We'll be married here in San Francisco. We'll go to Del Monte for our honeymoon."

"But," said the young woman beside him, close beside him, "but—your job in China!"

"We'll leave China to the Chinese! I'll take the San Francisco job. We'll go to Del Monte, the Monterey Peninsula, the most wonderful place out of doors. Golf, swim, ride horseback two weeks. And then back here to a three-room apartment and—and I believe I heard somebody on the train mention roast beef, medium rare." He regarded her tenderly, whimsically. "Listen, cook; just what are your references?"

She regarded him in turn, and her eyes were shining. "Of course I don't know as I really ought to marry you. I've only known you three days."

He grinned and shook his head. "You're wrong there. I've known you—all of six years."

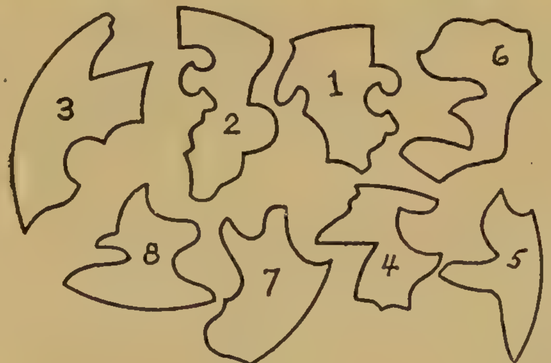
Her eyes widened; her coral lips parted, showing white pearly teeth. "Six—years?"

He chuckled and once more took her in his arms.

"Yes. Six years. Ever since you were a little girl in a print frock—a little half-fare girl not quite twelve."

THE END

WITWORK PUZZLE ANSWER



FIND THE PAIRS ANSWER

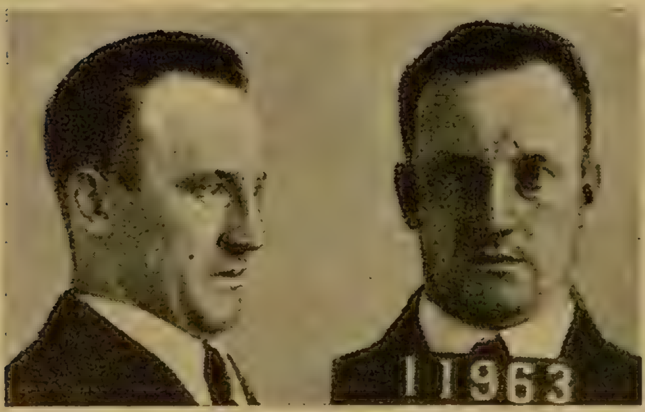
Leased — Sealed
Please — Asleep
Dealer — Leader

THE WORD REARRANGED:
Larynx

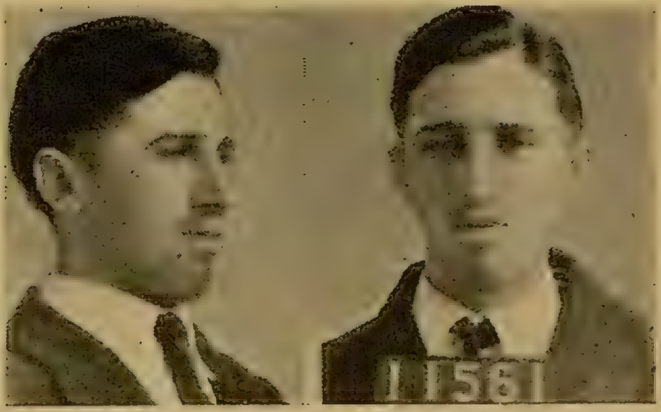
SCRAMBLED WORDS ANSWER

Correct transposition with the added letter gives the word: RANDOM

WATCH FOR THESE MAD DOGS!



JOHN HAMILTON. Wanted at Lima, Ohio, for the murder of Sheriff Jesse Sarber in October, 1933, and at Minneapolis for harboring Dillinger—obstruction of justice. Escaped in 1933 from the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City.



HOMER VAN METER. Wanted for bank robbery, also for obstructing justice in connection with the Dillinger case at St. Paul. With Dillinger, he boldly visited a Mid-Western sheriff's office before raiding its arsenal.

Liberty Will Gladly Pay $1,000 to the Person Who Causes the Capture of Any of These Criminals

JOHN DILLINGER'S body lies moldering in the grave; but the guns go marching on.

Five of his ex-associates, mad dogs as mean, as deadly, and as diabolically "lucky," are still at large.

Dillinger made a mock of law and order. Nobody is safe while his friends and men of their type are still at large. His career has been a disgrace to the United States, but it has served to show up the difficulties of the police. We cannot rely on them alone to arrest the so-called "big shots of crime."

Everybody should take a hand in the effort to rid the country of these sinister figures.

For this reason Liberty is offering a reward of $1,000 for information leading to the arrest or capture of any of these men—dead or alive!

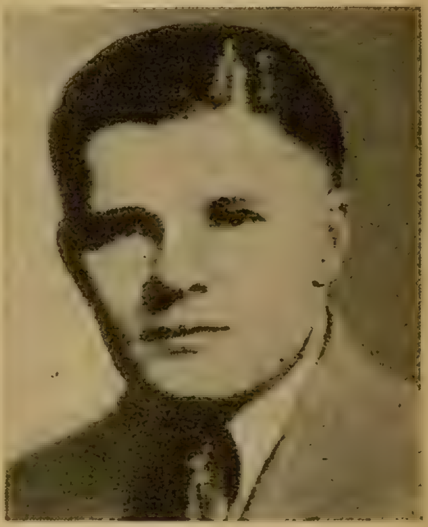
JOHN HAMILTON
HOMER VAN METER
"BABY FACE" NELSON, whose real name is LESTER M. GILLIS
CHARLES A. "PRETTY BOY" FLOYD
RICHARD TALLMAN GALATAS, alias DICK SHERIDAN

The first three were intimates of Dillinger. Hamilton and "Baby Face" Nelson are murderers. Van Meter has participated in many bank robberies during which men were killed. Floyd and Galatas are Western bad men and ruthless killers.

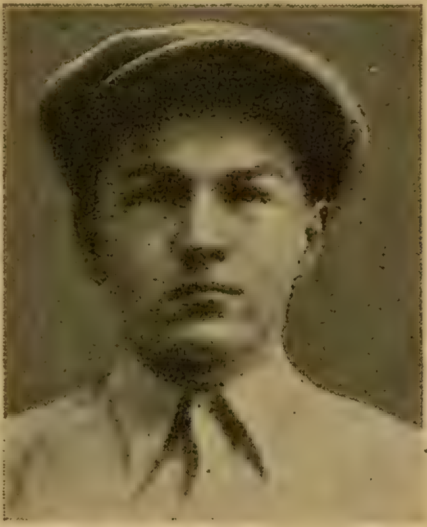
Each of these five has eluded the village, city, county, state, and federal police forces time and time again. But they cannot elude all the people of the country.

If you happen to see any one of them, communicate at once with the nearest policeman. If your tip leads to the capture of any of these men, Liberty will pay you the $1,000 reward gladly. Liberty is more than willing to pay $5,000 to rid the nation of the five.

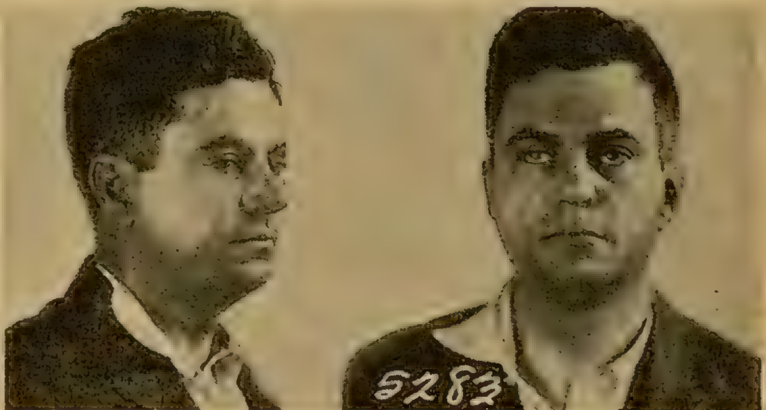
Study their pictures. Read their records. Watch for them. You may not be a policeman; but you will be helping your community just the same if you do your part.



Right: CHARLES A. FLOYD. Wanted in connection with the murder of Otto Reed, chief of police of McAlester, Oklahoma, and others slain in Kansas City in June, 1933. Floyd has a long criminal record; has been convicted of more than one highway robbery.



Left: LESTER M. GILLIS, alias BABY FACE NELSON—now Public Enemy Number One. Charged with killing of W. Carter Baum, special agent of the Department of Justice, at Spider Lake, Wisconsin, last October when Dillinger escaped through a federal cordon.



RICHARD TALLMAN GALATAS, alias DICK SHERIDAN. Wanted, as Floyd is, in connection with the killings in Kansas City, where five persons died, including officers and one prisoner. Galatas is also wanted for other crimes.

Polo Comes Back to Earth

Yessir—Out Where the West Begins to Swing a Mean Mallet, Mere Cow Hands and Such Are Showing Up Long Island's Famed Internationalists!

by

DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THIS is the saga of a plain sport that spawned from the earth a thousand years ago, climbed the social ladder to keep bed with sloop racing and Charity Ball—and then returned to its pristine earthiness.

Five years ago polo was steeped in an atmosphere of Old Aiken, Palm Beach, Newport, and green-turtle soup. The Year Book of the American Polo Association was an addendum to the Social Register, and one played the game in a national way only by virtue of a family crest and money.

That was before a couple of cow hands from Llano, Texas, came along. Their names were Cecil Smith and Rube Williams. They were genuine cow hands, too, not motion-picture imitations. They got their equitation in the old-fashioned rocking-chair type of saddle commonly known as the Western, atop mustangs and cayuses.

They were brought East by a man named George Miller. He'd been breeding and training prospective polo ponies out at Llano for a number of years. He'd first advanced the argument that America grew better polo ponies than the Argentine. He has lived to make it stick—thanks to Rube Williams and Cecil Smith.

He's made it stick so well that America now has a new super-spectacle of sport, the East-West polo matches, playing their first revival at the staid Meadowbrook Club this month—a polo event second only in importance to the great international matches.

It all began back in 1928. Louis Stoddard and Tommy Hitchcock were cudgeling their brains in an effort to select a team to meet the vaunted Argentine in the international series of that year. The Argentines were invading America with the great Lewis Lacey and three other high handicap men, and the old Big Four of the Westbury Polo crowd — Devereaux Milburn, Mike Stevenson, Watson Webb, and Tommy Hitchcock himself — had come loose at the seams. Only Hitchcock remained as a genuine internationalist.

Mr. Miller came East to peddle a few ponies. He went out to Westbury. He watched the Hitchcocks, the Averell Harrimans, the Stevensons, the Sanfords, the Strawbridges, the J. Cheever Cowdins, the Winston Guests, and the others, and said to himself, "Humph!"

He spotted Mr. Peter Vischer, the official soothsayer of American polo. Boring into Mr. Vischer's wishbone with a sturdy index finger, he said:

"Listen, podner, I got two polo players out in Llano that oughta be on this yere international team. Why, there's just one man here that can ride the same hoss with either of them, and that's this yere Hitchcock."

Mr. Vischer was amused. He took Mr. Miller to Mr. Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard was interested. He took him to Tommy Hitchcock.

Never one to mince words, the American captain demanded of him:

"What ratings have they—what handicap ratings?"

"Six goals apiece," said Mr. Miller. "But they oughta have at least eight if not nine."

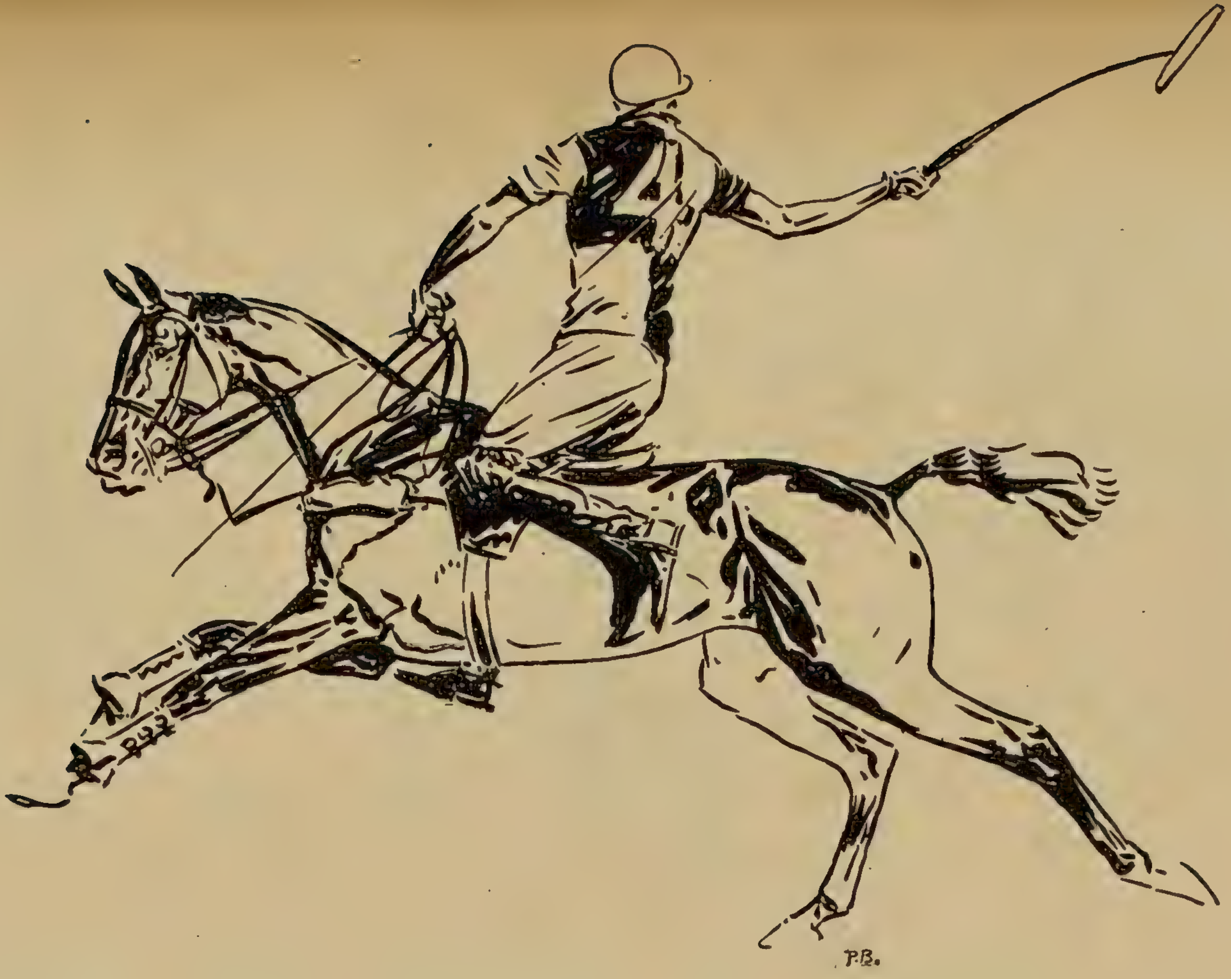
The better a polo player, the higher his handicap. At that time Hitchcock and Lewis Lacey were the only bona-fide ten-goal men in the world.

Hitchcock called Mr. Miller's bluff. "All right," he said; "if they can play polo, bring 'em on. But if they're nothing but six-goal players, leave 'em at home. We've got enough troubles with six-goal players now."

Mr. Miller hustled off to a telegraph office and sent two wires to his ranch down in Llano. "Come to New York immediately," he bade Rube Williams and Cecil Smith. "You're going to play on the American team against the Argentine."

Messrs. Smith and Williams got the wires and demurred. They wired Mr. Miller back something like this:

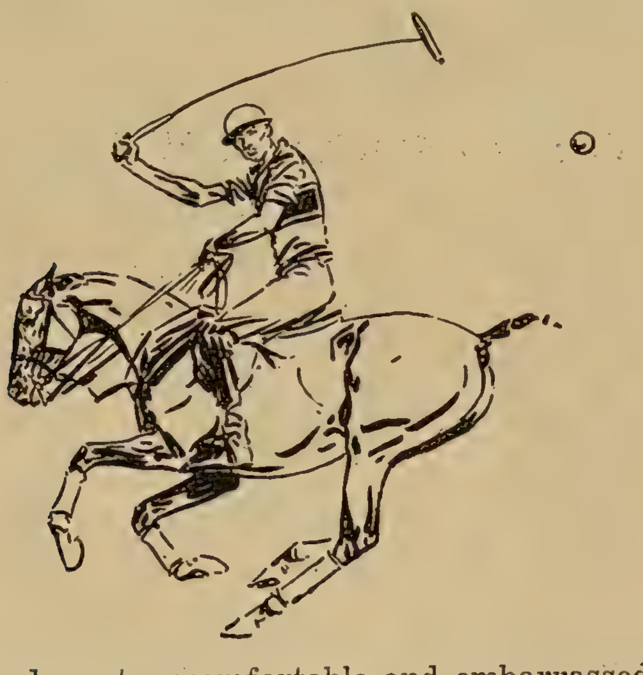
"You'd better come home and stay out of the sun. It's getting you."



SKETCHES BY PAUL BROWN

Now, Messrs. Smith and Williams were employees of Miller. He paid their wages and furnished their chuck. When he told them to do something, they had to do it or be fired. So he wired back to that effect and they reluctantly pulled their broad hats down over their ears and betook themselves to New York.

They made a startling picture when they appeared for their first practice. Neither of them ever had seen an English polo boot. They wore low patent-leather high-heeled cowboy boots with gaudy designs worked about the tops. They wore, also, the rowel spur of the plains, and they looked most uncomfortable and embarrassed when they were given military saddles.



"Go on—get onto them hosses and knock some of these dudes silly," Mr. Miller encouraged.

The Easterners watched the pair with some curiosity. They rather expected that the visiting cow hands would start trying to belt the polo ball with the small ends of the mallet head instead of the long side. What they saw was revolutionary. Once mounted and started after the ball, Messrs. Williams and Smith, the cow hands, forgot their embarrassment and their self-concern. They simply rode down everything before them and about them.

Smith especially rode with the faultless fluency of the man who is born to the saddle. It was difficult, so magnificent was his horsemanship, to tell where he left off and his horse began.

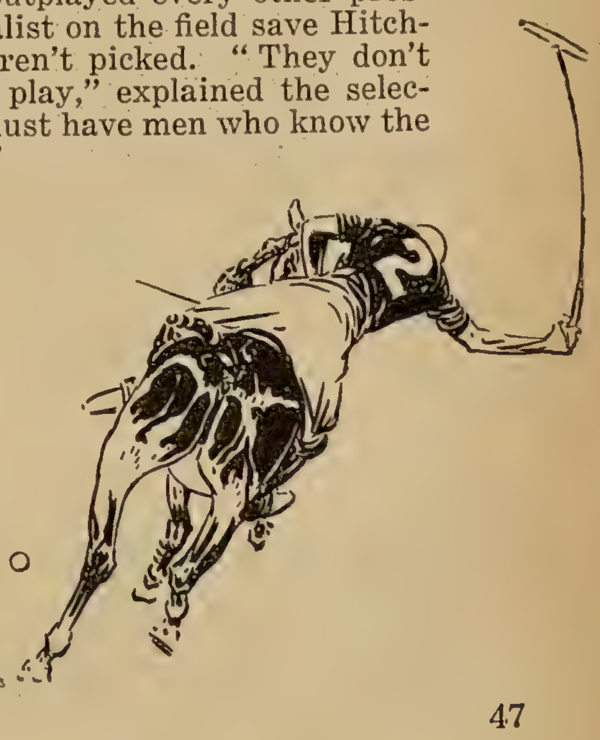
Well, now, there's where polo was snatched from the laps of Westbury's pampered pets and given to the people. Even Hitchcock was no match for them. Williams, sharp-faced, dark, hawk-eyed, rode with wilder abandon than his burlier teammate. With a shout and a halloo—"Look out, cowboy, I'm comin' through!"—he would bear down on a startled and paling group and come out with the ball. He reveled in the chance for bodily contact, and he gave no thought to the possibility of injury either to himself or to his opponents. When he rode a man off, that man stayed ridden off. When he checked, he checked with an enthusiasm that left a permanent record of the maneuver.

BEHIND him, and sometimes in front of him, rode Smith—and in Smith the crowd that day saw a stylist even more fluent than the great Hitchcock. They saw the most liquid stroke ever exhibited on an American polo field. Even the seemingly peerless Lewis Lacey could not match this big day laborer's oily grace.

Oh, Smith rode with all the power of Williams, all right. He didn't resort to the halloo and the shouting, because he is a grim and taciturn man. But he rode fearlessly and hard and he played the ball with a fierce purposefulness.

The time came to pick the international team. Smith and Williams had outplayed every other prospective internationalist on the field save Hitchcock. But they weren't picked. "They don't know international play," explained the selection board. "We must have men who know the code and the style."

The board selected Stevenson, Hitchcock, Winston Guest, and W. Averell Harriman. Mr. Harriman was the gentleman who provided Captain Hitchcock with his finest polo ponies. He also was an adequate No. 1 man—the one upon whom most scoring de-



pendence is placed in polo—but he was not, as a player, in a class with either Smith or Williams.

"Neither of them is a Number One man," the committee explained. There was no explanation of the selection of the fifty-four-year-old Mike Stevenson for No. 3. Not even when young Earl A. S. Hopping, sturdy nineteen-year-old son of a veteran player and instructor, had to be called in in the second game to replace the faltering Stevenson and save the matches for America.

George Miller took his protégés and went home after that. Strangely enough, there was no rancor in his heart. Nor in the hearts of Smith and Williams. They'd had a lot of fun, they'd bought some English boots, and they'd picked up some inside pointers from the more polished Easterners. They went back to Texas and began playing polo in earnest. They played every day.

DICK WILLIAMS

used to be a sports editor, and has also been a foreign correspondent, and editorial writer, and a dramatic critic. He calls both Arkansas City, Kansas, and El Paso home—thus getting a fine start for the laurels of old Homer, claimed by seven cities!

A year later they returned to Long Island. They rode roughshod through the Open and Waterbury Cup tournaments. The names and pictures of Hitchcock, Guest, Rathbone, and Milburn began to appear in lower positions in the public prints than those of these cow hands.

That winter the Polo Association advanced the two workingmen from six to eight goals in the national ratings, demoting Stevenson, the legendary Milburn, and the opportunist Harriman as they did so. Now the cow hands occupied positions in the blue book of sport above the multimillionaire Harriman, the incredibly wealthy Webb, the socially impeccable Milburn, and the international drawing-room pet Laddie Sanford.

That was the beginning of the end of Westbury polo domination. Two other Westerners had tried before to batter down the ramparts, but without success—Eric Pedley and Elmer Boeseke of California. They were not ranch hands, and neither was impecunious, though neither was an heir to vast wealth.

There had been no gainsaying the skill of Boeseke and Pedley. But, as with Smith and Williams, neither had been called good enough for the international teams.

However, whereas Pedley and Boeseke had grieved a little at their fate and lost some of their desire for international recognition, Rube Williams and Cecil Smith, being cow hands and hard to discourage, came back to Westbury again. Again they rode down all before them, and Boeseke, encouraged, came and rode with them.

Now, it is not the purpose of this text to paint the Westbury polo crowd as thorough snobs. There probably isn't a more generous group of sportsmen than the one that revolves about Louis Stoddard and Tommy Hitchcock and Devereux Milburn.

The crowds began to cheer Williams's every dash, to applaud the liquid smoothness of the skillful Smith. They began, too, to recognize greatness in Boeseke.

In fact, the crowds stood on well bred legs and whooped for a pair of cow hands from San Antonio and a six-foot-five-inch giant from California. Boeseke and Smith were equal heroes with Hitchcock, and Williams was the toast of the season—with a few fractured bones to remind him of his reckless riding.

WILLIAMS and Smith were no longer "those cowboys" to the Westbury folk. They were, instead, "The Rube" and "Cecil," and Boeseke was "Zeke," no less.

When the team was being selected for the 1930 internationals, some cognizance had to be taken of this new influence in polo. For weeks there was agitation and storm, and then Captain Hitchcock made an announcement; fired the shot that opened the first breach in a previously impregnable wall.

Eric Pedley was named as the No. 1 for the American team. Williams and Smith were selected as alternates.

The matches with Great Britain were scarcely matches. The American team didn't need its full power. Smith and Williams never got into the play.

They came East yet again, and so did Boeseke. The American Association picked a team to go to the Argentine and represent America in the international matches there. Smith and Williams stayed at home. Boeseke made the trip, and the Americans won both the Cup of the Americas and the Argentine Open championship, with Boeseke the toast of Argentine polo.

Then came the final blow. Williams had been injured twice more—broken bones and one thing or another. But they mended rapidly, and the great East-West matches were broached.

Hitchcock was to lead a team from the East to the Chicago World's Fair to show up these Western upstarts. It was definitely the East's best against the West's best—the first of the East-West matches.

The Western team was collected by Carlton F. Burke. Eric Pedley being unable to leave his business in California, Burke picked Williams, Smith, and Boeseke, and placed Aidan Roark, younger brother of the great internationalist, Pat Roark, in the fourth spot.

Hitchcock took with him to Chicago three members of the last internationalist team—himself, Winston Guest, and Earl A. S. Hopping. He didn't start Hopping in the first game. Instead, he started Michael Phipps, a cousin of the Guests and fabulously wealthy in steel. With Phipps were the Guest brothers and Hitchcock.

THE West won, 15-11. Williams and Smith virtually rode the Easterners off their horses, and Boeseke, playing No. 2, clearly outplayed the great Hitchcock, at No. 3 for his team. The riding of Smith was outstanding and the country sat back and guffawed.

Then came the second game and Rube Williams's Waterloo. Riding pell-mell downfield, he crashed with Winston Guest, paled suddenly, rocked a little sickly in his saddle, and would have tumbled to the ground had not Cecil Smith dashed up, caught him, and supported him.

Heads wagged in the stands as they let him down to the green lawn. "What's happened to The Rube?" went the excited whisper. Williams had broken his leg. The West finished with a substitute and lost, 12-8.

That night a wire went to the coast, to Eric Pedley. Two days later he played at No. 1 while the West finished the series, 12-6. The East's best team had been routed by two cow hands, a bond salesman, a gentleman farmer, and a prospective motion-picture star.

That wasn't the end of the rout. The dénouement came when the handicap committee met. To the eternal horror of the august men who arrange such things, virtually every one having a voice in polo outside the Long Island set voted to raise Cecil Smith to ten goals and break Hitchcock to nine—leaving the Texas cowboy the only ten-goal polo player in the world.

But there was even more shock to be borne. The demand was absolutely insistent for rating Williams and Boeseke at nine goals—on a par with Hitchcock!

Letters began pouring into the Polo Association headquarters and into Mr. Peter Vischer's office at Polo Magazine. They were earnest, peremptory letters demanding that Cecil Smith be made top man in polo and that Williams, Boeseke, and Pedley rate with Hitchcock.

Where did they come from?

Well, they came from Llano, Texas; Pine Bluff, Arkansas; Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Wichita, Kansas; Pasadena, California; Pierre, South Dakota; Stillwater, Minnesota; Frankfort, Kentucky—and almost every other point you would care to name in the United States.

Ultimately the handicap association, running true to its reputation for doing the preposterous, decided that Hitchcock had to remain at ten goals, but stilled the earthy clamor by rating both Smith and Boeseke at that same highest mark. Williams, because of his injury, remained one rung down the ladder, with Pedley.

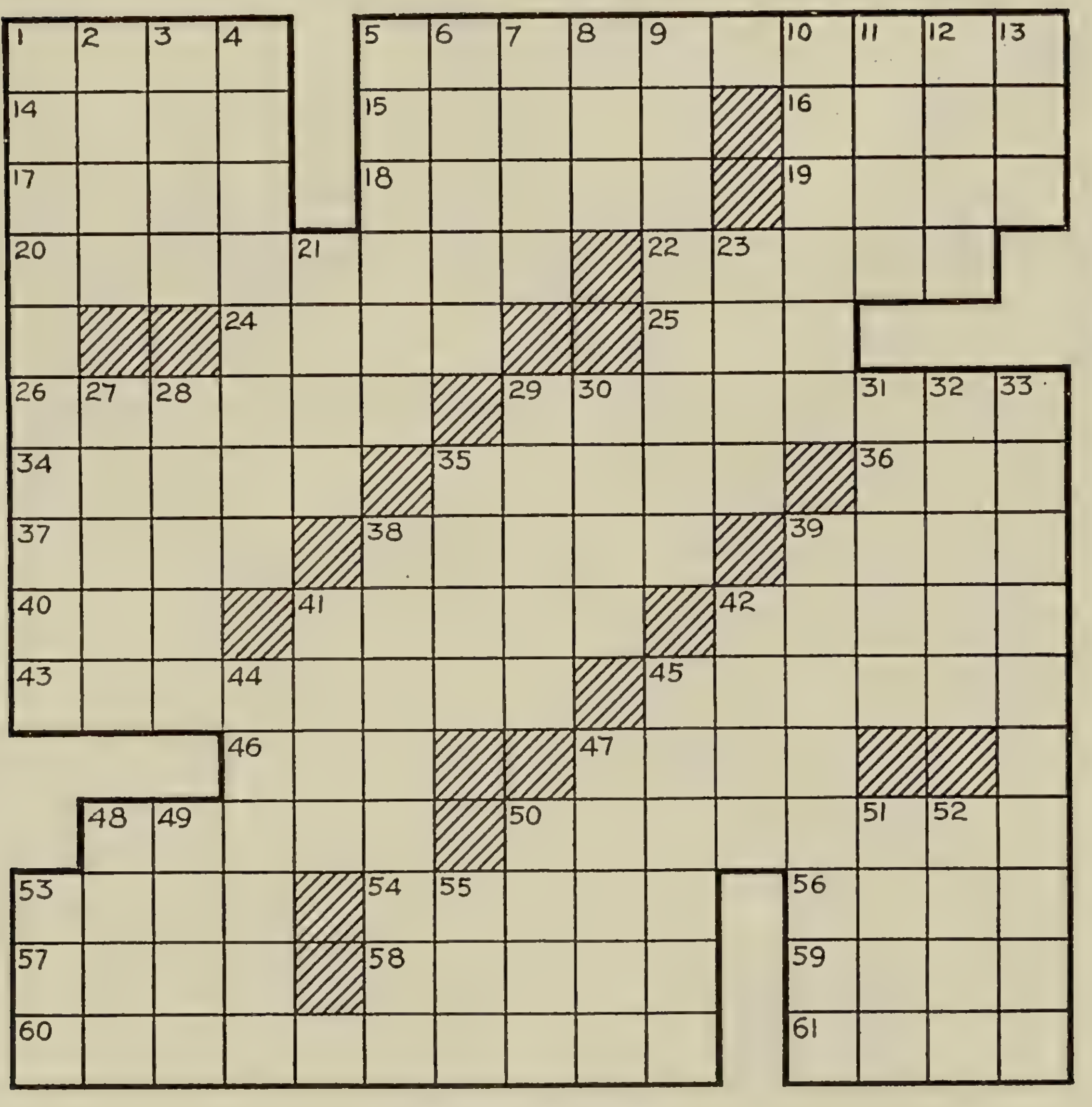
Thus, in the thousand years from India's first polo among the laboring men of the fields and the enlisted men in a fierce army, the game completes its cycle.

Strangely enough, those who led it back came into this world with plain, earthy names, too. You don't get much closer to the soil than Smith and Williams. Unless, perchance, your name is Mud.

THE END

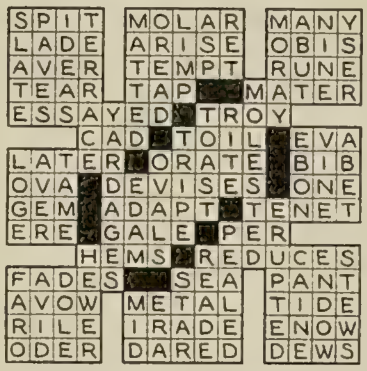
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 What college girls do to get figures
5 Pression
14 This is great shakes in Hawaii
15 Wanna buy a duck? Here's one
16 The air in the grand opera house
17 This letter is Greek to us (plural)
18 What lots of lovely girls just do to eat
19 How the little piggy went to market
20 A tooter
22 What armies do when they rise
24 He who hesitates often says this
25 A golf player is always bringing this up
26 Married
29 Here's a girl who'll always be missed
34 How the first golf course looked
35 Your head sits on one end of this and you sit on the other
36 In the can
37 Departs
38 Old-fashioned courting
39 The English translation of this is "That's a"
40 Union of Sapheaded Stockbuyers (abbr.)
41 Her face went as white as this
42 Something down which to kick bill collectors
43 The milk toast in a man
45 What the fine flower of the South does after an all-night party
46 Rumble-seat Outriders' League (abbr.)



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Answer to last week's puzzle

47 A game crew
48 This got around the old lady
50 How the boat ride ended
53 Her daily male
54 This is to be remembered in American history
56 Semitic beginning
57 Eat your spinach and you'll become a man of this
58 You're not supposed to do this
59 This washes its own banks
60 People who keep trying
61 What fruit kept in a hot kitchen does

VERTICAL

1 This sets jaws awagging at the office
2 The Slambino of Swat
3 Big Webster calls this "a regiment in a Turkish army"—better pass it up
4 Fans little Willie on the patio to smarten him up
5 What the bells of the village did last night
6 Exhortation to all good cowboys
7 Something jasmine and garlic have in common
8 Indian measure of weight
9 The kind of business our tailor is doing
10 What they shoot daily near Montreal
11 This has pressing engagements all the time
12 This leads a revolutionary life and is always being blown up
13 Tibetan baggage carrier
21 Not now
23 What he uses to get an edge on
27 Went up in the air
28 Several silly people
29 Looks for the enemy
30 A kick in the pants
31 To do fancy needle work
32 What the old-fashioned lady poet told the fresh gentleman to do
33 Gershwinning melodies
35 Presses a suit
38 A couple of coats of this will smarten up the younger generation (plural)
39 She gives this little squirt a squeeze every day in her boudoir
41 A white fall
42 Stomach Rumbling Actors' Society (abbr.)
44 German spaghetti (plural)
45 Training stations
47 This fellow leads a cagy existence with big cats
48 This is awfully dry
49 The dream of the bald
50 This leads into the underworld
51 This means absolutely nothing
52 To throw off
53 Beautiful Girl Pacifiers (abbr.)
55 You'll find this under the house

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

DR. CHARLES FLANDIN,
great Paris skin specialist, states:—

"She was *tip-top* in 3 weeks..."

SO MANY of us drag around like Dr. Flandin's patient—half-sick with painful headaches, unsightly skin, poor digestion, constipation . . . when we could usually be well so easily!

"This patient," states Dr. Flandin, Médecin-Chef de l'Hôpital Bichat, "was run-down, listless. Her stomach rebelled at the sight of food. Cathartics had almost paralyzed her intestines.

"My recommendation was yeast. After eating it regularly for 3 weeks, her constipation was a thing of the past. Today she has a clear, radiant skin. Her appetite is vastly improved. Her disposition is more cheerful.

"I have prescribed yeast for many years," Dr. Flandin continues. "My advice to patients is—*let cathartics alone.*"

When *you* can get the opinion of such a celebrated physician, isn't it good common sense to follow it? Then won't you eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day . . . for at least 30 days?

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. It is rich in Vitamins B, D and G. Get some *now!*

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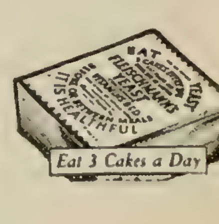
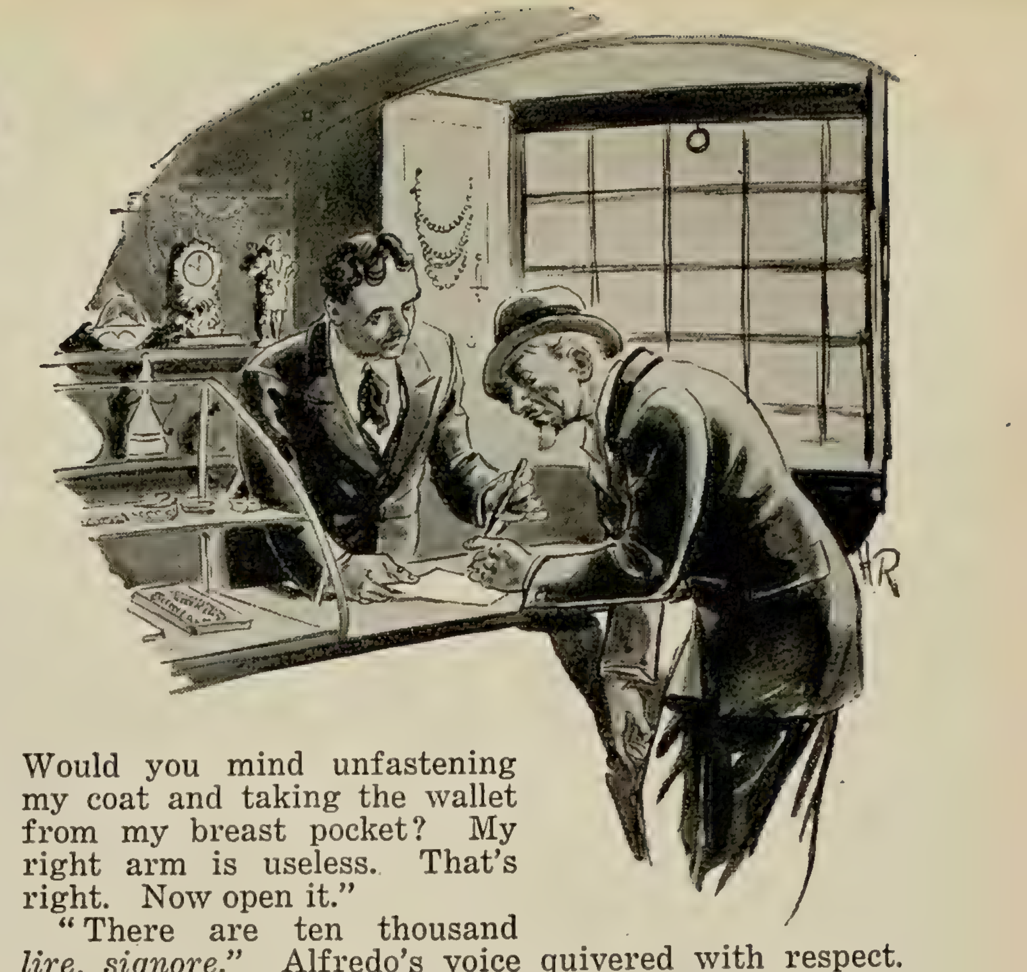


It Can Be Done

A Short Short Story

by VENNETTE HERRON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



ALFREDO RINALDO sat upon his high stool, his short legs dangling, and gazed out through the single window across the Ponte Vecchio. Slowest hour of the day, that immediately after lunch, and the bridge was now not crowded.

His shop was no larger than a closet. Yet men dropped in from all over the world, for antiques sometimes, but more often for pearls. No trash for tourists in his shop.

Alfredo, shrewd yet childlike, full of good ravioli, sat dreaming of the pretty young wife whom he'd married recently, yet already trusted with everything that to him was precious.

It was Thursday, the day when Guido, Alfredo's young assistant, lunched at the café with other young members of his Guild.

Suddenly Alfredo bent forward and stared. A truly magnificent car had stopped before his bit of curb.

The chauffeur descended and spoke to Alfredo in excellent Italian:

VENNETTE HERRON *lives in Italy when she is not trying to realize her greatest ambition—to visit every country in the world before she dies. Has adventured in South America, Dutch East Indies and most of Europe. She has written many short stories, novels and poems and has had most of them printed.*

"*Il signore* Manchester, the gentleman in the car, requests you to step outside to speak with him. He is crippled, so that he cannot easily move himself."

Beaming with anticipation, Alfredo complied. His prospective client was an elderly man with a lined, handsome face, hair almost white, and one bloodless hand tucked limply into the front of a tightly buttoned coat.

"Let me see your sapphire brooches. Something modest, you understand—a small present for my wife."

"Perfectly." Alfredo plunged into his shop and emerged with a pair of small boxes.

The stranger regarded them critically. "I had thought of something slightly—well, a little *more* than these. Your reputation—"

"But *il signore* specified 'modest.'" Alfredo glanced up and down the bridge. No sign of Guido. "I cannot leave the shop unguarded, and to bring objects of great value out into the street— If the gentleman *could* condescend to come inside—"

"Well, well—your arm, Gustave." With the aid of the servant and Alfredo, the cripple alighted and managed to enter the shop.

There followed a sophisticated parley and finally the stranger, though apparently a trifle disappointed, chose one of the sapphire pins. "It's my wife's birth stone. Three thousand lire I think you said?"

"Yes—three thousand. A pity the *signora* was not born in the month of pearls. Here for instance." One after the other Alfredo produced several necklaces.

"Pretty—very pretty," murmured the stranger. "But for one who knows—and cares, my good Rinaldo, haven't you anything else?"

Alfredo went to his old-fashioned safe, knelt before it and unlocked it. "There, *signore!*" With a flourish he laid a long case upon the counter.

"Well, yes—that you might call a necklace!" Both heads bent over it. "How much, Rinaldo?"

"To the *signore*—two hundred and ten thousand lire."

It took some persuading, but the stranger finally succumbed. "I did not come prepared for any such expenditure," he said; "but I'd like to take the necklace with me. Would you mind unfastening my coat and taking the wallet from my breast pocket? My right arm is useless. That's right. Now open it."

"There are ten thousand *lire, signore.*" Alfredo's voice quivered with respect.

"Very well; just keep that. Then take out one of the blank cards which you will find in the purse also, will you? Yes, those. Would you mind writing for me a message to my wife?

"Now let me see:—'*Cara* Amalia—'"

"Is the *signora's* name Amalia, *signore?* What a coincidence! That's *my* wife's name, too."

"Really? Well, well. 'Dear Amalia, I have some unexpected business to transact—of urgent importance, and requiring more money than I have with me. Please give Gustave, who of course will bring this, two hundred thousand lire from the bedroom safe. Just put it into a plain sealed envelope, unaddressed. Upon my return you shall have some pleasant news.' Now if you will put the pen between my fingers, I'll sign it."

THE stranger traced a laborious A, followed by a string of undecipherable letters.

"How strange, *signore,*" remarked Alfredo, "that your wife's name should be Amalia and your own begin with A!"

"Yes—Albert Manchester. But why—"

"My own name is Alfredo, and—"

"Oh, yes? Would you mind replacing the wallet, please, and then buttoning my coat? I'll wait here if you don't object."

In about fifteen or twenty minutes the chauffeur was back.

"You may wait outside," said his master. "There—open and count it," he ordered Alfredo. "Right? Then will you put the necklace into that inner pocket with the wallet, please? Now, if you will get Gustave again, you may both help me back to the car."

"Pathetic—stumbling, scrambling—with all that money!"

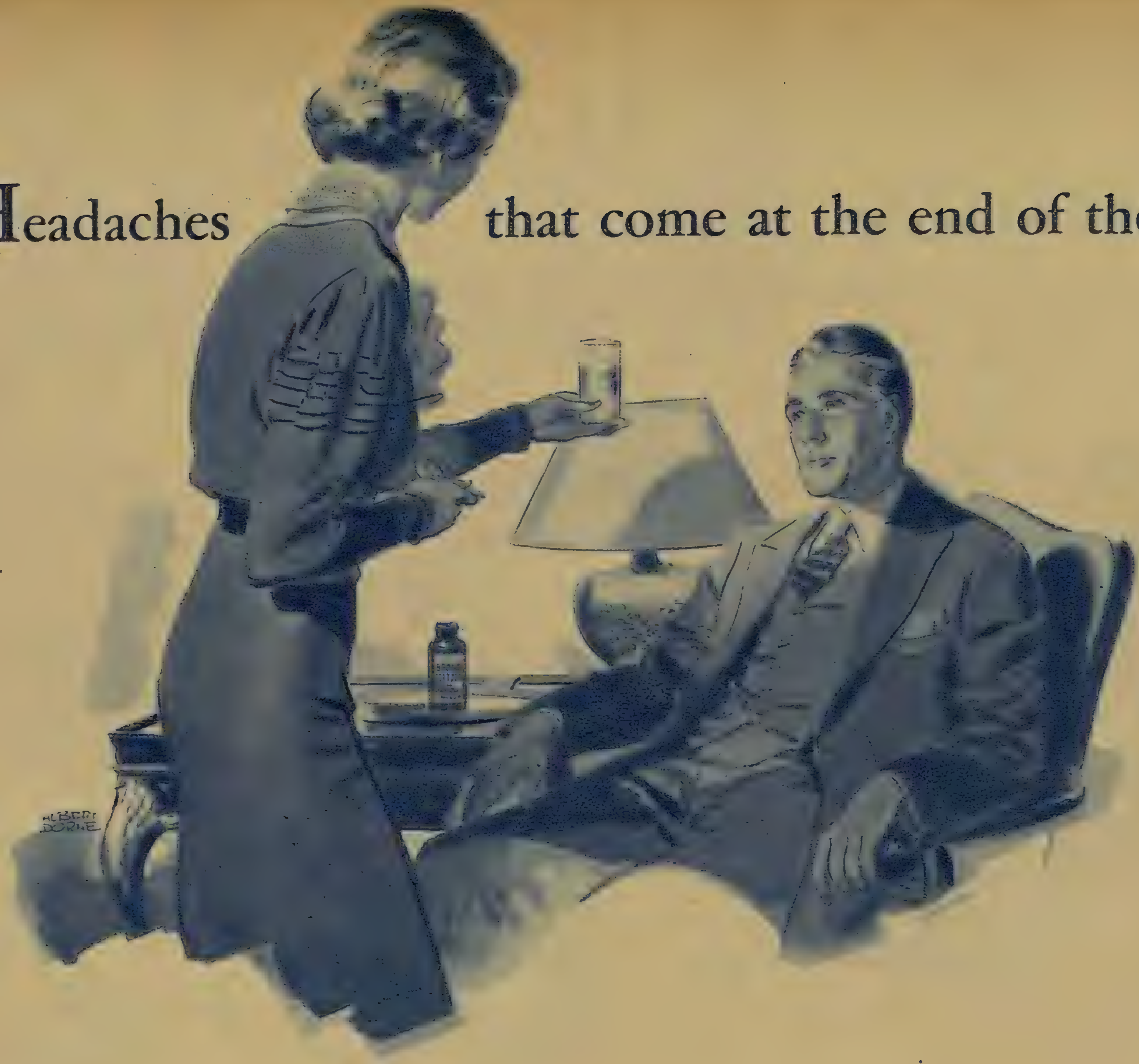
Alfredo's eyes were moist, although his mouth curved with satisfaction as he stood in the doorway of his shop with one eye scanning the old bridge for the boy Guido and with the other watching the stranger being driven swiftly away. . . . .

When the jeweler arrived at home that evening his pretty wife greeted him with a smart toss of her sleek dark head, slipped out of reach when he tried to catch and kiss her. "Not yet. What's the pleasant news, eh? I did what you asked—as I always do when it comes to business; but what have you been up to now, old one—drawing out all of our savings like that? When I've so often told you! Answer me that, will you?"

But it was a long time before Alfredo did.

THE END

Headaches that come at the end of the day



YOU COME HOME tired and depressed. Your head aches with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the blood-stream. Your alkaline reserve is made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients . . . each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn't upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the *full* name "Bromo-Seltzer." Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

EMERSON'S
BROMO-
SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

The Case of the Curious Bride

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Who Struck the Blow in the Dark that Killed Gregory Moxley? Can You Give the Answer Before You Read It Here? See if You Can Tell Without Looking at the Next Page . . . .

"DO you wish me to read just what I have here in my notebook?" Della Street asked.

"Yes."

"Both the questions and the answers?"

"Yes; you can read just what you have there."

"QUESTION: Your name is Carl W. Montaine?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: You are the husband of Rhoda Montaine?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: You understand that Rhoda Montaine has filed a complaint for divorce against you, charging you with cruelty?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: You understand that one of the allegations of that complaint is that you falsely accused her of the murder of Gregory Moxley?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: Was that accusation false?

"ANSWER: It was not.

"QUESTION: You repeat that accusation, then?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: What grounds have you for such an accusation?

"ANSWER: Plenty of grounds. She tried to drug me in order to keep me in bed while she went to keep an appointment with Moxley. She sneaked her car out of the garage, committed the murder, returned, and crawled into bed as though nothing had happened.

"QUESTION: Isn't it a fact that you knew all about Moxley prior to the time your wife slipped out?

"ANSWER: No.

"QUESTION: Now, wait a minute. Isn't it a fact that you retained a so-called shadow to follow your wife; that this shadow followed her to my office on the day before the murder; that the shadow followed her to the apartment of Gregory Moxley?

"ANSWER: Parenthesis. The witness hesitates, fails to answer. End of parenthesis.

"QUESTION: Go ahead and answer that question, and remember you're under oath.

"ANSWER: Well, I employed a person to shadow her, yes.

"QUESTION: And when your wife left the garage around one thirty in the morning, there was a flat tire on her car, was there not?

"ANSWER: So I understand.

"QUESTION: And the spare tire had a *nail* in it?

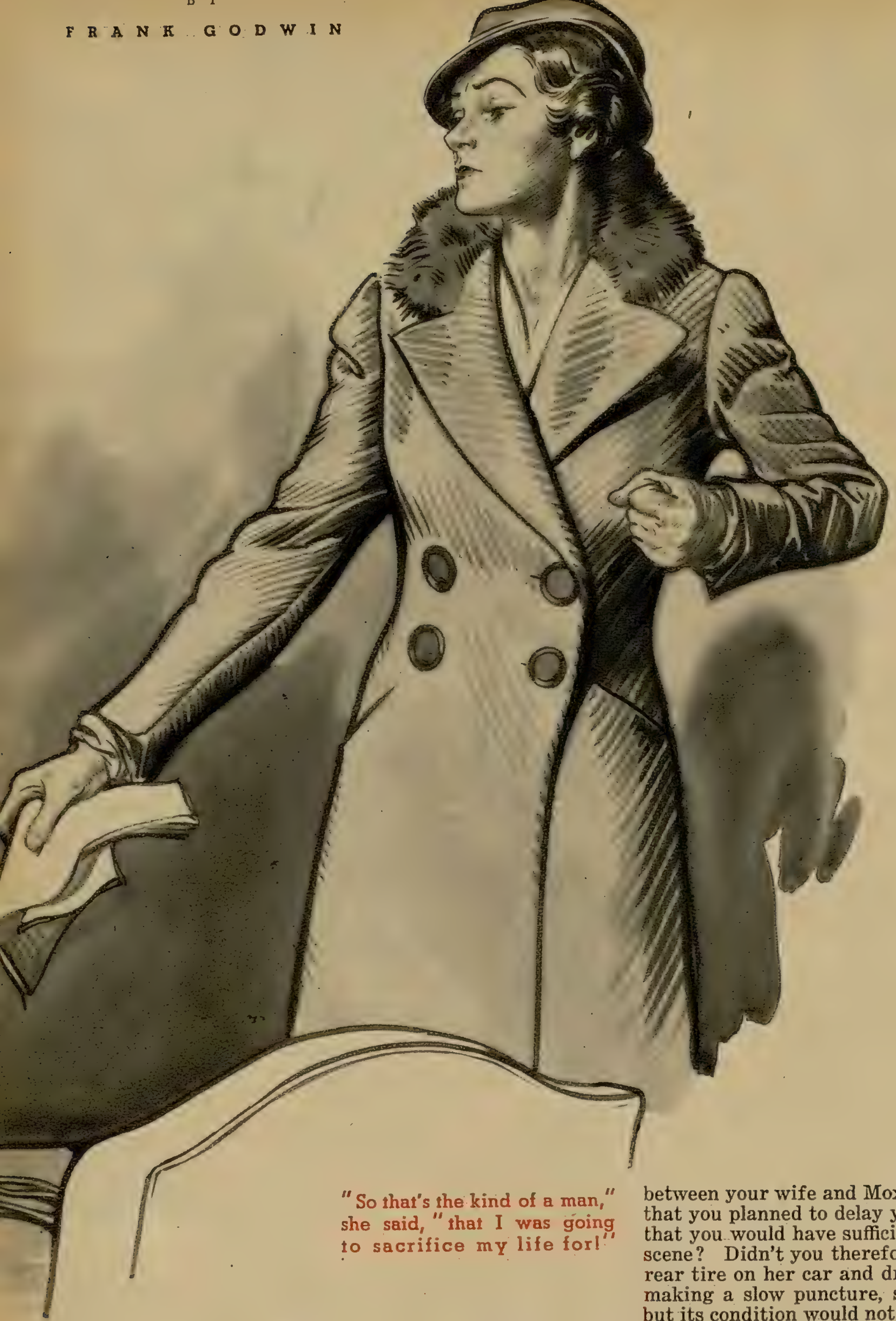
"ANSWER: So I understand.

"QUESTION: But the air had not entirely leaked out of that spare tire?

"ANSWER: So I understand.

"QUESTION: Now, will you

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
FRANK GODWIN



"So that's the kind of a man," she said, "that I was going to sacrifice my life for!"

kindly tell us, Mr. Montaine, how it would be possible for a *spare* tire in a rim on the back of a car, elevated some three feet from the road, to get a nail in it, unless that nail had been *driven* into it?

"ANSWER: I don't know.

"QUESTION: Now, when your wife returned her car to the garage, she couldn't get the door closed. Is that right?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: Nevertheless, when she left the garage, she had to both open and close the sliding door?

"ANSWER: Yes, I guess so.

"QUESTION: You don't have to guess. You know, don't you? You heard her open and close the door.

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: Now, that door closed freely when she left the garage?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: And isn't it a fact that the reason the door wouldn't close when your wife tried to close it the second time was that the door caught on the bumper of your automobile, which was also in the garage?

"ANSWER: Yes.

"QUESTION: Therefore, isn't it a fact that your automobile was moved during the time your wife's car was absent from the garage, and that when it was returned to the garage it wasn't driven in quite far enough to clear the door?

"ANSWER: I don't think so.

"QUESTION: Isn't it a fact that you knew your wife was going out at one thirty o'clock in the morning?

"ANSWER: No.

"QUESTION: You admit that you looked in your wife's purse and found a telegram signed 'Gregory'?

"ANSWER: Yes. That was afterward.

"QUESTION: And isn't it a fact that on that telegram the address of Gregory Moxley was written?

"ANSWER: Yes, I guess it was.

"QUESTION: And didn't you know that your wife intended to go to an appointment with Gregory Moxley? Didn't you determine that you would be in the house where Gregory Moxley resided, in order to see what was taking place between your wife and Moxley? Isn't it therefore a fact that you planned to delay your wife after she started, so that you would have sufficient time to arrive first on the scene? Didn't you therefore let the air out of the right rear tire on her car and drive a nail into the spare tire, making a slow puncture, so that the tire would be flat but its condition would not be apparent until after it had been put on the car? Didn't you then, after your wife had dressed and left the garage, and while she was at the service station getting the car repaired, jump into your car, drive to Gregory Moxley's apartment house? Didn't you climb up the back stairs and enter the adjoining apartment on the second floor on the north? Didn't you secrete yourself there until your wife came to keep her appointment with Moxley? Didn't you then climb over the rail separating the back stoops or porches, enter the kitchen in the Moxley apartment, hear Moxley demanding that your wife should get money, even if it became necessary for her to poison you and collect the insurance? Didn't you hear your wife state she was going to telephone me? And didn't you, in a sudden panic lest your name and the name of your family should be dragged into such a mess and bring disgrace or fancied disgrace to your father, pull out the master switch on the switch box in the back of the said apartment, thereby plunging the apartment into darkness?

" Didn't you then dash into the Moxley apartment, hearing the sound of a blow and then hearing your wife run from the apartment? Didn't you sneak into the room where Moxley had been, striking a match to see what had happened? Didn't you find Moxley just getting to his feet, having been dazed by a blow which had been struck him on the head with a poker? Didn't you thereupon, acting upon impulse, pick up the poker, strike Moxley a terrific blow over the head, felling him to the floor? Didn't you thereupon start to walk down the corridor, striking matches as you went, the matches being those that you had picked up from a smoking stand in Moxley's apartment?

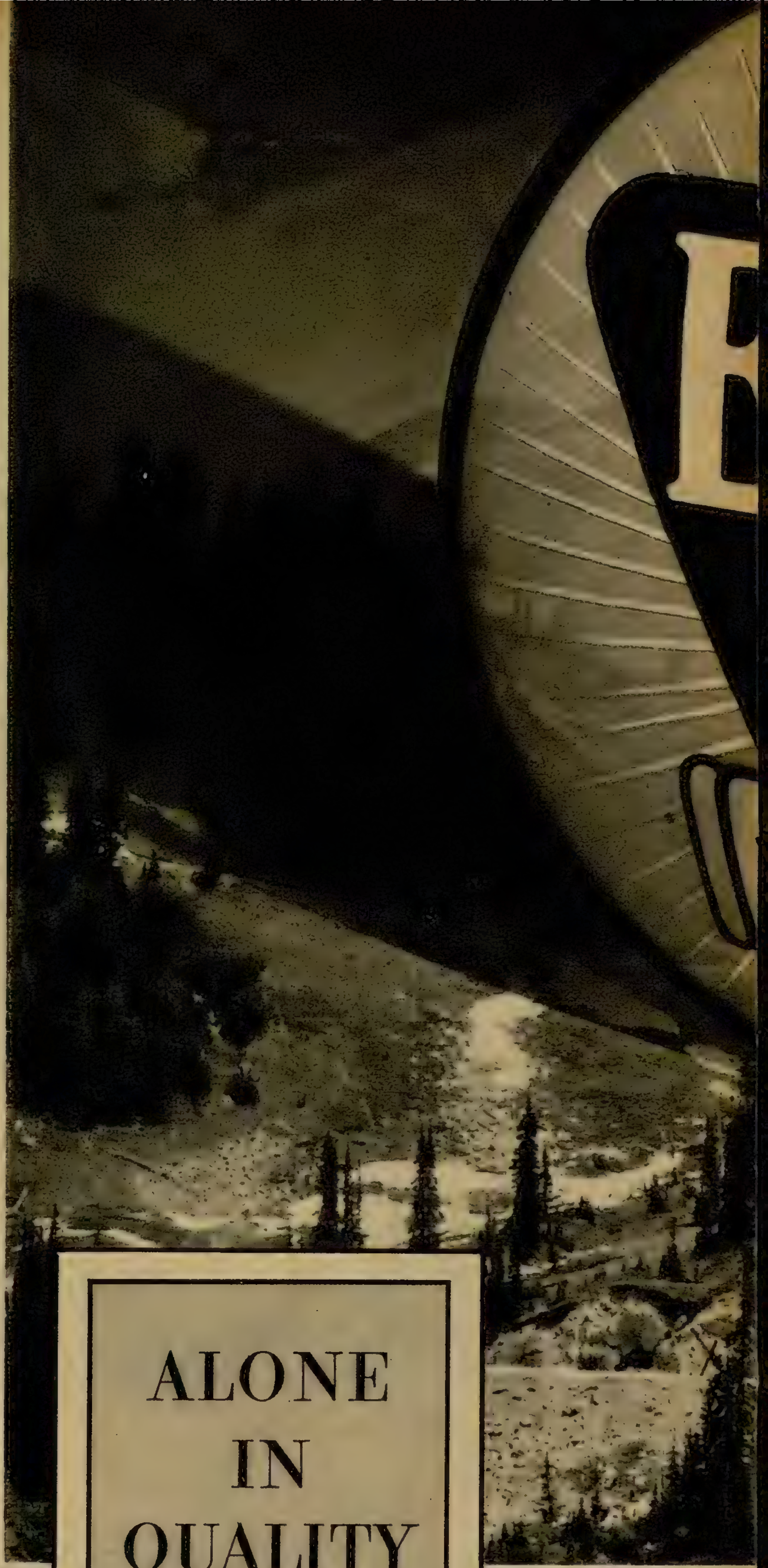
" Didn't you then encounter another person in the corridor? A man who had been ringing the doorbell, had received no answer, and who had therefore gone around to the back of the house and effected an entrance in the same manner that you had done? Wasn't this person a man named Oscar Pender, from Centerville, who had been trying to force Moxley to give money to his sister?

" Didn't you two hold a whispered conversation, and didn't you explain to the said Pender that you were both in a very dangerous position? Didn't you state that you had found Moxley dead when you entered the apartment, but that the police would never believe you? Didn't you therefore, seeking to cover up your tracks, take cloths and wipe all fingerprints from the door knobs and the weapon of death? Didn't you thereupon start to the back of the house, and didn't you then think that perhaps your wife might have run out through the back door and have climbed into the corridor of the adjoining apartment? Didn't you therefore walk down the said corridor, striking matches to give you illumination, and, when you found the corridor was empty, return to the Moxley stoop and, having used the last of the matches, toss away this empty match container?

" Didn't you then throw back the master switch which turned on the lights once more in Moxley's apartment? Didn't both you and Oscar Pender then hastily leave the premises? Didn't you jump in your car, drive hurriedly home, beat your wife there by a matter of seconds, and, in your haste, neglect to put your car far enough in the garage so that both doors would move freely? You could move the door back of your car freely back and forth, but when both doors were pushed over from the other side of the garage one of them would lock into position on your bumper, and isn't that the reason your wife couldn't get the garage door closed?

" ANSWER: My God, yes! And I've kept it bottled up so long that it's nearly driven me crazy. Only, you're wrong about the killing. I turned out the lights to give Rhoda a break, and then I was afraid he might overpower her. I heard the sound of a blow in the dark. I heard some one fall. I struck matches and groped my way through the rooms. I found Moxley on his feet. He wasn't badly hurt, but he was in a murderous rage. He started for me. The poker was lying on a table. I dropped my match, grabbed the poker, and swung in the dark as hard as I could. Then I called to Rhoda. She didn't answer. I didn't have any more matches. I groped around in the dark, and it was then I dropped the garage key and car keys. I must have pulled the leather container out of my pocket. I didn't know it at the time. Then some one else struck a match. That was Pender. The rest of it happened just as you said. I gave Pender money so that he could skip out. I didn't intend to accuse Rhoda at the time. It wasn't until I was almost home that I looked for my garage key and realized what had happened.

" QUESTION: So then you left the garage unlocked, put your car away, went to your bedroom, and as soon as your wife came in and went to sleep, you got up, opened her purse, and took out her garage key and the keys to the cars. And it was *her* leather key container that you showed to me in my office. Is that right?



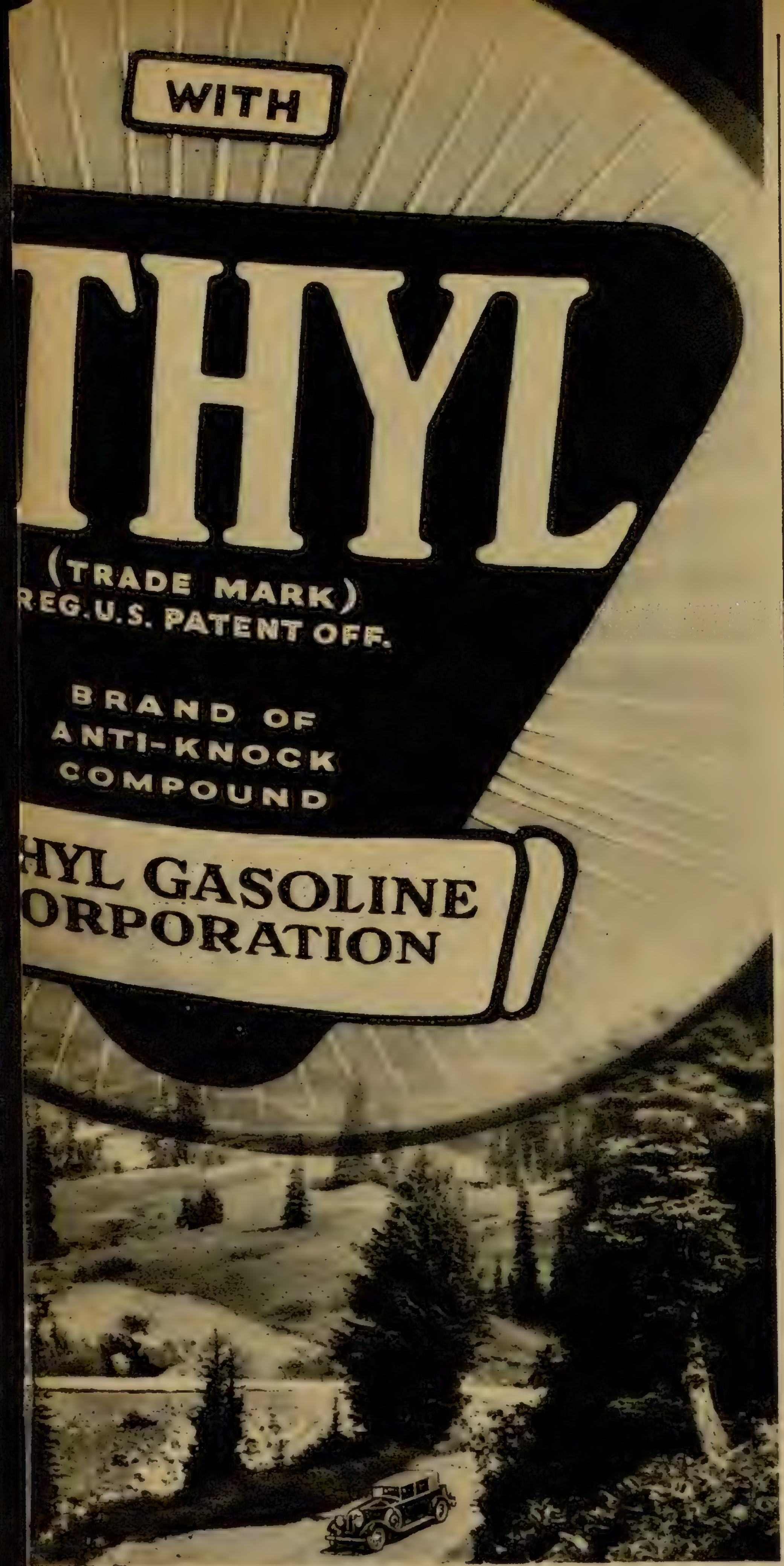
ALONE IN QUALITY

Th

with other pumps, but it stands

get Ethyl performance __out__ of your

the tank . . . NEXT TIME



Ethyl pump stands side by side *alone in quality. The only way to* *ar is to put Ethyl Gasoline into*

GET ETHYL !

"ANSWER: Yes, sir, that's right. I thought Rhoda would claim self-defense and a jury would believe her. I came to you before I went to the police because I knew you could get her off.

"QUESTION: And, as I understand it—"

Perry Mason raised his hand.

"That, Della," he said, "is far enough. Never mind the rest of it. You may leave us."

The secretary shut her notebook, vanished into the outer office.

Mason faced C. Philip Montaine.

Montaine's face was white. His hands gripped the arms of the chair. He said nothing.

"You have," Perry Mason remarked, "undoubtedly read the afternoon papers. It's been rather clever of you, Montaine, not to attend the trial, but of course you know what has happened. The prosecution's own witnesses have given Rhoda Montaine an alibi. A jury will never convict her.

"*I* believe what your son said," Perry Mason added slowly, "but a jury wouldn't—not after the way he's tried to get out from under by shifting the blame to Rhoda's shoulders.

"I know something of Carl's character. I learned it from talking to Rhoda. I know that he's impulsive and weak. I know that he fears your disapproval more than anything on earth.

"I KNOW that Moxley needed killing, if ever a man needed killing. I know that your son has never faced any real crisis in his life by himself. He has always had you to lean on. I know that when he first went to Moxley's apartment he did so because he thought his wife was having an affair with Moxley. After he realized the true facts he acted upon impulse, returned home in a panic, and realized that he had left his garage key in Moxley's apartment.

"He had left the garage unlocked when he took out his car, and he had sense enough to leave it unlocked when he returned, so that Rhoda would find it unlocked. He knew by that time he had left his keys in Moxley's apartment and he had made his plan to steal Rhoda's keys so that it would appear her key container was the one left in the apartment. When it came down to a real test, your son didn't have guts enough and didn't have manhood enough to stand up and take it on the chin. He passed the buck to Rhoda.

"I blame him for trying to pass the buck. But you're the one I really blame. I'm satisfied that you either knew what had happened or suspected what had happened. That was the reason you came to me and tried to get me to weaken Rhoda's defense by letting your son testify against her and by tying my hands so that I couldn't rip into him on cross-examination. Frankly, that was one of the first things that aroused my suspicions. I couldn't understand why a man of your character and intelligence would try to bribe me to let a client get a death penalty. You were trying to save your son."

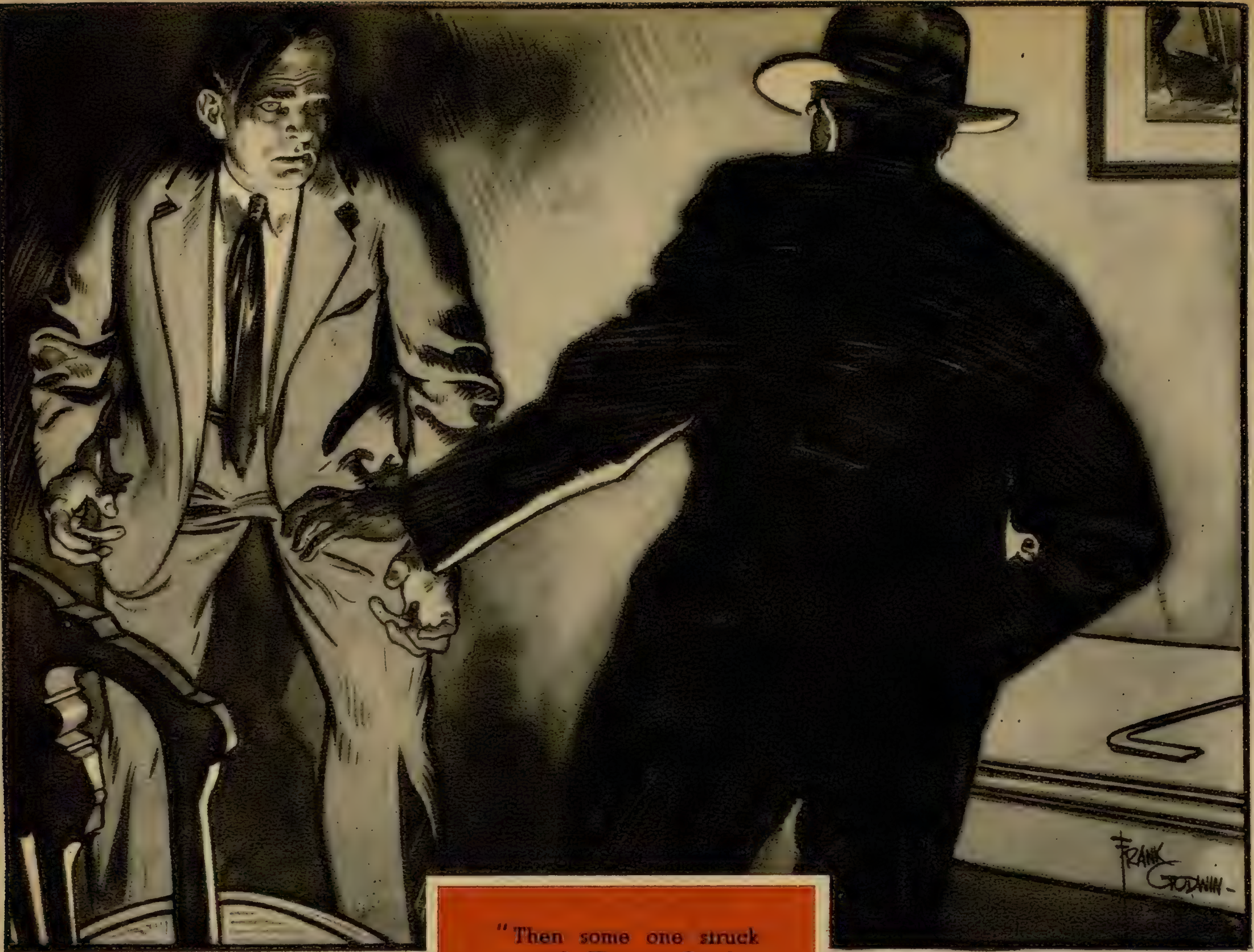
Montaine took a deep breath.

"I'm licked," he said. "I realize now that I made fatal mistakes in the training I gave Carl. I know that he isn't a particularly strong character. When he wired me that he was married to a nurse I wanted to find out what sort of a woman she was. I wanted to find out in such a way that I could convince my son of his mistake and at the same time hold the whip hand over the woman. Therefore I came to this city while my son thought I was still in Chicago.

"I had the best detectives that money could buy. They shadowed her night and day. One of them was on the job when Rhoda left the house to keep her appointment with Moxley. He tried to follow her, but she gave him the slip. He returned to the house and concealed himself. He was in time to see Carl return to the garage, put away his car, and enter the house."

"You knew," Mason said, "the importance of this?"

"As soon as my detective made a report to me," Montaine said, "I realized the deadly significance of the information. By that time it was too late to do anything about it."



"Then some one struck a match. That was Pender. The rest of it happened just as you said. I didn't intend to accuse Rhoda."

He made a shrugging gesture with his shoulders.

“However, counselor, all of this is beside the point. I am in your hands. I presume, of course, you want money. Do you want anything else? Do you insist on communicating these facts to the district attorney?”

Perry Mason slowly shook his head.

“No,” he said; “I am not going to tell the district attorney anything. This deposition was privately taken. I won't talk, and Della Street won't talk. The attorney who represented your son can't talk, because he's bound professionally to protect Carl. It might, however, be a good thing if you would give him a rather substantial retainer to defend Carl in the event it should become necessary.

“But in regard to money: I want money for the work I did for Rhoda Montaine. I want you to put up that money. However, the main thing I want is money for Rhoda.”

“How much money?” Montaine asked.

“Lots of it,” Mason said grimly. “Your son did her an irreparable wrong. We can forgive him; he was a weakling. But you did her an irreparable wrong, and we can't forgive you! You're an intelligent man and a strong man, and you're going to pay.”

C. PHILIP MONTAINE took out his check book. His face was utterly without expression.

“It would seem,” he said, “that both my son and myself have perhaps taken too much credit because of our ancestors. It would seem to me that it is up to some one to redeem the family.”

He took his fountain pen from his pocket, unscrewed the cap, deliberately signed two checks in blank, and passed the signed checks over to Perry Mason.

“You,” he said in a voice that was steady, although his lips were trembling, “can assess the fine, counselor.” . . .

Late morning sun streamed through the windows of Perry Mason's private office, fell across the big desk in splotches of golden light.

The lawyer fitted a key to the exit door of his private office, flung open the door, and stood to one side, motioning to Rhoda Montaine to enter.

THE woman's face showed the strain under which she had been laboring. Her cheeks, however, were flushed with color. Her eyes were sparkling with hectic brilliancy.

She stood by the desk, looking about the office. Tears came to her eyes.

“I was thinking,” she said simply, “of the last time I saw this office—how independent I was, how I tried to lie to you, and the things that have happened since. And if it hadn't been for you I'd have been convicted of murder!”

She shuddered.

Perry Mason motioned her to a seat, and as she sank into the big leather chair he dropped into his swivel chair and reached for a cigarette.

“I can't begin to tell you,” Rhoda Montaine said, “how ashamed I am of myself. It would have been easier for you if I had followed your instructions. I know that I was in an awful mess, but you could have worked me out without much trouble if I had only had sense enough to follow your instructions.

“But the district attorney kept commenting about the fact that *some one* was standing downstairs ringing the doorbell while Gregory Moxley was being murdered. I knew that the district attorney could prove that I was in the neighborhood at the time the crime was being committed, so I thought that all I had to do was to swear that I was the one who had been ringing the bell, and stick to it."

"The trouble with that line of reasoning," Mason said smilingly, "is that every one else figured the same way."

He opened the drawer of his desk, took out a check, and handed it to her without a word.

She stared at it with wide, incredulous eyes.

"Why!" she said. "Why—what's this?"

"That," Mason told her, "is something that C. Philip Montaine did by way of atonement. Legally, we'll call it a property settlement between you and Carl Montaine. Actually, it represents a penalty that was assessed against a rich man for losing his moral perspective."

"But I don't understand," she said.

"You don't have to," he told her. "Furthermore, Mr. Montaine paid my fee, and I don't mind telling you that he paid a generous one. So that this money is net to you, with one exception. There's one payment you've got to make."

"What is it?"

"THIS Pender woman," Perry Mason said, "married Gregory Moxley under the name of Freeman. Gregory took her money. She came here to collect it. Her brother came to help her. I haven't any sympathy for her brother, but I have for her. It was necessary, as a part of your defense, to get them on the run and keep them on the run. Therefore I want you to pay her back the money Gregory took. It's all in that check. I figured it out when I fixed the amount of the check."

"But," she said, "why should C. Philip Montaine make a check to me? And why should he make it for any such an enormous sum?"

"I think," Perry Mason said, "you'll understand a little better when you read the deposition of your husband, which was taken yesterday."

He pressed a call button on his desk and almost immediately the door to the outer office opened. Della Street rushed across the threshold, paused when she saw Rhoda Montaine, then came forward with outstretched hands.

"Congratulations," she said.

Rhoda Montaine took her hands.

"Don't congratulate me—congratulate Perry Mason."

"I will," Della smiled, and turning gave the lawyer both her hands, stood for a long moment looking admiringly into his calm eyes.

"I'm proud of you, chief."

He disengaged one of her hands, drew her to him and patted her gently on her shoulder.

"Thanks, Della."

"The district attorney dismissed the case?" asked Della Street.

"Yes. They are licked. Did you write up that deposition, Della?"

"Yes."

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I'M SO UNCOMFORTABLE
COME TO THE DRESSING ROOM A MOMENT
I WANTED YOU TO TRY WONDERSOFT KOTEX BECAUSE IT ENDS CHAFING ENTIRELY
LATER
THIS WONDERSOFT KOTEX IS MARVELOUS, ANNE. I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED ONE COULD BE SO ACTIVE, WITH NO DISCOMFORT WHATEVER

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

Why endure needless chafing

WHEN WONDERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

by sides filmed in downy cotton; by a special center that prevents roping, pulling and twisting

"IF only you could join me in reading the many personal letters I receive daily, you would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives," says Mary Pauline Callender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday" and confidante of a million women on their feminine problems.

Wondersoft just won't chafe!

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And no twisting, thank goodness! Wondersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts itself *naturally* to every movement of the body. That's because the center of Wondersoft prevents twisting and, at the same time, protects you from accidents, by the proper distribution of moisture.

That means greater security against soiled lingerie. Even the ends are flat and smooth so that they can't show under clinging dresses.

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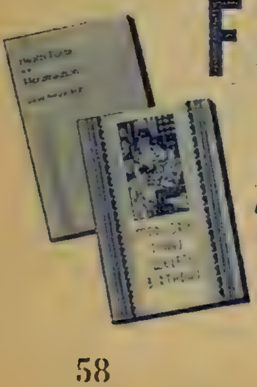

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"I want Mrs. Montaine to read it, and then I want you to destroy it."

Della Street brought in sheets of typewritten paper.

"Read these," Perry Mason told Rhoda Montaine. "You can skim through the first part and concentrate on that long question and the answers that come after that."

Rhoda Montaine started reading the deposition and Perry Mason turned to Della Street.

"Anything new?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "There's a man in the outer office waiting to see you."

Perry Mason eyed Rhoda Montaine for a moment, making drumming noises with his finger tips on the edge of his paper-strewn desk.

"What kind of a man?" he asked absently.

"He looks—"

THERE was the rustle of quick motion. Rhoda Montaine jumped to her feet, threw the deposition to the desk.

Her gloved hands were clenched. Her eyes stared at Perry Mason with burning scrutiny.

"So *that's* what they did!" she said.

Perry Mason nodded his head slowly.

Rage burned in Rhoda Montaine's eyes.

"So that's the kind of a man," she said, "that I was going to sacrifice my life for! That's the kind of a man that I wanted to nurse and cherish and care for. He *stole* my keys out of my purse so that *I* would be the one to take the brunt of the thing! And his father! His father must have deliberately tried to save his son at my expense."

"That," Perry Mason said, "is the consideration for the check that I gave you. You can't be *too* hard on him. He has made atonement."

"He made atonement," she said indignantly, "after you had cornered him. I can see it all now. I can see just how adroitly you played your cards.

"Why, do you know what I had decided? I had decided that I wouldn't touch a cent of the Montaine money. I was going to cash that check and take out the amount that I was to give Mrs. Freeman. Then I was going to send every cent of the rest of it back to Mrs. Montaine.

"And now I'm going to take it I'm going to take every cent of it. Atonement, bah! He hasn't atoned for anything. He's got plenty of money. He could afford to spare a million."

She paused, her nostrils dilated, her shoulders heaving. Then her eyes sought those of Della Street.

"Can you," she asked, "get me a party on the telephone?"

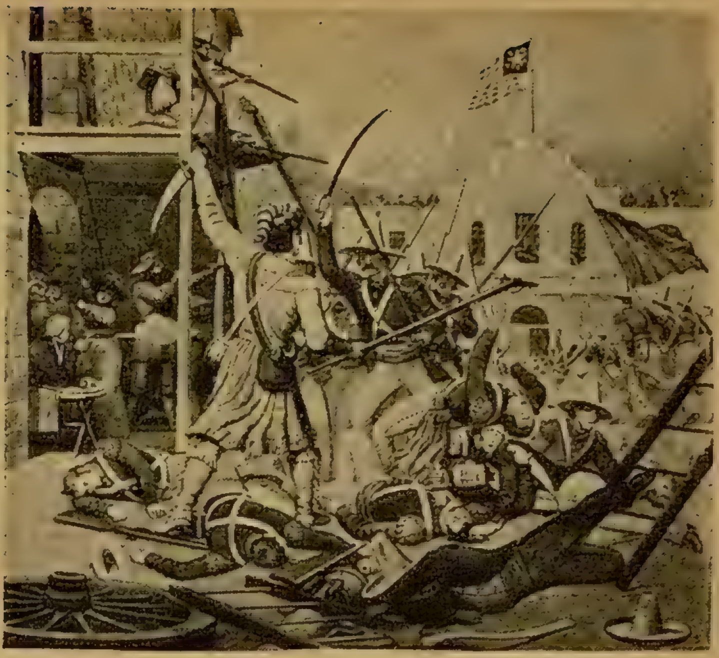
"Why, surely, Mrs. Montaine."

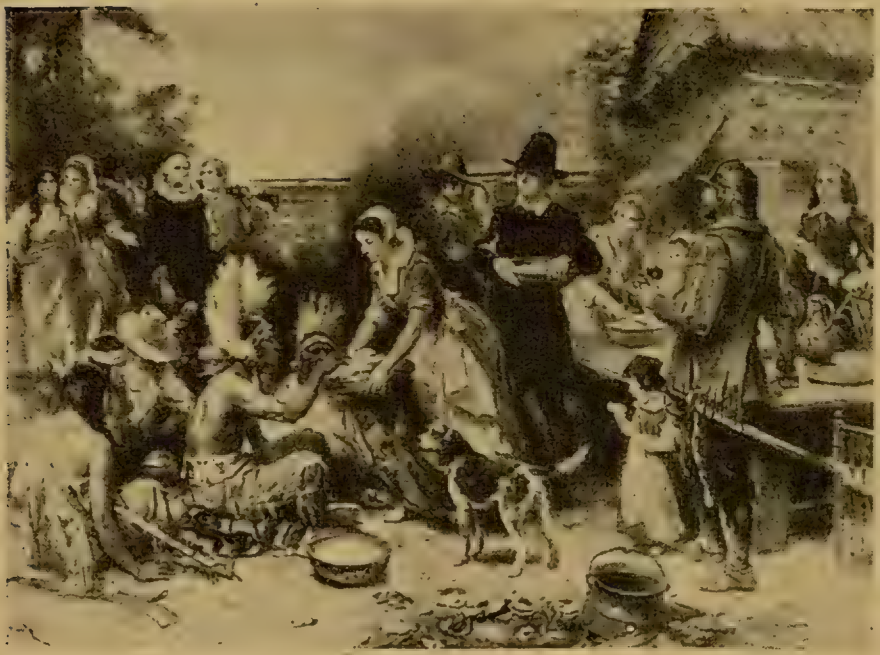
Slowly the hard look faded from Rhoda Montaine's eyes. There was a wistful tilt to her mouth.

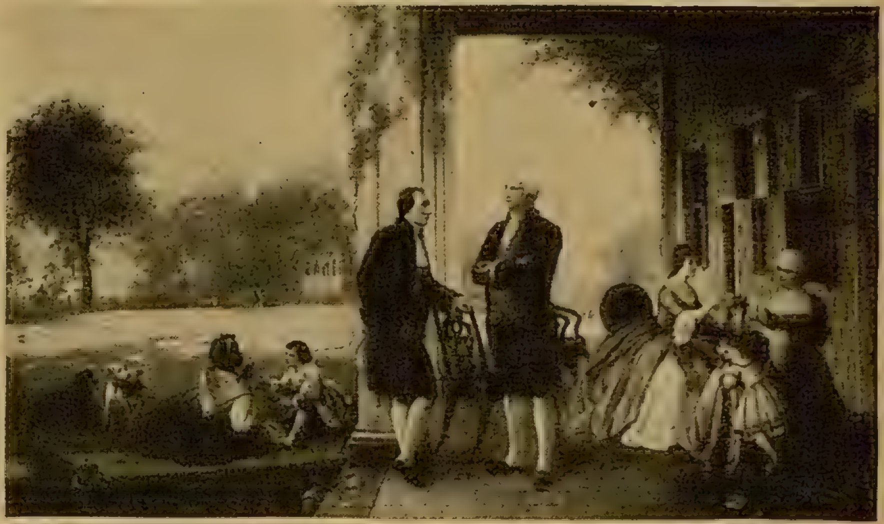
"Please," she said, "get me Dr. Claude Millsap on the telephone."

THE END

SET NO. 7 IN THE
$2,000
CASH PRIZE
HISTORICAL PICTURE GAME







The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

A FURTHER TEST OF YOUR ABILITY TO IDENTIFY BIG MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICA

EIGHTEEN pictures in Liberty's Historical Picture Game are already in your set if you are preparing an entry for one of these 223 worth-while cash prizes. The pictures on this page will bring your total to twenty-one. Only nine to go! This brings you almost within reach of the awards.

Now for this week's pictures. A noteworthy banquet, an outstanding battle, and a historic meeting are represented. Can you name one or more of them offhand?

If immediate identification eludes you, there are almost countless references available for research. American history textbooks on your own shelves or at your public library will prove of valuable aid. Perhaps there is a patriotic society in your vicinity with a historical library. Back-issue files in newspaper offices or catalogues of prints might help. In addition, many of the pictures in this contest series are found in reproduction in art galleries and museums throughout the country. Gain your information wherever you will. Results are what count in this contest.

Every prize is worth trying for, and the three major awards are of sufficient size to make a difference in anybody's budget. Think what the $500 cash first prize would mean to you. Imagine what you would do with the $200 cash second prize or the third award of $100. Something to try for, aren't they? Don't give up the game now that you've come along this far. Only three more weeks to go. Then the judging and distribution of awards at the earliest moment compatible with accurate, impartial rating. Your chance to win is still excellent if you have played this far.

SET NO. 8 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth

Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

SAN FRANCISCO COUNTS THE COST

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Although the aggregate price San Francisco has thus far paid for her recent general strike can be conservatively estimated at more than $100,000,000, she will go on paying through the nose for at least a decade. Not even the staggering cost of her earthquake and fire of 1906 approaches the lesson she must now learn from her ten weeks' dalliance with revolutionary agitators masquerading as legitimate leaders of organized labor.

Aside from the ten-week tie-up of all shipping and handling of cargoes of merchandise into the ports on San Francisco Bay, consider this:

For years the civic organizations of San Francisco and her sister cities have spent millions of dollars in advertising and promoting to attract new "pay-roll industries"—branch factories of big Eastern corporations, and local main plants.

Californians, Inc., financed by San Francisco's major commercial and industrial interests, has spent in like channels hundreds of thousands of dollars to educate America at large to the delights northern California holds for tourists.

The Downtown Association of San Francisco has fought aggressively for a decade to put over, and cause to "stay put," the practice of favoring San Francisco-made products by local store buyers.

In 1930 a San Francisco newspaper spent close to $100,000 to feature San Francisco's "pay-roll builder" industries.

Yet in ten turbulent weeks (the Red-bred strike of San Francisco longshoremen began May 9) the benefits of all this vast educational expenditure were nullified to an appalling degree. The 3,000 miles between San Francisco and the Atlantic seaboard were enough of a barrier, as it was, to the attraction of Eastern manufacturing interests to establish branch factories on the Golden Gate. Consider the added "sales resistance" after the city's ten weeks' experience in dealing with the diabolical forces on which Matthew Woll, vice president of the American Federation of Labor, turned his spotlight in Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? (July 21 Liberty.)

And what of its reactions on legitimate union labor in the San Francisco Bay cities?

Even though the steadier-headed union leaders quickly awakened, when the general strike had actually got under way, to the real facts, realized they had been stampeded into a tragic mistake (to put it mildly), at least half a hundred sobered, chastened union members have *expressed to me alone* the fear that the legitimate advancement of their cause has been set back perhaps ten years. And that is one item in the total cost of those ten weeks which never can be expressed in dollars.

The only solace either side can derive is that if the storm has permanently awakened San Francisco and her sister cities to the deadly reality of the Red revolutionary menace, that awakening may be worth some part of the awful aggregate price of the lesson.

Matthew Woll knew what he was writing about in his Liberty article. Today San Franciscans know how well he knew.

Today San Francisco and other Bay cities forces of law and order and California's state government seem to have the revolutionaries on the run. And the federal government is coöperating with them to the end that dangerous alien agitators may be deported. Let every other American city, every center of pay-roll industries, take heed from what has happened on our Pacific coast front.—*Addison N. Clark, Mining Engineer.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*

Mr. Clark's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

READ IT IN LIBERTY BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

TORONTO, ONT. — How does Liberty manage to keep one jump ahead of other magazines in current news of the day? Your article by Matthew Woll, Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? must have been written several weeks, if not months, ago. Yet it predicted the San Francisco strike situation with uncanny certitude. Keep it up, Liberty! You are doing a grand job in not only keeping abreast of the times but actually ahead.—*Samuel Ivans.*

CAN'T LAUGH THAT OFF

DELRAY BEACH, FLA.—I was much amused at reading Senator L. J. Dickinson's article, What Republicans Will Do Next, in August 18 Liberty. A lot of Republican Congressmen are going to wish they had backed the New Deal during the last session when election time comes around this fall.

The New Deal has succeeded and the Republicans can't laugh that off.—*R. A. Lane.*

JUTTING FROM AN OCEAN OF ASININITY

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Amid the welter of chatter and Utopian gargling anent the economic debacle, Bernarr Macfadden's editorial Job Insurance Far Better Than Unemployment Insurance, in August 11 Liberty, towers like a Gibraltar of common sense jutting from an ocean of asininity. It pointed the way like a beacon light to general recovery.

In all the written and spoken thoughts upon our four-year depression, none touched the unvarnished truth so concisely as did the paragraph in this editorial which read: "There should be no such thing as unemployment. Every one should be insured a job; . . . there should be work of some kind for every one who desires to earn enough to pay for the actual necessities of life."

Incidentally, I was impressed to learn that Mr. Macfadden is America's youngest sixty-six-year-old man. Permit me to present the world's youngest seventy-year-old juvenile, who as a kiddie during the pioneering days of the American stage did a bit of beneficial fasting when the Thespian ghost, as was at times his wont, failed to appear. At this glorious threescore-and-ten-mile post, with vigor and mentality, plus some experience, which makes me r'arin' to go, I would welcome a penalty for enforced idleness, and a modest wage, in lieu of former important stipends, for work at least willingly done.—*Dan Quinlan.*

TERRIBLE IN TEXAS—TREAT IN VERMONT

ALVORD, TEX.—I have to make a special trip to a near-by city to get Liberty, my favorite magazine. I enjoy reading its stories, but that Vox Pop is really terrible. I read it every week and can't understand how anything can be so bad. —*Charles Flanery.*

BURLINGTON, VT.—In Vermont, Vox Pop has the distinction of being a big attraction. And very rarely is there a complaint or suggestion from this dear state. Can it be that the old New England conscience holds individuals from voicing their thoughts? I've encountered enthusiastic fans whose criticisms would be amusing and "hearable."—*A. "Tammie" Shelansky.*

THE SEACOAST OF KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON, KY.—In Dick Williams's article The Lone Wolf Howls Again (July 28 Liberty) he states the Chicago Cubs' second sacker, Billy Herman, was a Pacific coast recruit. This is erroneous unless New Albany, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky, are on the Pacific coast. Billy hails from New Albany and got his start in Louisville, from whence he went to the Cubs. I like Williams's articles, but tell him to brush up on his history and geography of baseball.—*Ben Owen, Jr.*

CHEERS FOR WILD WINGS

RHINELANDER, WIS. — It has been weeks and weeks since any of Beatrice Grimshaw's very colorful, interesting, and utterly different stories have ap-

Pop

peared in Liberty's pages. Don't keep us waiting longer.

Three cheers for Wild Wings! — *H. Wang.*

[What! Didn't you read that great story, Pleasure Island, by Beatrice Grimshaw, in September 1 Liberty? Others by this noted author will follow shortly.—Vox Pop Editor.]

DOBERMANN NOT A CROSS

Dallas, Tex.—In Twenty Questions and Answers of August 11 Liberty a Dobermann Pinscher is described as " A cross between the German shepherd dog and fox terrier."

The American Kennel Club authorities will tell you that the Dobermann is a pure-bred dog. It is probably true that the Dobermann was made to order by German breeders prior to 1890 by crossing several breeds, but the Manchester terrior and rottweiler had more to do with the making of the breed than the German shepherd and fox terrier.—*E. H. Blackwell.*

SEVEN WOMEN ANY PLACE WOULD ACT

Wheeling, W. Va.—Philip Wylie's story, What, No Harem? in August 11 Liberty, was great. Honestly, though, I don't believe any seven women any place would act as those seven did. Surely they would have more modesty than just one mere man.—*Patricia Garden.*

A MAJOR'S MOTHER HAS HER SAY

New York, N. Y.—My son is a major in the Reserve Officers' Corps. If war comes, he must get into service again. As I look through newspapers and read only of strikes, riots, deaths, suicides, the upset in Europe, and—sure as sure—war in the distance, perhaps not *so* distant, my own little petty troubles seem indescribably small. The world is crazy.

The Japanese have been getting ready for war for years. Italy sent 48,000 men at an instant's notice to the border of Austria. You can't pick trained flyers and gunners and tank corps men out of the civilian population. You must have plenty of them well trained. Have we? No.

I hope and pray America won't get yanked into the European mess. But you can't tell. There is so much propaganda, sentimentality. Who knows what America will do?

So, you see, what are our little troubles, little vexations? What's a headache when you have a good bed to lie on, good air to breathe, and so much to look forward to?—*Mrs. M. T. P.*

WHY ARE BABIES BORN NAKED?

Globe, Ariz.—I. L. Dixon, writing against nudism in July 14 Vox Pop, said, " If women must show their nakedness, which God never intended, the country had better send them to the South Sea Islands, where few or no clothes are the fashion."

Maybe God never intended it, but why are babies born naked if it was not intended they go that way throughout life?—*Mrs. P. G. Forester.*

RIGHT NUMBER FOR A REGULAR

Montreal, Que. — Martha Burns wrote in August 11 Vox Pop: " Just as I was beginning to wonder what good there was in Liberty anyway—" Well, I certainly disagree with her, because as far as I am concerned I think Liberty contains the right number of stories and articles, the latter being very interesting and instructive. I liked Mutiny in the Arctic, by General William Mitchell, very much.—*Regular Customer.*

QUIET BIRDMEN NOT NOISY

PHILADELPHIA PA AS A QUIET BIRDMAN AND PARTICULARLY AS A CHARTER MEMBER I CONSIDER IT JUST AS INDELICATE OF BOGART ROGERS AND FRANK M DAZEY HAVING ONE OF THE CHARACTERS IN THEIR STORY WILD WINGS CLAIM CHARTER MEMBERSHIP IN THIS ORGANIZATION AS TO HAVE A CHARACTER IN A STORY OF MASONRY INTRODUCE HIMSELF AS A THIRTYSECOND DEGREE MASON IN ORDER TO GIVE VERISIMILITUDE TO HIS ACTIONS STOP AT LEAST TWO OF YOUR CONTRIBUTORS AND MANY OF YOUR READERS ARE BIRDMEN AND I FEEL CERTAIN THAT THEY FEEL AS I DO STOP MY REFERENCE IS TO THAT PARAGRAPH IN WILD WINGS WHEREIN THE CHARACTER JACK VOLER SAYS QUOTE I AM A CHARTER MEMBER OF THE CONSISTENTLY NOISY ORDER OF QUIET BIRDMEN UNQUOTE STOP GEORGE TIFFANY

[Quiet Birdmen is an ultra-reticent organization of the most famous and experienced aviators, including Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Captain Frank Hawks, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, and many others throughout the country. One of the chief membership requirements is that the applicant shall have had a minimum of five hundred hours of flying to his credit. The organization has no regularly elected national officers nor national headquarters.—Vox Pop Editor.]

YOU CROSS WORD PUZZLE FANS HAVE GOT US DIZZY

Monroe, La.—Ef you-all aim t' keep uh satisfied customah down heah, please doan fo'git to put in uh Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzle nex' week.—*Just a Cockeyed Fan.*

Denver, Colo.—Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles are detrimental to the health. I spent the better part of one night slaving over one, and suffered a pain in the neck all the next day.—*E. Mortensen.*

Fort Worth, Tex.—Hurrah for the Cockeyed Puzzles! These are just what we need to keep us from thinking of our troubles.—*Puzzle Fan.*

Cedarhurst, N. Y. — Pu-lease, no more Cockeyed Cross Words, Vox Pop. Have a heart!—*Jerry C. Shaw.*

Langley Prairie, B. C. — Surely among Liberty's millions of readers there must be many thousands who have the necessary intelligence to appreciate Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles. Why not double Ted Shane's salary so that he could give us one a week?—*Hume B. Robinson.*

LOOK AT THE STEW WE'RE IN

Kittery, Me.—How come the " Oyster " in my signature to my letter in June 30 Vox Pop? Born on the tip of Cape Cod, I have been called a codfish and on one occasion I was called a piece of cheese. But this is the first time I have been labeled an oyster. When Dyer looks like Oyster it's about time I bought a typewriter.—*Katherine Dyer Studer.*

UNCLE JIMMY'S STEW

Columbia, S. C.—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin stated in a recent Liberty issue, " Southerners say there is no stew more delicious than a *Brunswick* stew." She should have called it *the* Brunswick stew, since the original stew of this name was first made by Uncle Jimmy Matthews, a retainer of Dr. Creed Haskins, in 1828 in Red Oak district, near Alberta.

Brunswick Stew, as found in all its perfection, is made with chicken, corn, Irish potatoes, butter beans, and a little home-cured bacon. If the Princess found this stew in any other part of the South than Virginia, it was taken there by Virginians. It is a Virginia dish.—*Maben Jones.*

BATH
RALPH FULLER

By Ralph Fuller

"Hey, everybody—look!"

Spill This INK

on Hands, Clothes, Rugs!

Soap and water remove it without trace

Mail Coupon for BOTTLE FREE and make this test

Spill it on Cloth—Then see it wash out

Qu*ink* is a new discovery in writing ink that cost The Parker Pen Co. $68,000 to create—costs you nothing to try. It's a quick-starting, quick-drying, pen-cleaning ink. It dries 31% faster than other inks on paper, yet does not dry in your pen. And Parker Qu*ink* contains a secret, *harmless* solvent that dissolves sediment left in your pen by other inks—a Parker Pen or any other. You never have to shake a pen to get it to write. Your pen won't clog—it cleans itself.

But don't forget—Qu*ink* is made two ways. (1) WASHABLE. (2) PERMANENT. So to get the kind that soap and water will wash right out of silk, wool, linen, cotton—any fabric—be sure to specify WASHABLE Qu*ink*.

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SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA

CONTENTS

Editorial 4

How the War Racket Is Helping Hitler
Dr. Albert Brandt 5
Are Germany's former enemies equipping her for another war? Here are some facts that will amaze you

Love in the Dragon's Shadow—*A story*
Konrad Bercovici 8

What Will Father Coughlin Do Next? . . Maxine Davis 13
"The most powerful and popular man, after Roosevelt, in the United States"—Are he and the President at the parting of the ways?

Witwork Puzzle .... Jerome S. Meyer 18

To the Ladies! .... Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 19

Modern Lady—*Part II* .... Grace Perkins 20

Twenty Questions 28

Lilting, Lively, Lavish—*Movie reviews*. Beverly Hills 29

Hell Hounds at Bay Again—*Part IV*
Ex-Legionnaire 1384
in collaboration with W. J. Blackledge 32

Half Fare—*A story* .... Talbert Josselyn 38

Scrambled Words 42

Watch for These Mad Dogs! 45
$1,000 reward for the capture of any of the remaining members of the Dillinger gang

Polo Comes Back to Earth .... Dick Williams 46
Yessir—Out where the West begins to swing a mean mallet, mere cow-hands and such are showing up Long Island's famed Internationalists!

Cross Word Puzzle 49

It Can Be Done—*A short short story*. Vennette Herron 50

The Case of the Curious Bride—*Conclusion*
Erle Stanley Gardner 52

$2,000 Historical Picture Contest 59

Vox Pop 60

Cover by Harry F. Rudd

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning

I FOUND THE BODIES

By

Philip Wylie

Thrills and the clutching hand of death—and the smile of a gray-eyed girl. . . . Here is something *new* in mystery stories

ARE THE BUREAUCRATS STRANGLING AMERICA?

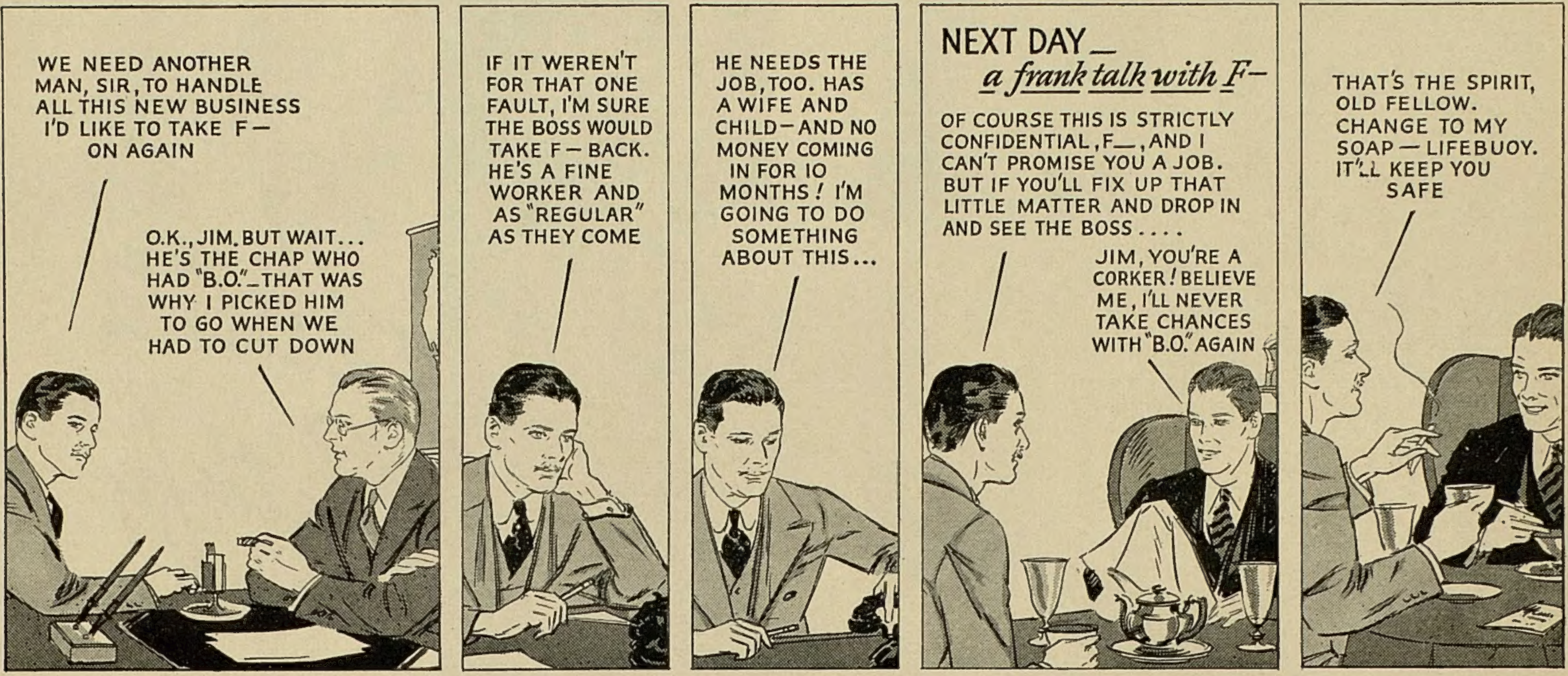
By

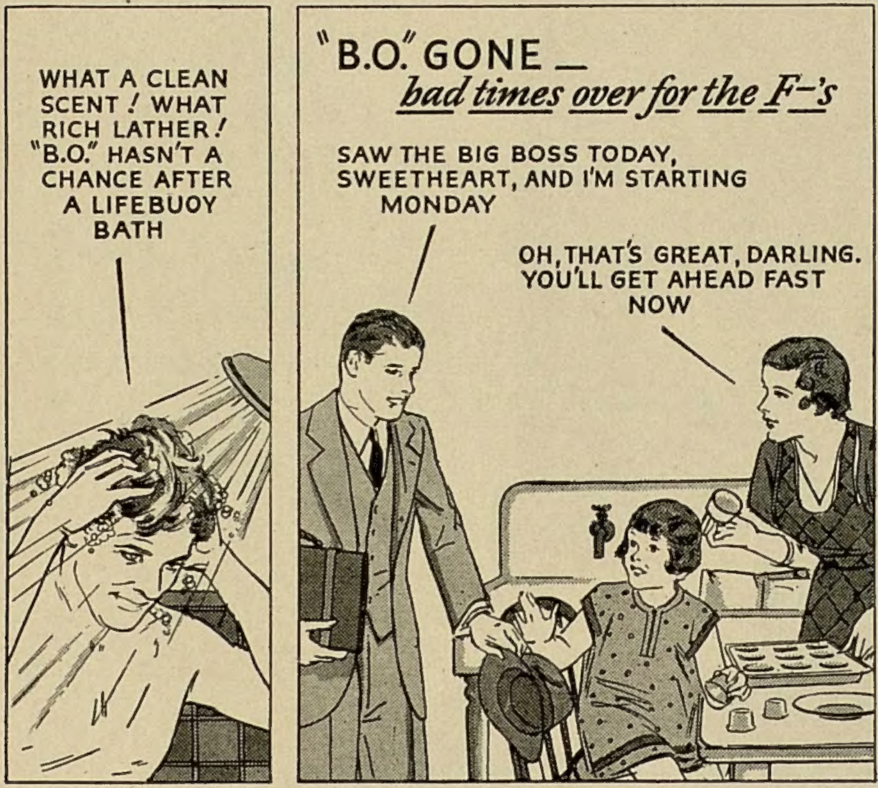
Senator Arthur R. Robinson

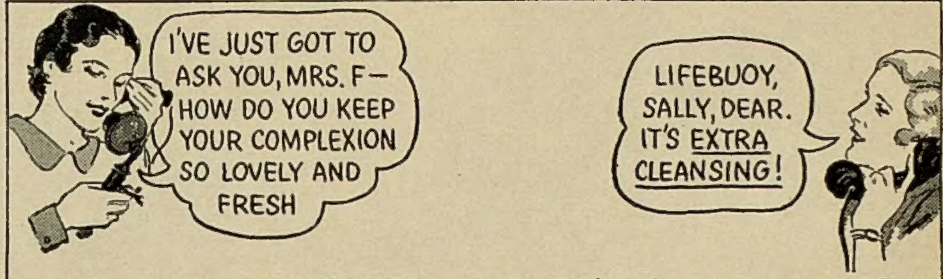
A Republican Senator views the future with alarm—Have we changed, as he says, "from a liberty-loving Democracy to a fear-stricken mass of automatons?"

Other stories and articles by Elisa Bialk, Stephen Vincent Benét, Elsie Janis, Henry Morton Robinson, and others

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL....


WE NEED ANOTHER MAN, SIR, TO HANDLE ALL THIS NEW BUSINESS I'D LIKE TO TAKE F— ON AGAIN
O.K., JIM. BUT WAIT... HE'S THE CHAP WHO HAD "B.O."—THAT WAS WHY I PICKED HIM TO GO WHEN WE HAD TO CUT DOWN
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT ONE FAULT, I'M SURE THE BOSS WOULD TAKE F— BACK. HE'S A FINE WORKER AND AS "REGULAR" AS THEY COME
HE NEEDS THE JOB, TOO. HAS A WIFE AND CHILD—AND NO MONEY COMING IN FOR 10 MONTHS! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...
NEXT DAY— a frank talk with F—
OF COURSE THIS IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, F—, AND I CAN'T PROMISE YOU A JOB. BUT IF YOU'LL FIX UP THAT LITTLE MATTER AND DROP IN AND SEE THE BOSS....
JIM, YOU'RE A CORKER! BELIEVE ME, I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." AGAIN
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, OLD FELLOW. CHANGE TO MY SOAP — LIFEBUOY. IT'LL KEEP YOU SAFE


WHAT A CLEAN SCENT! WHAT RICH LATHER! "B.O." HASN'T A CHANCE AFTER A LIFEBUOY BATH
"B.O." GONE — bad times over for the F—'s
SAW THE BIG BOSS TODAY, SWEETHEART, AND I'M STARTING MONDAY
OH, THAT'S GREAT, DARLING. YOU'LL GET AHEAD FAST NOW


I'VE JUST GOT TO ASK YOU, MRS. F— HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY AND FRESH
LIFEBUOY, SALLY, DEAR. IT'S EXTRA CLEANSING!

NOTHING quite like Lifebuoy lather! Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—it penetrates and purifies both face and body pores. Brings to dull, tired-looking complexions new, fresh, glowing radiance. Ends that common yet never forgiven fault, "B.O." (*body odor*). Lifebuoy's clean, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of *extra* protection.

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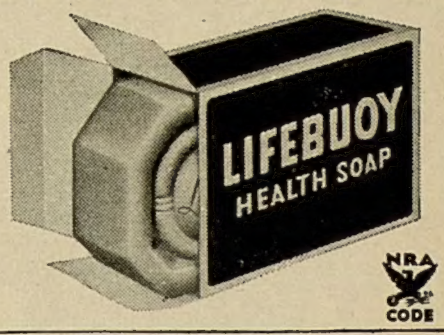
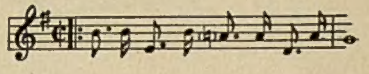
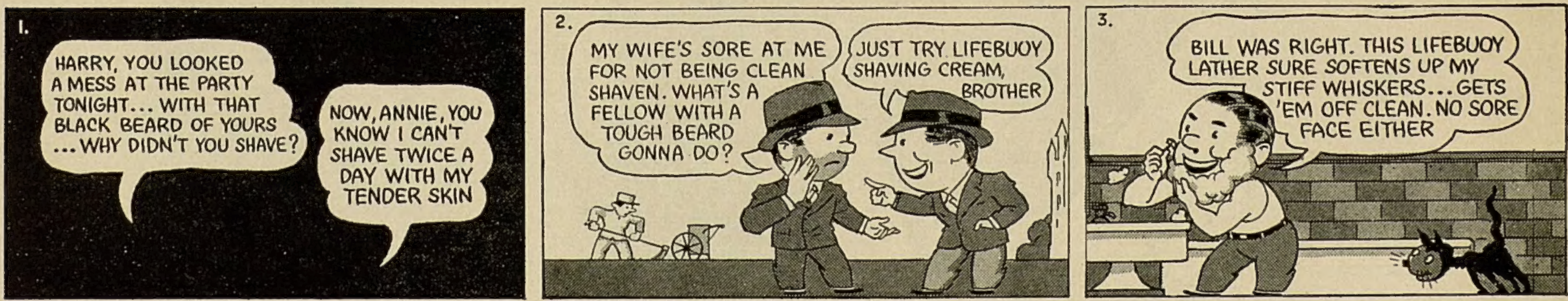
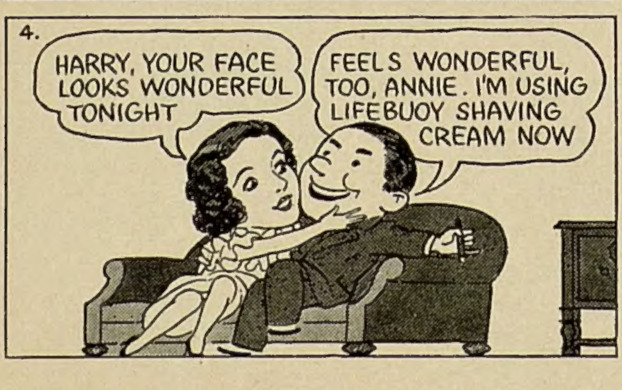

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
NRA
CODE

ANNIE DOESN'T SCOLD HIM ANY MORE




1.
HARRY, YOU LOOKED A MESS AT THE PARTY TONIGHT... WITH THAT BLACK BEARD OF YOURS ...WHY DIDN'T YOU SHAVE?
NOW, ANNIE, YOU KNOW I CAN'T SHAVE TWICE A DAY WITH MY TENDER SKIN
2.
MY WIFE'S SORE AT ME FOR NOT BEING CLEAN SHAVEN. WHAT'S A FELLOW WITH A TOUGH BEARD GONNA DO?
JUST TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM, BROTHER
3.
BILL WAS RIGHT. THIS LIFEBUOY LATHER SURE SOFTENS UP MY STIFF WHISKERS... GETS 'EM OFF CLEAN. NO SORE FACE EITHER


4.
HARRY, YOUR FACE LOOKS WONDERFUL TONIGHT
FEELS WONDERFUL, TOO, ANNIE. I'M USING LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM NOW

Snappy shaves—happy shaves with this extra-moist lather

A tough beard and tender skin won't bother you a bit when you use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Its lather holds 52% more moisture—quickly soaks wiry whiskers soft. Soothes and protects tender skin. That's why Lifebuoy gives the world's cleanest shave—leaves the skin soft and smooth. Try it.

Get the big red tube at your druggist. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-129, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer is good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

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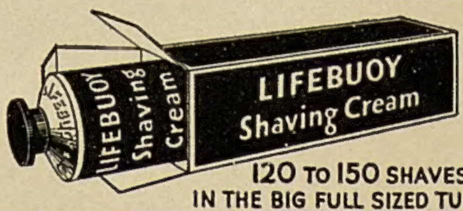
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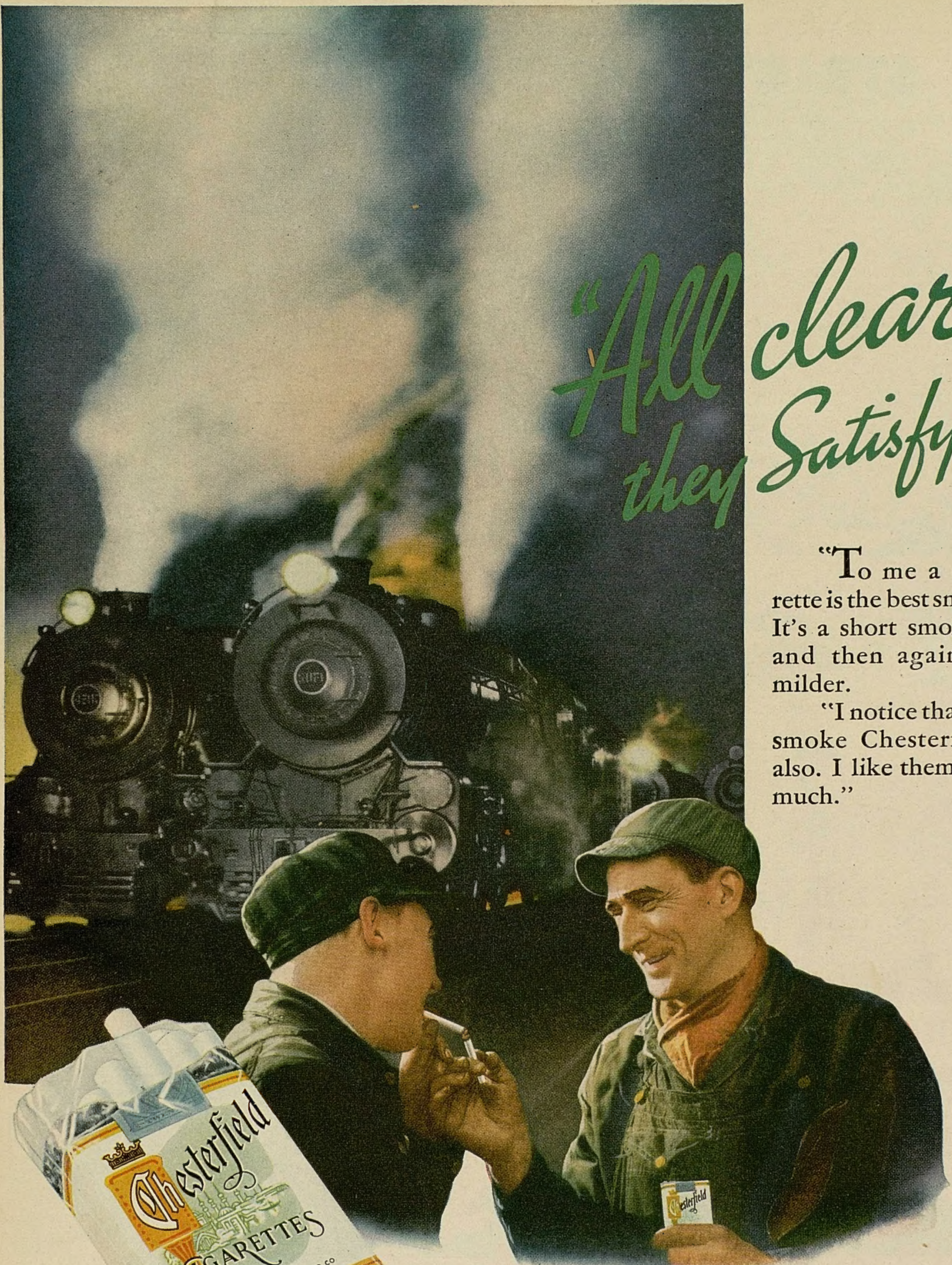
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